April 28, 1973

THE NEW YORKER

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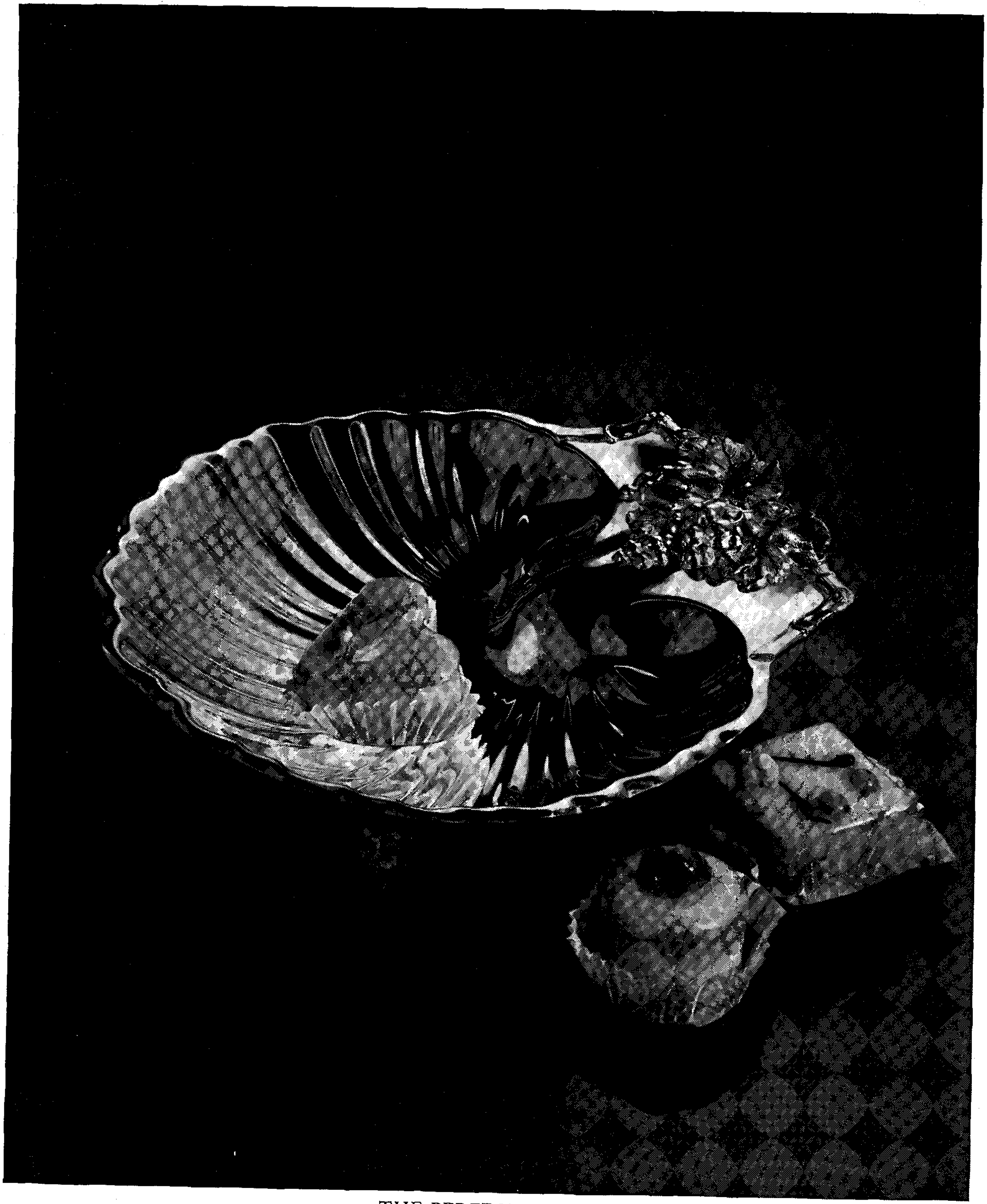

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			25	26	27	28
29	30	1	2	3	4	5

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

The Changing Room—How it is with Rugby in the North of England. Despite the skill of the playwright, David Storey, this is a bleak play, whose large cast has been ably directed by Michael Rudman. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, April 29.)

Crystal and Fox—Rue McClanahan and Will Hare in a play by Brian Friel. (McAlpin Rooftop Theatre, Broadway at 34th St. 239-6688. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Dr. Hero—A workshop production of a play by Israel Horovitz that is itself in the works. Much of the first act is nonvintage Horovitz, but there are some lively scenes in the second. Through it all, we follow the progress, from birth to death, of someone who aspires to be the World's Greatest Man. Edward Berkeley directed. (Shade Company, 230 Canal St. 431-3479. Thursdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 6.)

Emperor Henry IV—Pirandello posing some of his usual paradoxes about the nature of reality. A curiously sluggish work, redeemed by Rex Harrison, Eileen Herlie, and the rest of an able cast. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly at 7:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, April 28.)

Finishing Touches—A *very* domestic comedy by Jean Kerr, who writes marvellous lines but who lets her characters go no farther than to flirt with the promises of life before they wistfully repudiate them. With Barbara Bel Geddes, Robert Lansing, Gene Rupert, and Pamela Bellwood. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Fly Chelsea to Brooklyn—Final performances in a series of four shows. "El Teatro Campesino," a musical revue from California: Thursday through Saturday, April 26-28, at 8:30, and Sunday, April 29, at 3 and 7:30. . . . ¶ "Video Free America," a closed-circuit underground video documentary soap opera, created by Arthur Ginsberg: Wednesday through Saturday, April 25-28, at 8:30; Sunday, April 29, at 3 and 7:30; Tuesday, May 1, at 7:30; Wednesday through Saturday, May 2-5, at 8:30; and Sunday, May 6, at 3 and 7:30. (Chelsea Theatre Center, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434.)

Ghosts—A static, diminishing production of Ibsen's play, under Gene Feist's direction. (Roundabout, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

El Grande de Coca-Cola—A funny, brief lark, set in a tacky night club in Honduras, where a local family, untouched by talent, attempts to pass itself off as a troupe of international stars. The show was conceived by Ron House and Diz White, who also appear in it, and was written by them and the three other members of the cast—Alan Shearman, John Neville-Andrews, and Sally Willis. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8 and 10; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Here Are Ladies—Siobhan McKenna in a revival of her solo program of scenes and poems by practically everyone's favorite Irish writers of the twentieth century. (Joseph E. Levine Theatre, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 13.)

The Hot l Baltimore—Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted, seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is somewhat synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. All the action takes place in the lobby, a wonder of decayed splendor by the scenic designer Ronald Radice. The actors, many of them comparatively inexperienced, perform very well, under Marshall W. Mason's direction. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Irene—A synthetic musical, borrowing from the past without having been there. Debbie Reynolds and the rest of the cast redeem the falseness with hard work and high spirits. (Minskoff, 45th St., W. 869-0550. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A Little Night Music—Love in ¾ time in 1973—it sounds improbable, but Stephen Sondheim, with his music and lyrics, and the director, Harold Prince, with his brio, bring it off. The cast includes Glynis Johns, Len Cariou, and Hermione Gingold. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Manhattan Project—Two André Gregory productions: **Alice in Wonderland**, at the N.Y.U. Theatre, Wednesday through Friday, April 25-27, at 7:30, and Saturday and Sunday, May 5-6, at 6. . . . ¶ Beckett's **Endgame**, at the Normandy Theatre, Saturday, April 28, at 7:15, and Sunday, April 29, at 8:30. (111 Second Ave., between 6th and 7th Sts. 228-7160.)

Manhattan Theatre Club—Final performances of the Yale Repertory Theatre production of Brecht and Weill's **The Little Mahagonny**: Thursday, April 26, at 10; Friday, April 27, at 10 and 11; Saturday, April 28, at 9:30; and Sunday, April 29, at 10 and 11. . . . ¶ And of Tobi Louis's **Solitude, Frenzy, and the Revolution**, from the Eugene O'Neill Playwrights' Conference: Thursday through Saturday, April 26-28, at 7:30. (Cabaret 73, 321 E. 73rd St. 288-2500.)

Marcel Marceau—The French mime, with Pierre Verry, in a three-week engagement. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, May 6.)

National Lampoon's Lemmings—The second half of this revue is a very funny, dead-shot parody of the Woodstock Rock Festival, with satiric impersonations of Joan Baez, Bob Dylan, and Joe Cocker, among others. The first half of this revue is terrible. The rock score is by Paul Jacobs and Christopher Guest; the lyrics are by Sean Kelly and Tony Hendra; and the rest of the words are by various members of the staff of the *National Lampoon*. John Belushi and Alice Playten head a bright nimble young cast. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5612. Tuesdays

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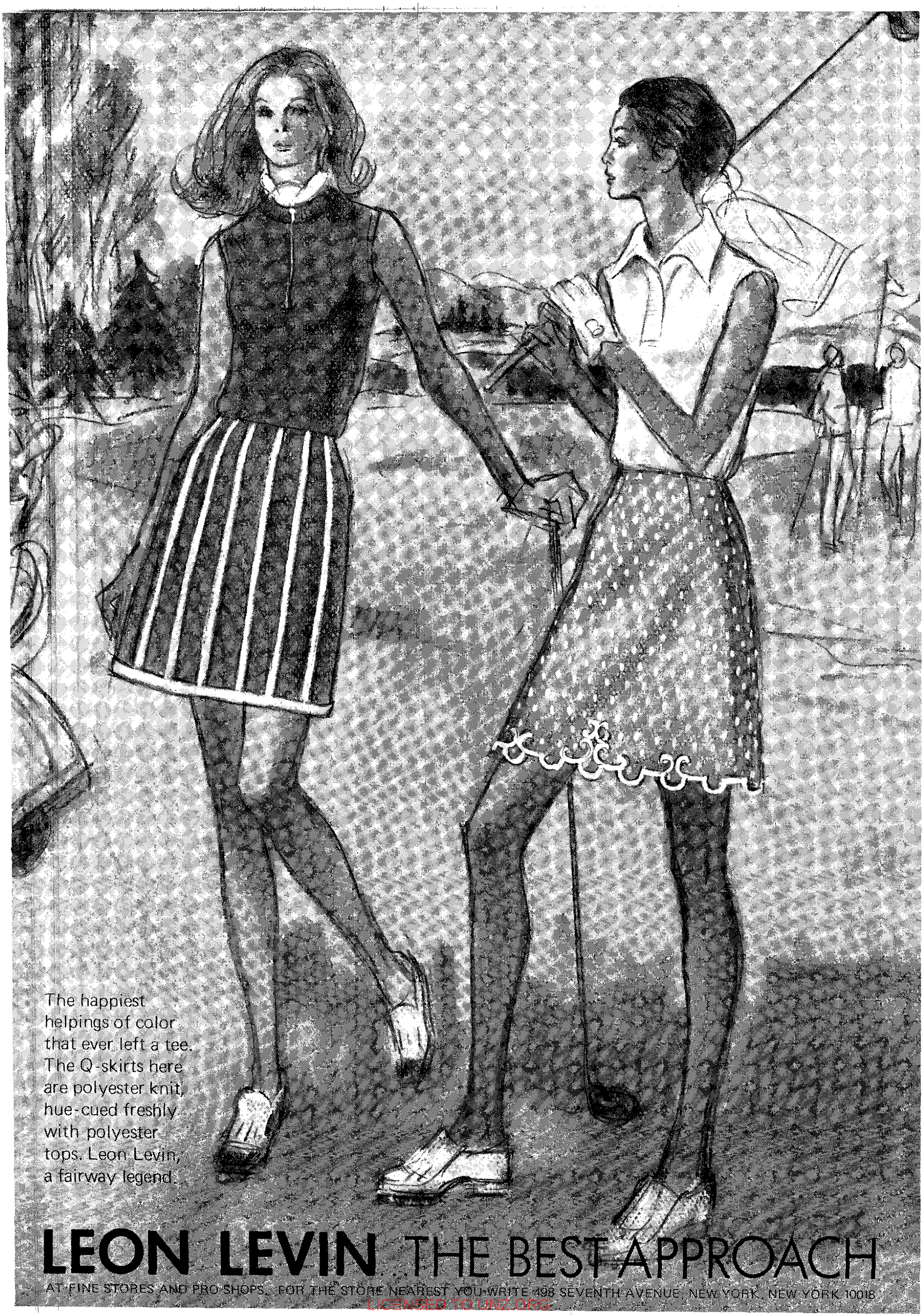

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 7:30 and 10:45; and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Oh Coward!—For almost fifty years, Noël Coward's songs have been delighting theatre audiences, and they sound as witty and tuneful as ever in the hands of Roderick Cook, Barbara Cason, and Jamie Ross. The cabaret-style performance, while competent, lacks the essential glamour, youth, and magnetism, but Coward carries the day. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Orphan—David Rabe's attempt to apply the myth of the Oresteia to certain contemporary events, among them our fighting in Vietnam and the Manson murders, is not entirely successful or convincing. Nevertheless, his play, for all its strain and distracting complexity, has some fine theatrical moments, and it is much better written than many plays that do work. The performance, under the direction of Jeff Bleckner, is first-rate. With John Harkins, Mariclare Costello, W. B. Brydon, Laurie Heineman, and Tom Aldredge, among other good actors. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

A Phantasmagoria Historia of D. Johann Fausten Magister, PhD. MD. DD, DL, Etc.—A play by Vasek Simek, based on the Faust fables of Goethe, Marlowe, and others. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 677-8330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Pippin—A big but skimpy musical that the director and choreographer Bob Fosse has turned into his very own "War and Peace," with everything but a yacht race. Eric Berry and John Rubinstein play Charlemagne and his son. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Play's the Thing—Molnár's comedy in P. G. Wodehouse's witty adaptation of 1926. Last seen Off Broadway six weeks ago; now opening at the Bijou, 45th St., W., 757-8455, on Tuesday, May 1, at 7; previews through Monday, April 30. Performances nightly, except Sundays, at 8; matinées Wednesday, May 2, and Saturday, May 5, at 2:30.

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—A revival of Tennessee Williams' **A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE**, with Rosemary Harris and James Farentino. The final production of the season. Preview Wednesday, April 25. Opens officially on Thursday, April 26, at 7, and will run through Saturday, June 2. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

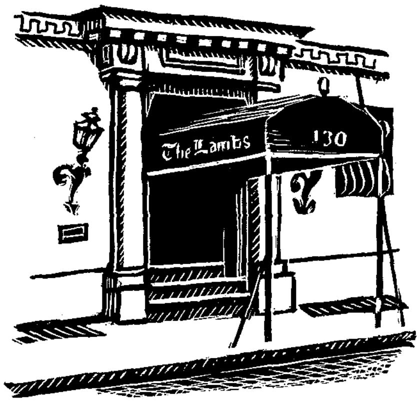
The River Niger—Joseph A. Walker's bountiful, satisfying play about a family in Harlem and the crises that beset it is very well performed by the Negro Ensemble Company. With Douglas Turner Ward (who also directed), Roxie Roker, Frances Foster, and Graham Brown, among others. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Seesaw—Michele Lee and Ken Howard make charming, incompatible lovers in this musical version of the Gibson play, "Two for the Seesaw." A flawed but lively production. (Uris, 51st St., W. 586-6510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

6 Rms Riv Vu—Jerry Orbach and Jane Alexander meet, flirt, make love, and part, all in the course of some twenty-four hours in a vacant apartment on Riverside Drive. Bob Randall wrote the play, such as it is. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Sunshine Boys—Jack Albertson and Sam Levene as a pair of acerbic old clowns are sufficient reasons to view this characteristic Neil Simon comedy. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Tooth of the Crime—This new satire by the erratic, highly gifted young dramatist Sam Shepard is here given an "environmental" production, under Richard Schechner's direction. Much coöperation and agility is called for from the spectators, as they literally track the action all over the playing area and up and down ladders. Some scenes and lines are effective, but many are scattered and get lost. The acting is quite good. (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 966-3651. Fridays and also Wednesday and Thursday, April 25-26, at 8, and Saturdays at 9. Matinées Saturdays at 5.)



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Try It! You'll Like It!—A Yiddish musical. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 765-3886. Tuesdays and Wednesdays at 8, and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

Whiskey—A play by Terrence McNally, with Michael Sacks. Directed by Kevin O'Connor. (Theatre at St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. CI 6-7277. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Closes Sunday, May 6.)

The Women—A revival of Clare Boothe Luce's 1936 comedy, starring Rhonda Fleming, Kim Hunter, Dorothy Loudon, Myrna Loy, and Alexis Smith. Morton Da Costa directed. Opens Wednesday, April 25. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thursday, April 26, at 2.)

Long Runs—**DON'T BOTHER ME, I CAN'T COPE:** A sparkling, witty all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are good; the presence of the great gospel singer Alex Bradford is especially encouraging. (Edison, 47th St., W. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 5,406 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR:** The New Testament taking its now usual drubbing at the hands of the young, who plainly believe they are making it "relevant." The music is pleasing, and so are the performers. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST:** Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel set in an insane asylum. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE PRISONER OF SECOND AVENUE:** Neil Simon writes very funny lines, and they are being delivered by Hector Elizondo and Barbara Barrie in the leading roles. Directed by Mike Nichols. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE PROPOSITION:** An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but there are a few bright spots of mimicry. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **THE REAL INSPECTOR HOUND** and **AFTER MAGRITTE:** Two one-act samples of the British playwright Tom Stoppard's wild, sleight-of-hand comedies. Both are very funny. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.). . . **SLEUTH:** George Rose and Jordan Christopher in a mystery by Anthony Shaffer. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30; starting Tuesday, May 1, curtain time will be 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **SUGAR:** A musical-comedy adaptation of the celebrated movie "Some Like It Hot," with Robert Morse, Tony Roberts, and Cyril Ritchard. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THAT CHAMPIONSHIP SEASON:** This well-written comic tragedy by Jason Miller is about the reunion of an old basketball coach and four of the five players who, years ago, won a trophy for him, and about many other matters besides. A. J. Antoon directed. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA:** Joe Papp's delightful musical version of a silly Shakespeare play. Book by Mel Shapiro and John Guare, who also wrote the lyrics that accompany Galt MacDermot's attractive music. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

National Ballet of Canada—With Rudolf Nureyev (dancing at all performances except Sunday matinées) in a three-week engagement. Through Sunday, April 29: "The Sleeping Beauty.". . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, May 1-2: "La Sylphide," "Fandango," and "The Moor's Pavane.". . . ¶ Thursday through Sunday, May 3-6: "Swan Lake." (Metropolitan Opera House. 787-3880. Evenings at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Through Sunday, May 13.)

New York City Ballet—Opening performances (tentative schedule) of an engagement that will run through Sunday, July 1—Tuesday, May 1, at 8: "Scotch Symphony," "Symphony in Three Movements," and "Stars and Stripes.". . . ¶ Wednesday, May 2, at 8: "Scotch Symphony," "Dumbarton Oaks," "Duo Concertant," and divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée.". . . ¶ Thursday, May 3, at 8: "Agon" and "The Goldberg Variations.". . . ¶ Friday, May 4, at 8: "Scotch Symphony," "Orpheus," and "Symphony in Three Movements.". . . ¶ Saturday, May 5, at 2: "Apollo," "Orpheus," and "Agon.". . . ¶ Saturday, May 5, at 8: "Dumbarton Oaks," "Dances at a Gathering," and "Symphony in Three Movements." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

Martha Graham Dance Company—Opening performances of a two-week engagement that will run through Sunday, May 13—Tuesday, May 1, at 7: "Clytemnestra.". . . ¶ Wednesday, May 2, at 8: "El Penitente," "Mendicants of Evening" (première), and "Appalachian Spring.". . . ¶ Thursday, May 3, at 8: "Cave of the Heart," "Myth of a Voyage" (première), and "Diversion of Angels.". . . ¶ Friday, May 4, at 8: "Secular Games," "Mendicants of Evening," and "Seraphic Dialogue.". . . ¶ Saturday, May 5, at 2: "Secular Games," "Myth of a Voyage," and "Diversion of Angels.". . . ¶ Saturday, May 5, at 8: "Clytemnestra." (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646.)

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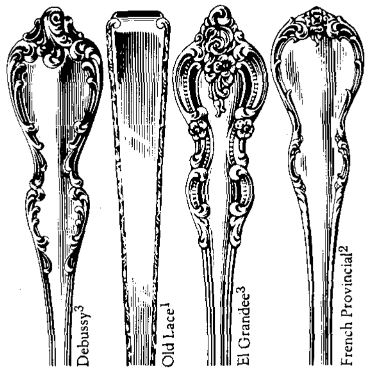
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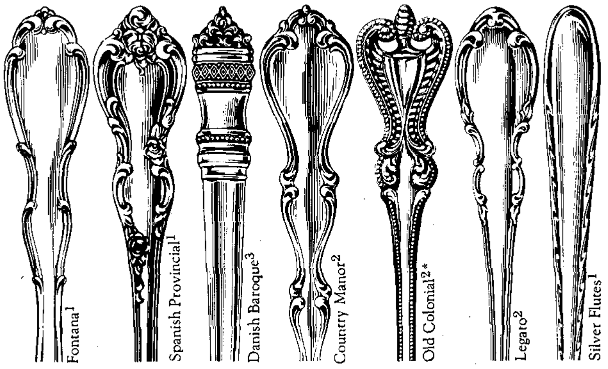
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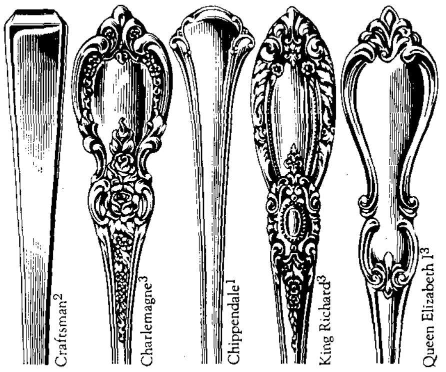
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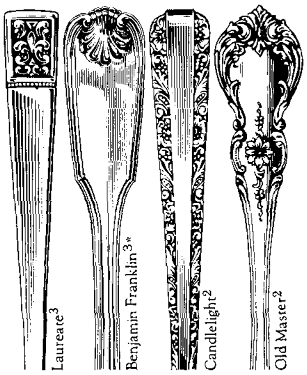
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

April 25: "Stop-Over," "Small Prayers," and "The Path."... ¶ Thursday and Friday, April 26-27, and Sunday, April 29: "Small Prayers," "Cut Flowers," "Shadows," and "The Path."... ¶ Saturday, April 28: "Stop-Over," "Shadows," "Small Prayers," and "The Path." (Exchange Theatre, 151 Bank St. 691-5035. Evenings at 8.)

Tōpéng Dance Theatre of Bali—Three dancers and eight gamelan musicians, in a benefit performance. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, May 3, at 8. For tickets, call 228-5307.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—The annual spectacle of people and animals doing things that nature never intended them to do prompts this reflection: If a man elects to ride a motorcycle upside down on a highwire, that's his affair, but who asked the lion if he wanted to learn to leap through a hoop of fire or the elephant if he wished to stand on his head? The exploitation of wild animals "puts all heaven in a rage," as our fellow-animal crank William Blake wrote, and must perplex the children who come upon it at the Garden straight from their ecology classes. If we preserve the tiger from the hunter and the furrier only to consign him to the whipcrack-echoing cage of Gunther Gebel-Williams, we aren't making much sense. For the all-human acts at the circus we have nothing but admiration, and we particularly enjoyed a group of Bulgarian acrobats who kept shouting "Hey!" and who looked as if they couldn't quite believe the successful outcome of each incredible feat. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday through Friday, April 25-27, at 10:30 and 2:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8; Sundays at 1:15 and 5:30; Mondays at 12:30; and Tuesday through Friday, May 1-4, at 1 and 7:30. Closes Monday, May 28.)

Magic Show—The annual "Salute to Magic" put on by the Society of American Magicians. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, April 28, at 8:40. For tickets, call 644-4400.)

Jack MacGowran Tribute—Zero Mostel, Burgess Meredith, Stacy Keach, Tom and Liam Clancy, Siobhan McKenna, and Shay Duffin will be among those taking part in a benefit tribute to the late actor. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-1750. Monday, April 30, at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—An informal sort of bar, with beer kegs hanging from the ceiling and people hanging around listening to jazz—some of it familiar, some futuristic—created by a trio under the leadership of pianist John Foster Thursdays through Saturdays, from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Composer-arranger-saxophonist Ernie Wilkins will sit in with the trio on Fridays and Saturdays, April 27-28 and May 4-5. Dining.

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—On Mondays, between nine-fifteen and one, the Grove Street Stompers go to town on "Cake Walkin' Babies" and similar selections. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine to three, pianist Mabel Godwin conjures up other styles, other seasons. Closed Sundays.

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Guitarist Larry Coryell, who plays with resolute speed, will hold forth through Monday, April 30. On Wednesday, May 2, the Ace Trucking Company will begin unloading their improvised humor. Coffee, tea, and water are the drinks. Tuesdays are devoted to visiting performers.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—A soul-food restaurant with *savoir-cuire* and hospitality. Through Sunday, April 29, a trio led by pianist Reggie Moore will strive for "communicable music" (Moore's term), which amounts to uptempoed romanticism. Bassist Sam Jones' trio will drop in on Tuesday and Wednesday, May 1-2, followed by the trio of composer-pianist Junior Mance on Thursday, May 3. Entertainment nightly from nine to two. Closed Mondays.

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Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Equal parts of dining, talking, and relaxing, along with a certain amount of looking at paintings. Even more diverting, however, is the guitar work of Joe Beck, who makes discreet, engaging use of his electrical equipment. He's accompanied by a bassist from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Sundays, Bill Rubenstein, a very capable pianist, performs between nine and one.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—Bobby Short is here, sitting at the piano and singing songs that in an earlier age would have been compared to Burgundy wine—or possibly New York State champagne. His sidemen are Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan, and the music commences at nine-forty-five. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Mary Lou Williams, a major figure in the history of jazz (incredible as it seems, she has been performing professionally since 1925), will be at the piano, working with bassist Milton Suggs until Wednesday, May 2. On Thursday, May 3, singer-pianist Nellie Lutcher will step out of the past to occupy the center of the room. She will be accompanied by Morris Edwards on bass and Skeeter Best on guitar. Sundays, Dick Hyman brings his chock-full-o'-notes approach to the keyboard. Music from eight until one. Saturdays and Sundays, between three and seven, pianist Roland Hanna does some skillfully structured things. Dining.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St. (254-8449)—A long bar and a barnlike back room in which a series of singers and instrumentalists—not necessarily folk (and not necessarily first-rate, either)—entertain. Oregon, an outfit with jazz interests, and Gould and Gewandter, a female folk-singing duo, will be playing through Saturday, April 28. Folk singer Carolyn Hester, a Texas girl whose career surfaced with the folk boom of the early sixties, will reminisce from Tuesday, May 1. Sounds from nine. Closed Mondays.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An up-to-date version of the neighborhood pub, graced by the fully guaranteed jazz piano of Ellis Larkins, who collaborates with bassist Al Hall Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Sunday, April 29, from five until eight, the pair will do an all-James P. Johnson program, and starting at nine they will musically celebrate Duke Ellington's seventy-fourth birthday. On Mondays, pianist Norma Shepherd sings and plays the blues. Snacks.

Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—In its new, slick midtown home, this club seems to be doing well with a policy that offers two high-level jazz outfits each night. Patrons would do well to seek out the Dizzy Gillespie quintet, composed of the former Presidential aspirant, guitarist Al Gafa, bassist Earl May, pianist Mike Longo, and drummer Mickey Roker. Also appearing through Saturday, April 28, is the Junior Mance trio. On Monday, April 30, saxophonist James Moody's quartet relocates here, along with singers Jackie Paris and Anne Marie Moss. Music from nine-thirty until three or four every night but Sunday, when Leo Ball and Dick Cone lead a nineteen-piece band between eight and two.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Popcorn and darts. Lance Hayward gets some impressive sounds out of the piano every night but Wednesday, when Jimmy Young takes his place. Fridays and Saturdays, bassist Lyn Christie participates. Live sounds from nine-thirty to three. Sundays, from four to seven, the Quantzy Major Trio (violin, oboe, bassoon) plays music of the baroque era.

Jazzboat, 101 Ave. A, at 6th St. (677-9721)—Another new jazz club, this one being a long, narrow bar-and-back-room with seashells and other marine devices on the walls. Through Sunday, April 29, Archie Shepp's quintet, proponents of the "energy school," will expound its ideas. From Tuesday, May 1, composer-pianist Doug Carn takes his quintet through very solid arrangements with vocalist Jean Carn singing her husband's lyrics. Mondays, Joe Lee Wilson sings with a quartet headed by sax man Frank Foster. Music from nine to three.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—It's a long way from Bourbon Street, but the message is still clear. The bandsmen: Eddie Locke, Bobby Pratt, Major Holley, Joe Muranyi, Chuck Folds, and Roy Eldridge. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. (757-8484)—A new, large restaurant (once a Toots Shor establishment) with a ceiling as high as a mastodon's eye. In the circular bar, pianist Barry Harris and bassist Larry Davis are turning out some well-planned, well-executed jazz Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight until one. Mondays, singer-pianist Dottie Stallworth leads a trio. A comprehensive menu. Closed Sundays.... ¶ On the Mezzanine, a refreshing three-man, two-woman, two-musician, all sociopolitical revue, "What's a Nice Country Like You Doing in a State Like This?," functions Mondays through Thursdays at eight, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight and ten.

Kenny's Castaways, 211 E. 84th St. (734-9892)—A bar with one of the largest pairs of antlers in New York, and a back room that is faintly nautical. The Magic Tramps, who play rock, and Billy Mermit, who sings folk rock, can be seen through Sunday, April 29. Liam Clancy will bring in his wealth of Irish folk tunes on Tuesday, May 1. Shows begin at nine-thirty Tuesdays through Sundays. Mondays are turned over to an assortment of aspiring musicians and jesters. Snacks.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—A Kansas City woodshed in about 1880, to judge by the furnishings, and a place of pilgrimage that is considered de rigueur for those who thrive on folk, blues, country, etc. Such pilgrims will be seeking out Odetta, who will be singing, along with singer-composer Bill Quateman, through Monday, April 30. Kinky Friedman and the Texas Jewboys will arrive on Wednesday, May 2. Three shows Fridays and Saturdays. Two shows other nights. On Tuesdays, folk and rock groups play from nine to midnight. Dining downstairs. Drinks and snacks upstairs, where the music is.

Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937)—In the **BLUE ROOM CABARET,** on the second floor of this theatre complex, a variety of eager young performers do some urgent playing and singing at ten and midnight each night.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272)—Wood panelling and a portrait of Henry VIII. Also a complete menu and some satisfying sounds. Pianist Roland Hanna, clarinettist Eddie Daniels, and bassist George Duvivier contribute their talents to a quartet led by drummer Bob Rosengarden through Saturday, April 28. Beginning Tuesday, May 1, pianist-harpist-singer Ms. Corky Hale performs with a trio. Music nightly from nine to one, except on Mondays when a Dixieland band plays from nine to midnight. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An upper West Side gathering place with a softly lighted main room and a glassed-in sidewalk gallery, both of which have tables for drinking and dining. Thursdays through Saturdays, April 26-28 and May 3-5, pianist Kenny Barron will head a trio from ten until three. A trio behind the easy, fluid guitar of Roland Prince is available on Sundays and Mondays from nine to two. No live entertainment Tuesdays and Wednesdays.

Muggs, 1134 First Ave., at 62nd St. (838-7050)—Singer-pianist Bob Brown and bassist Jack Gregg are here Tuesdays through Thursdays from eight to one, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine to two. No music Sundays and Mondays. Dinner.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (CH 2-1366)—In the Paradise Room—a roofed-over courtyard—New York's supper-club tradition is being kept alive in the following manner: Pianist Sammy Benskin is present from seven-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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thirty to one. Singer-host Jimmie Daniels, an entertainer of vast experience and spontaneity, performs nightly at nine-fifteen and eleven-forty-five with blues singer Novella Nelson, who will be on hand through Saturday, May 5. Cocktail concerts between five-forty-five and seven-thirty: Mondays through Wednesdays, the Vieuxtemps String Quartet plays classical music, and Thursdays through Saturdays, singer-composer Kathe Green accompanies herself at the piano. Monday nights are showcases for burgeoning entertainers. Dining. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis Room, in the St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Mabel Mercer, who knows how things were when the world was young, sits and charms her followers with songs—more recited than sung these days—that offer a distillation of wisdom through well-considered experience. Jimmy Lyon is her accompanist. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Sam's Jazz Upstairs, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1416)—This new club closely resembles a small-town gathering place until the big-city music of the Manhattan Wildlife Refuge Band bursts forth. Co-led by Bill Watrous on trombone and Danny Stiles on trumpet, this eighteen-piece troop utilizes such devices as simultaneous solos taken by the five-man trumpet section. Music and dancing, too, from nine-thirty until two Fridays and Saturdays. Supper.

Soerabaja, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150)—Two small rooms above a Greek-French restaurant, with some crystal chandeliers and other remembrances of things past. Current musical offerings are provided by guitarist Bucky Pizzarelli and the duo of pianist Charley Cochrane and his bassist, all of whom perform in an at-home atmosphere from nine-thirty to one every night except Sunday and Monday.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—A small and attractive bar (dig the ceiling lights). Guitarist Mark Elf's trio will be visiting here Fridays and Saturdays, April 27-28, and May 4-5. No music the rest of the week. Ten to three-thirty are the hours. Snacks.

Three, 314 E. 72nd St. (734-9303)—Blossom Dearie sings, accompanying herself at the piano, with a simplicity that is uncannily deceptive. The hours are Thursdays through Saturdays from six to eight, and Sundays at four-thirty and six-thirty. The whole thing is done concert-style, with a pause or two to enable patrons to replenish their drinks.

Two Saints, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-0650)—Charles Mingus is inspiring his quintet in these uninspirational surroundings Tuesdays through Sundays, from nine. Closed Mondays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Pianist Ahmad Jamal, who is apt to get fancy, will be in charge of a threesome through Saturday, April 28. On Wednesdays, a trio led by harpist Daphne Hellman is also in evidence. The music begins about ten. Jazz Interactions, celebrating its eighth anniversary and also paying tribute to radio station WRVR's jazz patriarch, Ed Beach, will sponsor a benefit performance of more than fifty (mostly notable) musicians on Sunday, April 29, beginning at five. Closed Mondays.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—A basement *boîte* where history is sometimes made. Probing rhythmically through Sunday, April 29, will be the Roy Ayers quartet, headed by the fine young vibraharpist and occasional singer Ayers. Triple-threat reed artist Rahsaan Roland Kirk brings in his quintet on Tuesday, May 1. Mondays, the large and well-schooled Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band takes over. The entertainment begins at nine-thirty, supposedly.

West Boondock. 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—The location—somewhere over the rainspout—shouldn't deter you if walking through dark streets is not a problem. Stained glass, Southern cooking, and amiable waitresses. Satisfying jazz on piano and bass by Hugh Lawson and Carl Pruitt Thursdays through Sundays and by Kenny Brawner and a partner Mondays through Wednesdays. Eight until two.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Dangerfield's, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—Rodney Dangerfield's home base. His non-pattern (and sometimes nonpareil) patter is rough and ready, and it happens to be really funny. Nourishment at all hours. Closed Sundays.

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Let Yourself Go," a portmanteau revue, is on view Mondays through Thursdays at ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven-thirty. In addition, singer John C. Attle appears at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Mondays through Thursdays, and at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays.

Improvisation, 358 W. 44th St. (765-8268)—Tryouts for new wits and singers in an establishment that is nothing if not informal. Closed Sundays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—A Bavarian Brauerei, thinly disguised as an operetta: merry villagers, dancers, singers, brassbandsmen, on permanent and powerful duty from seven to one. The provender is garnished with red cabbage and draft beer. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—In the **ROYAL BOX,** trombonist Urbie Green is presenting his sextet, along with vocalist Kathy Green. Tuesdays through Saturdays, the George Cort trio alternates with the Greens; Mondays, the Roger Steele trio spells the Greens. Sundays, the Steele trio is the sole entertainment. Dancing from seven-thirty Mondays through Saturdays, and Sundays from five-thirty.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—Marcelo and his Spanish Ballet are taking turns with Cuban singer Blanca Rosa Gil. Dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty and Sundays from four. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ In the adjoining **FLAMENCO SUITE,** a minute theatre-in-the-round, there occur (well along in the evening) outbursts of Andalusian foot-and-mouth exercises by a fivesome operating barely inches from one's face. Closed Mondays.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—On Saturday, April 28, Dick Jensen and Cathy Carlson will be ending their song recitals, so that on the following evening, Harold Melvin and the Blue Notes (rhythm and blues) and Sal Richards (comedy) may commence. Shows at eight-fifteen, eleven-thirty, and one-forty-five Fridays and Saturdays, and at eight and midnight the rest of the week. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ In the ground-floor lounge, one can still evoke the illusion that he is in typical, tropical, topical Las Vegas. The music begins at ten. Closed Mondays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—In **LA FORÊT,** dance music issues from the Horace Diaz orchestra and a soft-rock group called Boogie. Seven-thirty to two. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . ¶ The **CAFÉ** has a seven-day week, with Phil Wayne's dance threesome calling the tunes Tuesdays through Saturdays and Herb Winner's crew on Sundays and Mondays.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the **PERSIAN ROOM,** the Dick Lewis orchestra and the Barry Levitt trio are putting forth dance tunes Mondays through Thursdays from seven-thirty to one-thirty and Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two. Caroller Ethel Ennis makes an appearance at dinner and supper. On Monday, April 30, she will be succeeded by singers Daniel & Dimitri. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **PALM COURT,** violin-and-piano music susurrates from four-thirty to six-thirty every day, and from eight until midnight Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine until one Fridays and Saturdays.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Julie Wilson is the oriole in this highly gilded cage. She is accompanied by the Morty Jay trio, and her shows are at nine and eleven-fifteen. Dancing to music provided by a tape measure, from eight o'clock on. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The **MAISONETTE,** that venerable aristocrat, is setting forth, at dinner and supper, the songs of Nina Van Pallandt. Anthony Terini's orchestra and trio are in charge of the customers' footwork. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA BOITE RUSSE,** the across-the-way peace haven, simmers ever so quietly to the violin of Jani Sarkozi during dinner and supper every night but Monday. The menu is Russian.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Nilotic and pleasantly sybaritic, but given to live entertainment of a sort that might please some playboy of some polyvinyl Western world. Three times nightly, there is a spangly floor show. Between sets—and earlier, beginning at five—people dance to discs. Substantial dining. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

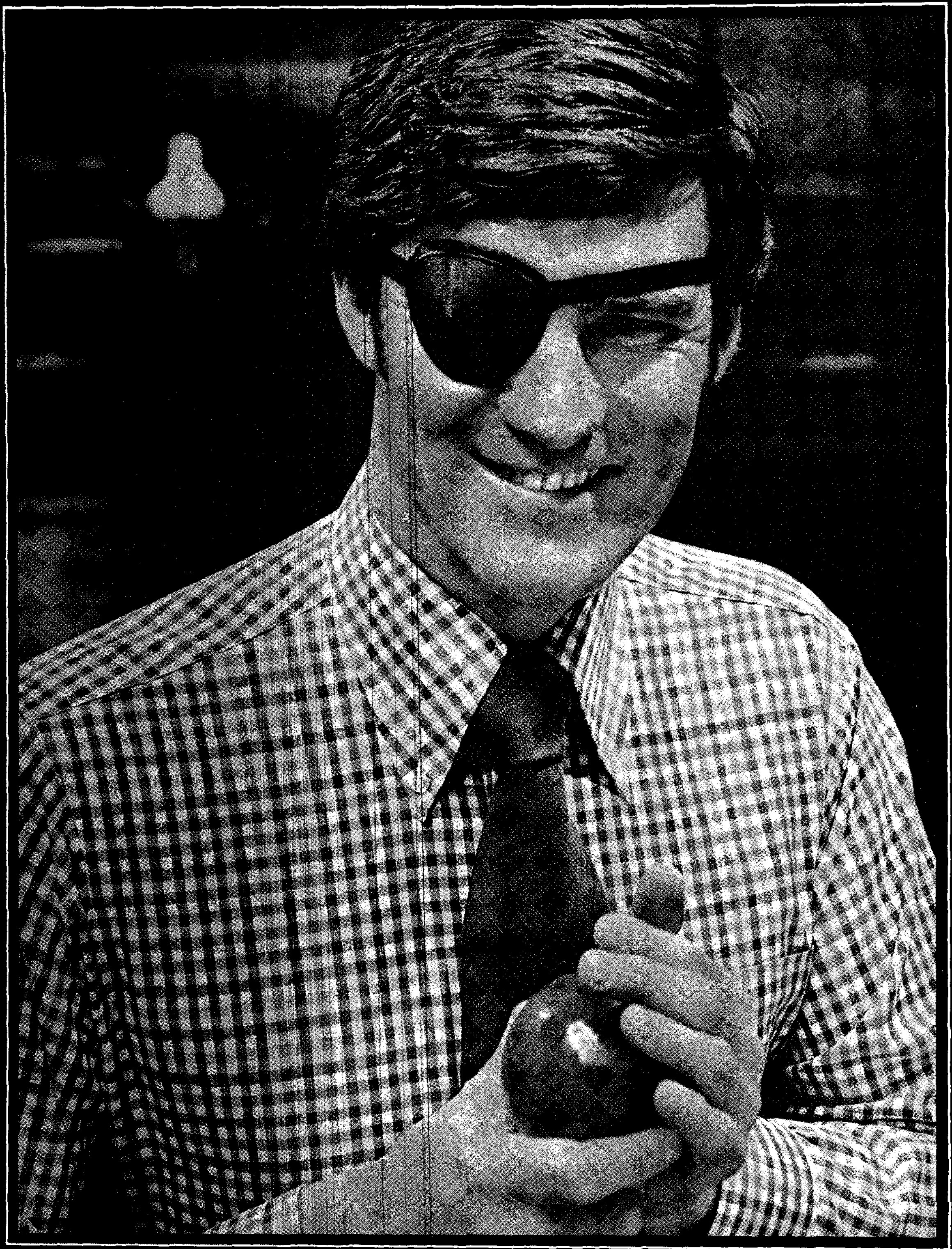
(Dining, but no dancing, except as indicated.)

DUNCAN'S, 303 E. 53rd St. (838-6154): Leisurely evenings, during which Bill Halsey's high-level pianistics can soothe or scintillate, depending on the jazz, blues, or show tunes he is embellishing. With Leonard Gaskin on bass, he plays Mondays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to two. . . . **DIONYSOS,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Athenian cuisine, Athenian song, Athenian dance music, Athenian glee, and a dollop of American rock. Closed Sundays. . . . **ADONIS,** 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): A terraced villa up in the hills around Athens (in Kifisia, say). The music, sometimes larded with song, goes from eight-thirty until four. . . . **CHEZ VITO,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): The tune is carried by the perpetual fiddlers three, as well as by the foursome of choristers (Leyna Gabriele, prop., included) who operate on the theory that there's no operetta like a good old one. From dinner until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): There's piano Tuesdays through Saturdays from cocktails until whenever. (After nine-thirty, it's by Charlie La Torella.). . . **MYKONOS,** 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): The celebrated Aegean island, kept vibrant during the evening by a foursome that cannot be long out of Athens. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): The visitor who arrives unaware soon discovers that the restaurant is really a *schola cantorum,* operatic division, for every man jack of the staff. Closed Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, who lives in, perches herself on top of a baby grand in the middle of the dinner and supper hours and chirrups the Bal Tabarin songs she's so fond of. Mild dance music starts rustling at eight. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **FRANK'S PLACE.** 41 E. 58th St. (838-0364): For cocktails and early dining, Norman Kubrin sings with *élan* and plays a spinet with finesse. He is present Mondays through Fridays from five-thirty to eight-thirty. No music Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing, except as indicated.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): The leisure class in dining is supplemented by a seven-until-one recitation of guitar and song by Gino Toscano. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 137 E. 55th St. (832-1128): On a lower deck of Iperbole, and one that is distinctly not steerage, the Three Romans, a dance trio, inhabit a pleasurable Roman grotto from seven-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): George Cardini plies a violin Tuesday through Saturday, and the fine-arts piano of Herman Arminski follows him wherever he goes. Piano a cappella on Mondays, nothing at all on Sundays. The *voci* in the bar are sometimes too *vive,* but the restaurant is always *piano.* . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The old reliable. The piano of Dick Hankinson is audible most of the time between six and one. Sundays, someone or other fills in for him. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): The bar-restaurant is unarguably on the ground floor, but the echelon is unarguably upper. Robert Poitevin, whose



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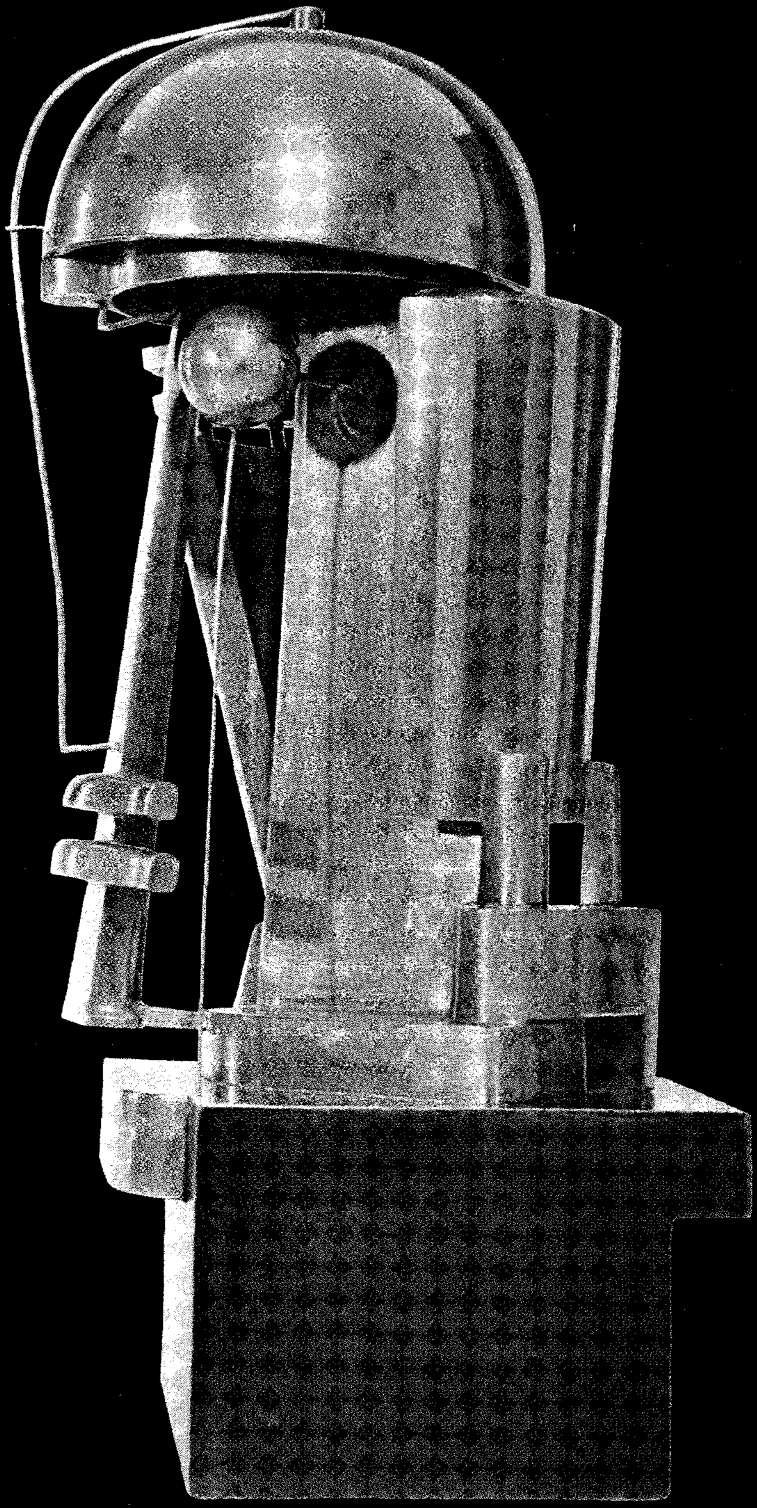

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The real

We are forgetting how to be human beings. Power has become an end in itself. Instead of walking, we ride to the store. Instead of thinking, we ask a computer for answers. Instead of doing, we tell our machines to mix, brush, talk, write, even scratch for us. We have become a plugged-in, motorized society.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

piano once sent Piaf's songs on their wistful way, is in evidence from five to one every night but Sunday and Monday.... **CAMEL DRIVER,** 72 E. 56th St. (355-8989): Candlelight and memorable melodies. The piano is manned by Marty Berns from seven to two. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.... **THE GRIFFIN,** 313 E. 46th St. (371-4542): A most mannerly household, whose evening hours are filled by the piano of Richard Wilkins from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty.... **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE,** 341 E. 43rd St. (689-5444): A hospice at the top of the stairs that leads from far-below First Avenue, and therefore a scenic delight. Tables, a bar, a casual way of life, and (on piano) Norman Rollings, a casual librarian. Eight to one during the week, nine to two on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays.... **JACK DELANEY,** 72 Grove St. (AL 5-7905): Gration Oullette does piano, eight to two, Wednesdays through Sundays.... **CARLTON BAR-RESTAURANT,** in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): Ray Hartley's piano has a new-wine-in-new-bottles effervescence. Four-thirty to ten-thirty, except for Saturdays and Sundays.... **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Sort of a Roman den of propinquity, with a fair amount of table-hopping by both guests and a set of prowling instrumentalists. Closed Sundays.... **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 71st St. (BU 8-5800): George Feyer, last of the Hapsburgs, gives his piano (and occasional lyrics) the flavor that has always been a secret ingredient of Vienna. No sound on Sundays or Mondays. ... **LAIR,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (472-0163): A medieval resting place in which Larry Oleno charms the figures out of their niches Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine until midnight.... **NIRVANA,** penthouse of 30 Central Park S. (288-9097): The view alone approximates Nirvana, but there is more: the sitar of Arooj Lazewal, the drums and tabla of Badal Roy, and Bangladesh cuisine. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty.... **BARCLAY HOTEL,** 111 E. 48th St. (PL 5-5900): A brace of Lester Lanin's boys go plink-plink on the Barclay Terrace during the cocktail session, in the King's Inn from seven to nine, and in the Gold Room from nine to eleven. Monday through Friday is the extent of this pleasant idea.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Peter Agostini—Heads, some tiny, some very large, in bronze and terra-cotta, also plaster bas-reliefs and drawings; starting Tuesday, May 1. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

Michael Baxte (1890-1972)—Fifteen oils, plus drawings and watercolors, by this School of Paris artist who worked in New York and abroad; starting Sunday, April 29. (Glezer, 870 Madison Ave., at 70th St. Closed Saturdays; open Sundays.)

Romare Bearden—Bright-colored combinations of collage and painting; through Saturday, April 28. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Robert Beauchamp—Freely handled oils and drawings by a creator of dynamic fantasies; through May 22. (Dain, 1018 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Arnold Blanch (1896-1968)—Semi-abstract landscapes by this Woodstock artist; starting Saturday, April 28. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Tom Boutis—Painted-cardboard columns, wood reliefs, painted boxes, and Abstract Expressionist canvases; through May 11. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Closed Mondays.)

Howard Buchwald—Abstractions stressing color and light; through Saturday, May 5. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

David Budd—Monochromatic paintings; through Saturday, April 28. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

Martin Canin—Optical paintings; through May 19. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Chryssa—Constructions and sculptures in a variety of mediums; through May 12. (René, 6 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

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Carroll Cloar—Not-quite-naïve works by an artist who lives in Memphis and paints mostly scenes of his Arkansas childhood; through Saturday, May 5. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Susan Crile—Paintings of patterned carpets; starting Saturday, April 28. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St.)

Vestie Davis—Paintings of Brooklyn and Coney Island by a seventy-year-old naïf; first one-man show here. Starts Saturday, April 28. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Anthony DeBlasi—Lyrical abstractions; through May 10. (Spectrum, 464 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Niki de Saint-Phalle—Polyester figures representing the theme of "The Devouring Mothers;" through May 8. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Lamar Dodd—Abstract landscapes by an older-generation American painter; through Saturday, May 5. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Judith Dolnick / Richard Bogart—Abstract paintings. / Romantic landscapes. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Starts Tuesday, May 1.)

Louis Michel Eilshemius (1864-1941)—Fifty paintings by this American Romantic; through Saturday, April 28. (Danenberg, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)... ¶ Drawings and watercolors from the artist's sketchbook; through Saturday, April 28. (Lewison, 30 E. 60th St. Closes Saturdays at 4:30.)

Oyvind Fahlström—Paintings that include games with movable parts, plus commentary; through Saturday, April 28. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

Jean-Michel Folon / Roland Topor—Color drawings of cityscapes with figures. / Realistic figure drawings that aim at black humor. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Through May 12. Closed Mondays.)

Mary Frank—Figurative stoneware sculptures and monoprints by a leading young New Yorker; through Saturday, April 28. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

Cleve Gray—Abstract cast-bronze sculptures; through May 19. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Balcomb Greene—Semi-abstract figure paintings and seascapes; through Saturday, April 28. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Richard Greeves—Paintings, sculptures, and drawings by a Westerner documenting the life of the American Indian; through Saturday, April 28. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St.)

Werner Groshans—Portraits, still-lifes, and somewhat surreal landscapes by a member of the National Academy; starting Saturday, April 28. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Allen Hermes—Realistic figurative bronzes; starting Tuesday, May 1. (Kuhlik, 23 E. 67th St.)

Al Hirschfeld—Fifty years of drawings, lithographs, and etchings by the theatrical caricaturist of the *Times;* through May 31. (Feiden, 51 E. 10th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 7; Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Hans Hofmann (1880-1966)—Early ink drawings; through May 19. (Esman, 24 E. 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Darryl Hughto—Abstract paintings based on the spiral; starting Saturday, April 28. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Morton Kaish—Paintings of nude couples; through May 12. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ellsworth Kelly—Shaped canvases with a curve painted into them; through Saturday, April 28. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

Lee Krasner—Recent paintings by this Abstract Expressionist; through May 12. (Marlborough, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Martin Lewis (1881-1962)—Oils, watercolors, gouaches, drawings, and prints by an artist whose subjects are far-ranging but who specializes in New York; through Saturday, April 28. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St.)

Alexander Liberman—Abstract Expressionist paintings featuring the V shape by this artist who has experimented in many modes; starting Saturday, April 28. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Charlotte Lichtblau / Sy Gresser—Expressionist paintings in varying degrees of abstraction. / Stone and wood sculptures. (Benevy, 542 LaGuardia Pl. Starts Saturday, April 28. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

Henrietta Liebowitz—Paintings and drawings of shapes based on rhythmically interwoven flower forms; through Saturday, April 28. (Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St.)

Richard Lippold—Sculptures done since 1962; through May 12. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Eleanor Lockspeiser—Abstract paintings with ground eggshells in some; through Saturday, May 5. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ethel Magafan—Paintings based on studies done in the mountains of the Far West; through Saturday, April 28. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Harry Marinsky / Allen Saalburg—Bronze sculptures representing everyday life in an Italian village. / Paintings of Americana. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Through Saturday, May 5. Closed Mondays.)

Nicholas Marsicano—Figure paintings of nudes; through Wednesday, May 2. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

David Novros—Abstract paintings on panels; through Thursday, May 3. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Amédée Ozenfant (1886-1966)—This large exhibition of paintings and drawings permits us to see the work of an almost legendary figure of the modern movement, whose reputation declined in the thirties, and who has not had a show in this country for more than twenty years. Included are a few early Impressionist-derived works; a number of the calm, smooth, neoclassical still-lifes of the great Purist period; the lumpish, primitive figure paintings of the thirties, which precipitated the fall from grace; and the unearthly, abstract landscapes of the last years. Purism was launched around 1918 by Ozenfant and Corbusier as a revision of Cubism—an attempt to rid it of its decorative and idiosyncratic tendencies and to create an art for the machine age of order, lucidity, stasis, and symmetry. But, as it proved, Purism represented a drying-up rather than a flowering of the Cubist idiom, and, ironically, it is in the decorative arts of the twenties and thirties that its influence is most discernible. Ozenfant himself, as this show suggests, belongs to that order of artists in whom the critical and pedagogical faculties are stronger than the aesthetic one, and whose works appear increasingly remote and eccentric as time obliterates the issues over which they were produced. Through Friday, April 27. (Knoedler, 21 E. 70th St.)

Tommy Palmore—Nudes and animals in unusual settings; through May 12. (Danenberg, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

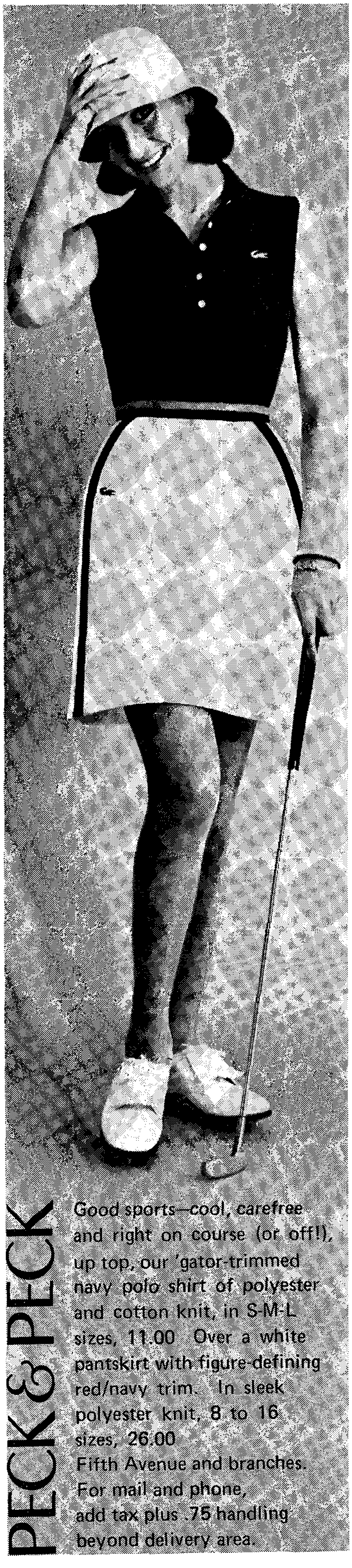
Jules Pascin (1885-1930)—Oils, watercolors, and drawings by this School of Paris artist who also worked in New York; through May 19. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Massimo Pierucci—Whimsical sculptures, some with moving parts; starting Saturday, April 28. (Roko, 90 E. 10th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Antoine Poncet—Sculptures in marble and bronze by an artist who worked with Arp; through May 19. (Modern Master Tapestries, 11 E. 57th St.)

Stephen Rosenthal / Gloria Greenberg—India-ink gouaches on unstretched folded canvas. / Highly colored abstractions. (55 Mercer Street. Through May 9. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

David Roth—Painted strings arranged accord-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ing to mathematical schemes; through Thursday, May 3. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT RYMAN / HANS HAACKE—One large painting done on the gallery wall, plus four canvases. / Graphs, charts, and other paperwork connected with a questionnaire concerning gallery-goers. (Weber, 420 West Broadway. Starts Saturday, April 28. Closed Mondays.)

PETER SAUL—Two very large paintings in brilliant Day-Glo colors by this specialist in violent historical themes; through Thursday, May 3. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday mornings.)

DAVID SMYTH—A steel-and-concrete sculpture that occupies the entire gallery; starting Saturday, April 28. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

HYDE SOLOMON—Paintings of the Southwest by a well-known Abstract Expressionist; through Saturday, April 28. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St.)

JULIAN STANCZAK / FRITZ BULTMAN—Paintings in which color is organized in relation to a grid pattern. / Abstract bronzes with suggestions of figurative elements. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Through May 19. Closed Mondays.)

HAROLD STEVENSON—One huge painting, eight feet by twenty-two, using Greek and Roman allegorical elements on the theme of peace, plus fifty related paintings and drawings; through Saturday, April 28. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St.)

ERNEST TROVA—Sculptures in Korten steel featuring circular and rectangular elements, by the creator of the "Falling Man" series; through Wednesday, May 2. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JANE WILSON—Still-lifes by this painter also known for her landscapes; through Saturday, April 28. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

JEROME WITKIN—Paintings and drawings of people, objects, and interiors; first one-man show here. Through May 12. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

ELLEN WOLFF—Abstract paintings built up with various substances to resemble ancient carvings; starting Tuesday, May 1. (Gallery 84, 1046 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the ALONZO, 26 E. 63rd St.: Paintings, sculptures, collages, drawings, prints, and wall hangings on the theme of letters of the alphabet and numbers; starting Tuesday, May 1. . . . AUSTRIAN INSTITUTE, 11 E. 52nd St.: Watercolors, drawings, and graphics by Hundertwasser and other members of the Vienna school of "Fantastic Realism;" through May 11. (Closed Saturdays.). . . FEIGEN, 27 E. 79th St.: Newly acquired paintings by Picasso, Matisse, Mondrian, Braque, and others; through Monday, April 30. . . . HIRSCHL & ADLER, 21 E. 67th St.: Fifty major Impressionist works by Pissarro, Boudin, Fantin-Latour, Chase, Cassatt, Hassam, and others; through Saturday, April 28. . . . MIDTOWN, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings of Maine by Thon, Betts, Pierce, Etnier, and others; starting Tuesday, May 1. . . . O.K. HARRIS, 465 West Broadway: Realist paintings by Ralph Goings, romantic-realist landscapes by Stephen Woodburn, and small paintings by Richard Pettibone; starting Saturday, April 28. (Closed Mondays.). . . RAYDON, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: Approximately a hundred watercolors by artists of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries—Hassam, Heade, Homer, Pascin, Prendergast, Walkowitz, and others; through May 19. (Closed Mondays.) . . . WEINTRAUB, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Degas, Marin, Picabia, Chagall, and others; through May 19. (Closed Mondays.). . . WESTBETH, 155 Bank St.: Paintings and sculptures by six artists, one of them Jan Doubrava (1911-72); through Sunday, April 29. (Thursdays and Fridays, 4 to 8; Saturdays and Sundays, 2 to 8.). . . WESTBROADWAY, 431 West Broadway: Collages, constructions, and shaped and rectangular canvases by three women artists; through May 11. (Closed Mondays.). . . WEYHE, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.: American women print-makers of the thirties and forties, among them Peggy Bacon, Isabel Bishop, Angna Enters, Marion Greenwood, and Clare Leighton; through May 16. (Closed Mondays.). . . DORIS WIENER, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Eighty-six miniature paintings from India representing various regional styles from the sixteenth century through the beginning of the nineteenth; through June 15. (Closed Mondays.) . . . WILDENSTEIN, 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit exhibit of seventy-five flower paintings by masters of the seventeenth through the twentieth centuries, among them van Gogh, Monet, Picasso, Redon, Prendergast, and Demuth; through Saturday, May 5.

PHOTOGRAPHY

CECIL BEATON—"However bad they are, your photographs have the merit of not looking like other people's work," Edna Woolman Chase, the former *Vogue* editor, once said to Beaton, who quotes her words in his book "The Best of Beaton." This exhibition of early photographs, made between 1922 and 1932, is a demonstration of how very good, as well as how singular, a photographer Beaton is. A full-length portrait of Lady Ottoline Morell—who wears a stiff embroidered-silk ball gown, holds a Japanese fan, and is posed against an Art Deco leaf-pattern background—captures the exoticism and tenseness of this hawk-faced patroness of the arts and friend of Bertrand Russell, and resonates with the sinister melancholy of the paintings of Klimt. A portrait of Elinor Wylie shows the poet wearing a dress printed with a lovely Morris-like pattern, which is surprisingly consonant with the closed, dreamy look on her elegant face. Beaton's interest in clothes and décor has gained him a reputation for triviality that needs to be rectified. He has taken some of the most characterful portraits of our time, and although the period covered by this show stops just before he achieved his masterpieces (among them portraits of Walter Sickert, E. M. Forster, Ivy Compton-Burnett, Max Beerbohm, and T. S. Eliot), it illustrates the humanism that underlies and animates the surface decoration. These people—rich, famous, and overdressed though they may be—are alive; they have been observed with shrewdness and sympathy, and some of them will be remembered chiefly because Cecil Beaton took their picture. Through May 12. (Sonnabend, 924 Madison Ave., at 73rd St. Closed Mondays.)

IMOGEN CUNNINGHAM—In one of Miss Cunningham's most celebrated photographs, "The Unmade Bed," which was taken in 1957 when she was seventy-four, the thrown-back sheets look like the exquisitely flowing drapery of baroque painting and at the same time evoke a real bed that a real person has just sleepily vacated. The photograph, which is on view in the Cunningham retrospectives at both the Witkin and the Metropolitan Museum, reflects the influence of Edward Weston and also illustrates, through a significant detail, the difference between the two West Coast photographers. The detail is the group of hairpins that lie scattered on the bottom sheet, transforming the work from a mere study of form into an affecting self-portrait. Miss Cunningham's "Nude" of 1932, which features a pure white expanse of back, buttocks, and one arm, resembles Weston's great abstract pear-shaped nude of 1925, but again—in its suggestions of the body's imperfections—it represents a refusal to relinquish the central position of the person to the claims of formal beauty. Miss Cunningham started photographing at the beginning of the century in the blurred, soft-focus pictorial vein of the Photo-Secession, and as the examples of this phase in both shows indicate—various silly-looking pictures of male nudes posturing on mountain tops—this was not her finest hour. (The silliest of her early pictures, included in neither show, is "Eve Repentant," which was a sensation when it was published in a Seattle magazine in 1910, and depicts a nude Eve who is patting a nude dejected Adam on the back, as if to say, "Buck up, old chap. It's not so bad.") Soon thereafter, Miss Cunningham turned to the "straight" sharp-focus photography that was becoming the mainstream of the medium, and she became one of the key members of the f/64 Group (Weston, Ansel Adams, and Willard Van Dyke were others), which practiced and proselytized for this kind of photography on the West Coast during the thirties. Since that time, her reputation has grown, and today she is one of the most revered (for her tart wit as well as for her work) of American photographers. These two shows, which overlap in some instances but are not identical, commemorate the ninetieth birthday Miss Cunningham just celebrated. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Through May 13. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 12:30 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8; Sundays, 2 to 5. . . . ¶ Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. Through July 1. Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Walker Evans—Black-and-white prints from the twenties to the present; through May 17. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Benno Friedman—Subtly hand-tinted, strenuously manipulated prints with a painterly orientation. Abstract Expressionism, Surrealism, and Messing Around are among the modes represented. Through Saturday, April 28. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Stephen Gersh—Quiet, concise New England landscapes and studies of trees, plants, and rocks, which reflect the influence of Ansel Adams, for whom Gersh worked as an assistant between 1962 and 1964. The disciple has learned the exacting technical lesson of the master, and he also seems to share Adams' faith, often unjustified, in nature's ability to do all the artistic work of outdoor photography. Through May 6. (Underground, 134 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. Closed Saturdays.)

William Larson—Photographs, if that is what they are, produced with a Dex-180 Sequential Telephone Transmission machine. That is to say, the "photographer" feeds snapshots, drawings, and pictures and diagrams he has cut out of books and magazines into the machine, which emits a Dadaistic collage in black and white. Through Saturday, April 28. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Prize News Photos—An exhibition of the winners in various categories of the annual New York Press Photographers Association awards. In news photography, a caption is worth a thousand pictures, but there are a few photographs here that speak for themselves, chief among them Keith Torrie's chilling profile of George Wallace in a wheelchair giving a speech from a platform decorated with posters of John and Robert Kennedy. Through Saturday, May 5. (Burlington House, 1345 Sixth Ave., at 54th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 7.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—An exhibit devoted to gold in many of its aspects, including ancient jewelry and ceremonial vessels, metalwork from the Renaissance to the Napoleonic period, paintings and drawings on gold leaf, and gold used in ceramics, textiles, and manuscripts; through Sept. 9. . . . ¶ Fifty American Impressionist and realist paintings and drawings, from the eighteen-eighties to the turn of the century, by Chase, Sargent, Twachtman, Hassam, Prendergast, and others; through June 3. . . . ¶ A hundred and fifty gowns designed by Cristobal Balenciaga (1895-1972), plus Spanish paintings, tapestries, and prints from the Museum's collection; through July 1. . . . ¶ Thirty-six paintings, mostly of Greek and Roman subjects, by Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema; through Sunday, April 29. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—An expanded exhibit, in newly remodelled galleries, of paintings and sculptures from the Museum's collection. . . . ¶ Sixty-five prints of Edvard Munch (1863-1944), some of them devoted to the relationship of man and woman; through Sunday, April 29. . . . ¶ Eighty twentieth-century collages, watercolors, and drawings, representing major artists and movements in twentieth-century art, by Boccioni, Léger, Sheeler, Oldenburg, and others; through May 28. . . . ¶ A survey of the work of Charles Eames, the furniture designer and architect; through July 1. . . . ¶ Two hundred and twenty-eight examples of news photography; through Sunday, April 29. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—More than three hundred works by Jean Dubuffet; they consist of a hundred and forty-five paintings, a hundred and fifteen drawings, forty sculptures, and six illustrated books. Starts Friday, April 27. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Two hundred paintings, watercolors, wood engravings, and etchings by Winslow Homer (1836-1910); through June 3. . . . ¶ A hundred and seventeen pieces—sculptures, drawings, films, video tapes, holograms, and environments—by the West Coast avant-gardist Bruce Nauman, who has been labelled in such categories as anti-form, process, conceptual, and body art; through May 13. . . . ¶ Seventeen paintings by Gladys Nilsson, a member of the "Hairy Who" Chicago group that exploited comic-strip drawing and color; through May 13. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6. . . . ¶ On Monday, April 30, there will be a Composers' Showcase program of premières of three orchestral works conducted by Gunther Schuller. Tickets are issued on a first-come, first-served basis.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—More than a hundred sculptures in wood, iron, brass, copper, and terra-cotta representing cultural life of the Dogon people of Africa; also photographs, slides, and films by the late Eliot Elisofon, plus costumes, textiles, and music. Through May 20. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"And Then There Were None," a continuous slide-showing of extinct and endangered animal species. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Eighty-six rare Indian miniature paintings from private American collections; through June 10. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—Ceramics from tenth- to twelfth-century Manchuria and North China; through May 25. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Italian paintings, collages, sculptures, drawings, graphics, musical scores, and books in which poetry and visual art are combined—all of them influenced by the Futurism movement of 1910; through Sunday, April 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Photographs of a middle-class German-Jewish family, taken between 1873 and 1972 and assembled by Catherine Noren, herself a member of that family. Through Sept. 3. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Manuscripts and first and fine editions of Greek and Latin classics; through Wednesday, May 2. . . . ¶ A series of illuminations from an early-twelfth-century English manuscript; through Wednesday, May 2. . . . ¶ Major acquisitions of the last two years; through Wednesday, May 2. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Sewn, Stitched, & Stuffed" is an exhibition of twenty-seven works of fabric sculpture, as it's called, which have more affinities with Johnny Gruelle's Raggedy Ann than with Michelangelo's David, or even with Oldenburg's Hamburger. Most of the exhibits are chiefly remarkable for the neat handwork that has gone into them, but a few pieces have some extra-Singer merits. One of these is Willim G. Larson's "Class Piece," a parody of high-school yearbook photographs and the inane character sketches that accompany them. The "sculpture" here takes the form of a frieze of eleven stuffed heads and chests, joined at the sides by zippers. The faces are photo-blueprinted, and captions are embroidered across the chests: "David Peterson. A bit on the bashful side, Dave was quiet but interesting to know. He was a member of the track team in his sophomore year. Indefinite as to future plans, Dave deserved the best." The past tense in which this and the other captions are written gives a fittingly sinister twist to the work. Catherine Jansen's "Blue Room," an environment of fabric and vinyl objects, also employs the photo-blueprint technique, and shows a bed, a TV set, toilet articles, and shoes and underwear lying about on the floor—a Pop study of sleaziness and disorder bathed in a *fin-de-siècle* blue atmosphere. Through June 10. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Eighty works from Africa, Oceania, and the Americas showing varieties of form, stylization, and scale in representations of the human face; through Sept. 30. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—A multi-medium exhibit about East Harlem, with paintings by artists from the community (notably Carl Vicars), along with paintings and photographs done by East

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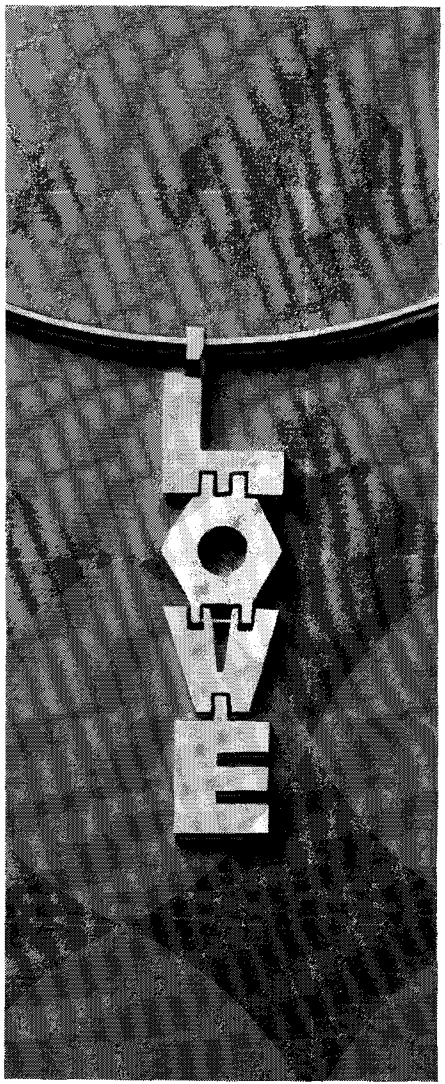

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Harlem children and adults in five community workshops; through Sept. 2. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—Works in soft materials by Oldenburg, Serra, Robert Morris, Rauschenberg, and others; through May 6. . . . ¶ A scholarly selection of a hundred and fifty-seven French master drawings of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries in North American collections, including items by little-known artists; through May 13. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Four hundred and thirty-three Audubon watercolors: the collection acquired by the Society from his widow in 1863 and now being shown for the first time in its entirety. Through May 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Documents: Famous & Infamous," an exhibition of letters of historical importance and literary forgeries of great cunning; through May 31. . . . ¶ Prints by women, from Diana Ghisi (1535-87) to Lee Bontecou; through May 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

New York City Opera—Final performances of the season—Wednesday, April 25, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Eileen Schauler, Muriel Greenspon, Hilda Harris, Harry Theyard, and William Chapman, and "Pagliacci," with Nancy Shade, Michele Molese, Vasile Martinoiu, and Thomas Jamerson; conducted by Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 26, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Patricia Wise, Beverly Evans, Susanne Marsee, José Carreras, Louis Quilico, and Richard T. Gill; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Friday, April 27, at 8: "Carmen," with Olivia Stapp, Faye Robinson, Deborah Kieffer, Michele Molese, and Vasile Martinoiu; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 28, at 2: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Patricia Brooks, Beverly Evans, José Carreras, Robert Hale, and David Griffith; Charles Wendelken-Wilson. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 28, at 8: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Gwenlynn Little, Johanna Meier, Hilda Harris, Carolyne James, John Darrenkamp, and Michael Devlin; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 29, at 1: "La Bohème," with Patricia Craig, Nancy Shade, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and Dominic Cossa; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 29, at 7: "Don Giovanni" (in English), with Pamela Hebert, Maralin Niska, John Stewart, and Spiro Malas; Christopher Keene. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall—Aldo Ceccato conducting on Thursday, April 26, at 8:30; Friday, April 27, at 2; Saturday, April 28, at 8:30; and Tuesday, May 1, at 7:30 (all with Itzhak Perlman, violin). . . . ¶ Rafael Kubelik conducting on Thursday, May 3, at 8:30; Friday, May 4, at 2; Saturday, May 5, at 8:30; and Tuesday, May 8, at 7:30 (all with Rudolf Firkusny, piano).

Baltimore Symphony Orchestra—Sergiu Comissiona directing, with Evelyn Mandac, soprano; David Clatworthy, baritone; the Rutgers University Choir; and the Baltimore Symphony Chorus. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 27, at 8.)

Chicago Symphony Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall, Georg Solti conducting the last two in a series of concerts. Wednesday, May 2, at 8: A performance of Act III of Wagner's "Götterdämmerung" in concert form, with Helga Dernesch and Karen Altman, sopranos; Jess Thomas, tenor; Donald Gramm and Martti Talvela, basses; men of the Chicago Symphony Chorus; and others. . . . ¶ Friday, May 4, at 8: A Mozart-Bruckner program; no soloists.

English Chamber Orchestra—Daniel Barenboim conducting and acting as piano soloist. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, April 27, at 8, an all-Mozart program; and Sunday, April 29, at 3, a varied program, with Itzhak Perlman, violin, and Pinchas Zukerman, viola.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss conducting a program of Romantic music, with Eleanor Steber, soprano; David Oppenheim, clarinet; Abba Bogin, piano; the Concord String Quartet; the Brooklyn Philharmonia Choral Society; and others. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturday, April 28, from 6 to 10:30.)

New and Newer Music—Dennis Russell Davies conducting The Ensemble in the fourth in a series of five concerts. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, April 29, at 2:30.)

Harlem Philharmonic Orchestra—Karl Hampton Porter directing, with the Harlem Philharmonic Orchestra Chorus. (Salem United Methodist Church, 2190 Seventh Ave., between 129th and 130th Sts. Sunday, April 29, at 3. Admission by contribution.)

Columbia University Orchestra—Howard Shanet conducting, with the Aeolian Chamber Players. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Sunday, April 29, at 8. For free tickets, call 280-3550.)

All-Brahms Concert—Charlotte Bergen conducting an orchestra, with Clive Lythgoe, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, May 5, at 2:30. No tickets necessary.)

Our Bach Concert—Henry Schuman conducting an orchestra and playing the oboe, with Isidore Cohen, violin; Mary Burgess, mezzo-soprano; Leslie Guinn, baritone; and others. The last in a series of concerts. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, May 5, at midnight.)

Barnard-Columbia Chorus and Mannes Orchestra—A joint concert, with Carl Bamberger directing. (St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Thursday, April 26, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Sine Nomine Singers—Harry Saltzman directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 28, at 8.)

Musica Sacra—Richard Westenburg directing a chorus and an orchestra, with Judith Blegen, soprano. The final concert of the season. (Central Presbyterian Church, Park Ave. at 64th St. 838-2022. Monday and Tuesday, April 30-May 1, at 8.)

Camerata Singers and Symphony Orchestra—Abraham Kaplan directing the last in a series of concerts, this one with Jerold Siena, tenor, and Edward Pierson, bass-baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, May 3, at 8:30.)

Glee Club of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick—George Mead directing. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday, May 4, at 8.)

New York Choral Society—Robert DeCormier directing the last in a series of concerts, with an orchestra and soloists. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, May 5, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

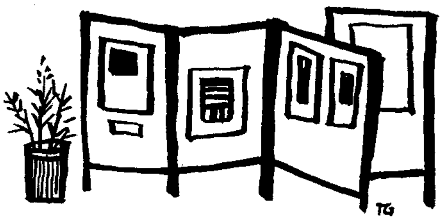
Francisco Aybar—Piano, in the second of two recitals. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, April 25, at 8.)

Eugene Istomin—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, April 25, at 8.)

Peter Serkin—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, April 27, at 8.)

Beaux Arts Trio—An all-Mozart program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, April 28, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—The last in a series of concerts, this one an all-Mozart program. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, April 28, at 8.)



Three by Three—At Carnegie Hall, Sunday, April 29—Miriam Fried, violin, at 2. . . . ¶ Richard Goode, piano, at 3. . . . ¶ Catherine Malfitano, soprano, with Joseph Malfitano, violin, at 4.

Aeolian Chamber Players—The last in a series of concerts. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Tuesday, May 1, at 8.)

Roger Scimé and Jesse Ceci—Piano and violin, in a benefit recital. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, May 2, at 8.)

Ars Cameralis Ensemble—The last in a series of concerts of twentieth-century music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, May 3, at 6.)

MISCELLANY

Stefan Wolpe Memorial Program—Music by Wolpe, Ruggles, Cowell, and Ives performed by Jean Hakes, soprano, and pianists Cheryl Seltzer, Joel Sachs, and Philip Corner. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, April 26, at 8.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Interlude Concerts—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, April 25, at 5:45: **BUCKY PIZZARELLI.** . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 2, at 5:45: **AL CARMINES.**

Benefit Concert for the Blind—Played by blind artists Ray Charles, Stevie Wonder, Al Hibbler, and others. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, April 25, at 8.)

Cleo Laine with the John Dankworth Quartet—Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 26, at 8.

Richie Havens and Jimmie Spheeris—Fordham University Gym, Third Ave. and Fordham Rd. Friday, April 27, at 8. For information about tickets, call 933-2233, Ext. 647.

Steve Miller Band, Rick Roberts and the Windmills, and Foghat—Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, April 27, at 8 and 11:30. For tickets, call 644-4400.

Rod McKuen with the Stanyan Strings—Carnegie Hall. Saturday through Monday, April 28-30, at 8.

King Crimson, Strawbs, and Spooky Tooth—Academy of Music. Saturday, April 28, at 8 and 11:30.

Birthday Tribute to Duke Ellington—A mess of piano eulogies, played by Ellis Larkins, Wild Bill Davis, Ray Bryant, Earl Hines, Bobby Short, Randy Weston, and Teddy Wilson. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Sunday, April 29, at 2:30. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Jazz/Tap—Baby Laurence, Chuck Green, L. D. Jackson, Buster Brown, and John T. McPhee. The show that surrounds them is of lesser quality. They come on at 6. (New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Every Sunday. Admission by contribution.)

J. Geils Band, Frampton's Camel, and Tranquility—Academy of Music. Friday and Saturday, May 4-5, at 8 and 11:30.

Jim Croce—Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, May 5, at 8.

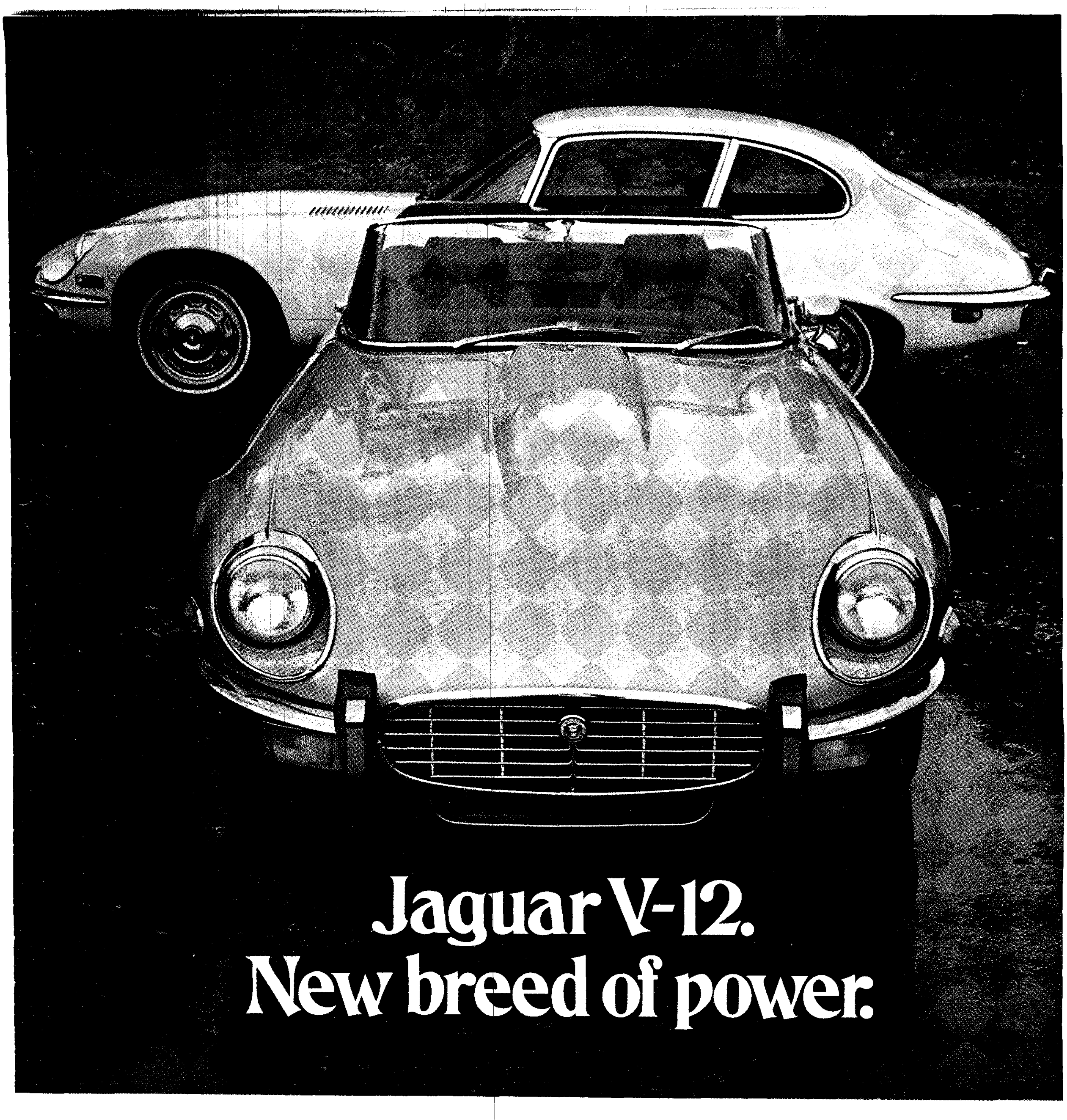
SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Baseball—At **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Chicago, Wednesday, April 25, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Minnesota, Friday, April 27, at 7:30; Saturday, April 28, at 2; and Sunday, April 29, at 1 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Kansas City, Tuesday and Wednesday, May 1-2, at 7:30. . . . **SHEA STADIUM:** Mets vs. Cincinnati, Wednesday and Thursday, May 2-3, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Houston, Friday, May 4, at 8:05, and Saturday, May 5, at 2:15.

Professional Basketball—National Basketball Association championship playoffs, Eastern Division: Knicks vs. Boston. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, April 27, at 8, if necessary.)

Crew—Blackwell Cup Regatta: Pennsylvania and Yale. (New Haven. Saturday, April 28.). . . ¶ Goes Trophy Regatta: Cornell, Syracuse, and Navy. (Annapolis. Saturday, April 28.). . . ¶ Compton Cup Regatta: Har-



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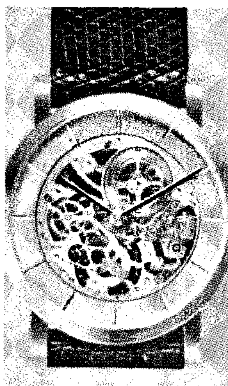

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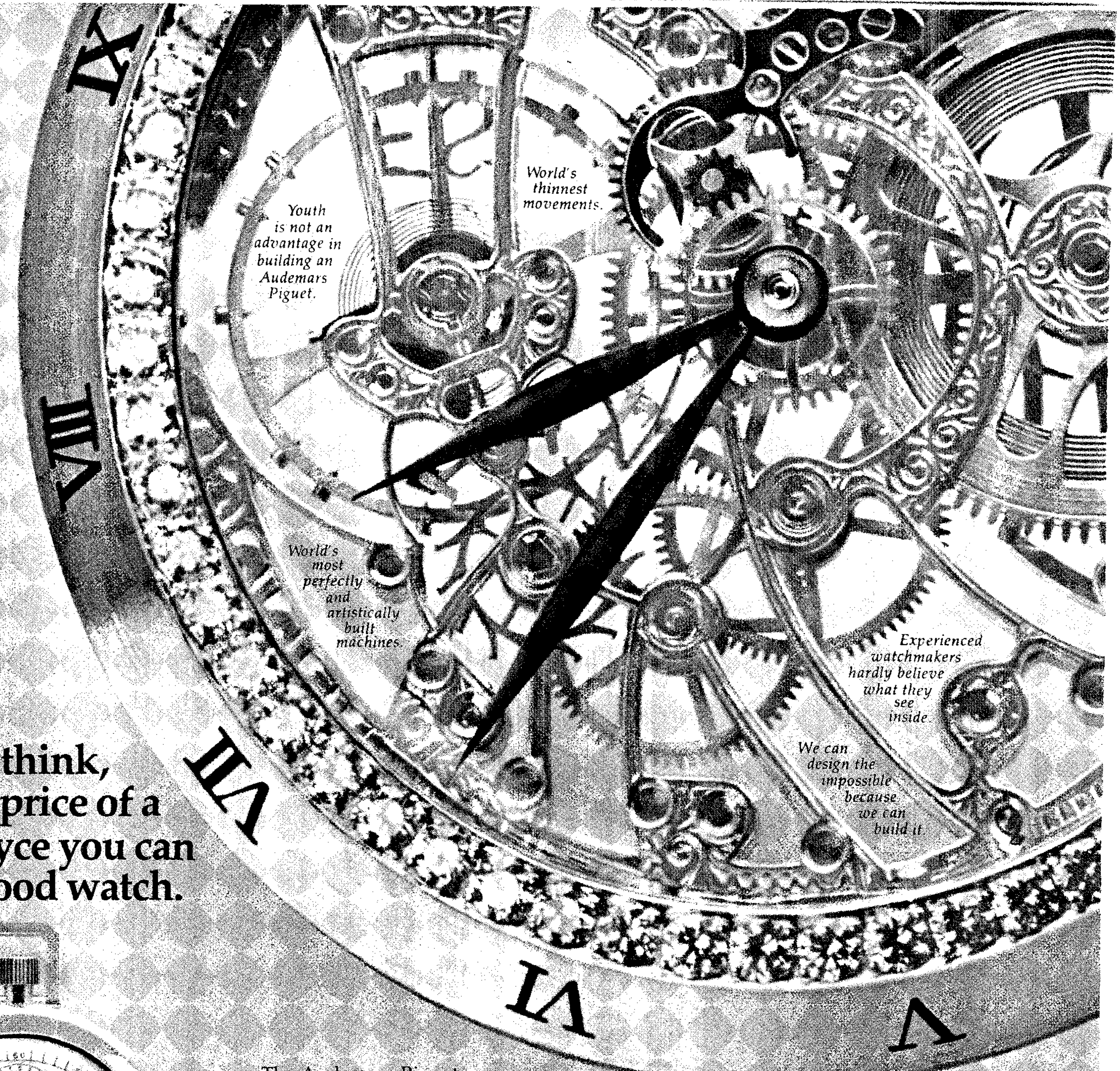
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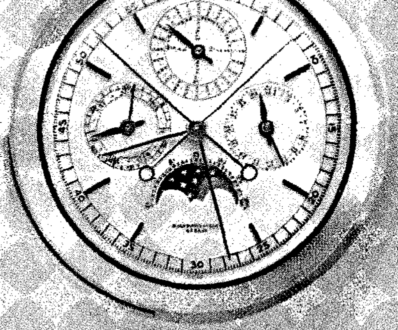

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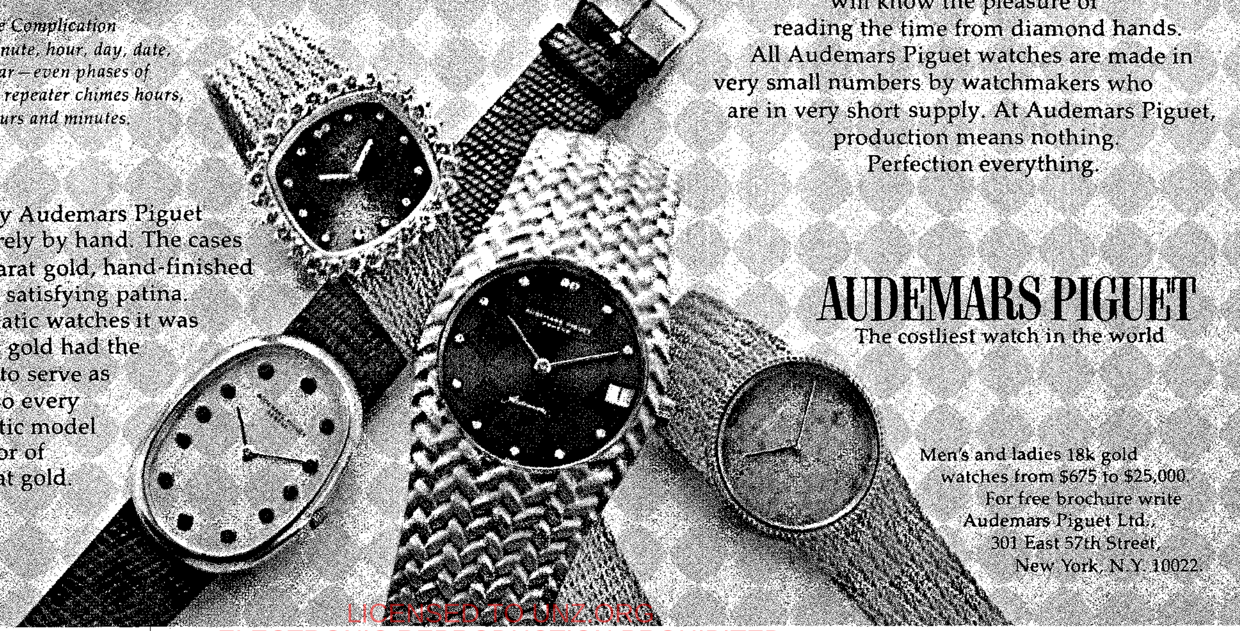

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			25	26	27	28
29	30	1	2	3	4	5

vard, M.I.T., and Princeton. (Cambridge. Saturday, April 28.)...¶ Adams Cup Regatta: Harvard, Navy, and Pennsylvania. (Annapolis. Saturday, May 5.)...¶ Carnegie Cup Regatta: Cornell, Princeton, and Yale. (Princeton. Saturday, May 5.)

Golf—Long Island Golf Association Richardson Memorial Tournament. (Seawane Club, Hewlett Harbor. Thursday through Saturday, May 3-5.)

Hockey—Stanley Cup semifinal playoffs: Rangers vs. Chicago. (Madison Square Garden. Thursday, April 26, at 9:05, if necessary.)

Horse Show—Sugartown Horse Show. (Newtown Square, Pa. Saturday and Sunday, May 5-6.)

Hunt Racing—Maryland Hunt Cup Association. (Glyndon, Md. Saturday, April 28.)... ¶ Virginia Gold Cup Association. (Warrenton, Va. Saturday, May 5.)

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, May 12. The Top Flight Handicap, Saturday, April 28, and the Grey Lag Handicap, Saturday, May 5.... **garden state park,** Camden, N.J.: Weekdays, except Tuesdays, at 1:30; through Saturday, June 2.... **churchill downs,** Louisville, Ky.: The Kentucky Derby, Saturday, May 5.

Track—Penn Relays. (Philadelphia. Friday and Saturday, April 27-28.)

Trotting—At **roosevelt raceway,** Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Thursday, May 24. ...**saratoga raceway,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 17.

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By **tom glazer:** Folk singer, in a benefit concert. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Saturday, April 28, at 2. Tickets at the box office on the afternoon of the concert.)... **light opera of manhattan**—"The Pirates of Penzance," Saturday and Sunday, April 28-29, at 4....¶ "The Mikado," Saturday, May 5, at 4. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310.)... **musical arts studio:** The première performances of Karl Weigl's opera for children, "The Pied Piper." (Trinity Church, 74 Trinity Pl. Tuesday, May 1, at 5:15, and Wednesday, May 2, at 12:45. No tickets necessary.)

Ballet and Dance Programs—"Peter and the Wolf," performed by the Boston Ballet Company, with Cyril Ritchard, narrator (Celeste Holm will fill in for Mr. Ritchard on Saturday, April 28). Also Oscar Brand, folk singer, and "The Mama Lu Parks Potpourri," performed by Louise Parks and her dancers. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. Thursday through Sunday, April 26-29, at 12:30 and 2:30. For information about tickets, call 873-9649.)...¶ The Children's Ballet Theatre presenting "The Prince and the Pauper." (Fashion Institute of Technology, 227 W. 27th St. Sunday, April 29, and Saturday and Sunday, May 5-6, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call MU 5-7754.)

Stage Shows—By the **bil baird marionettes:** "Band-Wagon." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays, Sundays, and also Wednesday, April 25, at 1 and 3:30, plus Friday, April 27, at 1.)... **dragon marionettes:** "Cinderella." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Saturday, April 28, at 1:30. Children under three not admitted, and children under five must be acompanied by an adult.)... **meri mini players:** "Behalf of the Laugh." (Hotel Manhattan Towers, downstairs, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. Saturdays at 2:30, and a benefit performance on Friday, April 27, at 6. For tickets, call 260-4863.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "Edge of the Universe." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to sessions of the Economic and Social Council, periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)...¶ Hour-*long tours leave the lobby of the General* Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Lecture—"Composing Operas in America," by Virgil Thomson. (Hubbard Recital Hall, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Monday, April 30, at 2. No tickets necessary.)

Poetry Readings—John Haines and May Swenson reading from their own poetry. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, April 30, at 8.)... ¶ Robert Bly reading from his own works. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Tuesday, May 1, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)...¶ Eugene McCarthy reading from his own works. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Wednesday, May 2, at 8.)

Saturday Nights with the Filmmakers—The fourth in a series of six programs, this one consisting of film clips from movies directed by William Friedkin, followed by a discussion between Richard Brown and Mr. Friedkin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, May 5, at 8.)

American Indian Exposition—Over a hundred Indian craftsmen demonstrating their skills as silversmiths, potters, basket- and rug-weavers, and quill- and bead-workers. In addition, there will be a display of books on the history of American Indians and on their religion and customs, together with leather tunics, war bonnets, and other artifacts. (*Statler Hilton Hotel*, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. Thursday, May 3, from 9 to 6; Friday, May 4, from 9 to 9; and Saturday, May 5, from 9 to 6.)

Amateur Needlework of Today—Among the items on view will be a miniature bed, a wine basket, a backgammon table, and a series of pictures entitled "The Creation," all done in petitpoint, gros point, crewelwork, or embroidery. (The Lighthouse, 111 E. 59th St. Tuesday, May 1, through Wednesday, May 9. Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evening until 7:30.)

The Great Outdoors—"The Civil War Broadway," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, will take place on Sunday, April 29. Meets at the corner of Spring and *Lafayette Streets* at 2:30. For reservations, call LE 4-1672....¶ Soho Fleas, an antiques market at the corner of Grand and Wooster Streets, is open every Saturday, weather permitting, from 10 to 5. ...¶ The Antiques Flea Fair-East (York Ave. at 90th St.), a benefit show, is open every Sunday, weather permitting, from 11 to 6....¶ The New York Flea Market (Sixth Ave. *at 25th St.*) is open every Sunday, weather permitting, from noon to 7.... ¶ The Market Place (Eleventh Ave. at 42nd St.), another antiques show, is open every Sunday, weather permitting, from 10 to 6. ...¶ The Antique Fair and Flea Market will be held in the Shea Stadium parking lot on Sunday, April 29, from 10 to 6.

Auctions—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, April 25, at 2: Jewelry, from many sources....¶ Thursday, April 26, at 10:15 and 2, and Friday, April 27, at 10:15: Chinese snuff bottles, and Japanese prints, paintings, and screens; from various owners. ...¶ Thursday, April 26, at 2: Continental and English pottery *apothecary and tobacco* jars, including Majolica and Delft; from the estate of Sydney N. Blumberg....¶ Friday, April 27, at 2: English and Continental silver, from a number of owners....¶ Friday and Saturday, April 27-28, at 2: English furniture and decorations, from several collectors....¶ Tuesday, May 1, at 10:15 and 2: Russian works of art, from many collectors....¶ Wednesday, May 2, at 2: *Objets de vertu*, including French and other gold and enamel snuffboxes; from a number of owners....¶ Wednesday, May 2, at 8: Ten Impressionist and modern paintings and drawings, from the private collection of Norton Simon. Exhibition starts Friday, April 27. ...¶ Wednesday, May 2, at about 8:30: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures; from the Norton Simon Foundation and the Norton Simon, Inc., Museum of Art. Exhibition starts Friday, April 27....¶ Thursday, May 3, at 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century drawings and watercolors, belonging to several collectors. Exhibition starts Friday, April 27....¶ Thursday, May 3, at 8: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings and sculptures, from a number of sources. Exhibition starts Friday, April 27. (Admission to the sales on Wednesday and Thursday evenings, May 2-3, by card only; for information, call TR 9-8300.)

Film Libraries—At the **museum of modern art,** 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—April 25 at 5:30: "Thaïs" (1918), directed by Frank Hall Crane, with Mary Garden....¶ April 26 at 5:30: "Pale Flower" (1964), in Japanese, directed by Masahiro Shinoda....¶ April 26 at 8 and April 27 at 2: "Assassination" (1964), in Japanese, directed by Masahiro Shinoda....¶ April 27 at 5:30 and April 28 at noon: "Turbsib" (1929), a Russian film, directed by Victor Turin; no English titles. ...¶ April 28 at 3: "Samurai Spy" (1965), in Japanese, directed by Masahiro Shinoda. ...¶ April 28 at 5:30: "Assassination" (1964)....¶ April 29 at 12:30 and 3: "White Zombie" (1932), directed by Victor Halperin, with Bela Lugosi and Madge Bellamy.... ¶ April 29 at 5:30 and April 30 at 2: "Samurai Spy" (1965)....¶ April 30 at 5:30: "Pale Flower" (1964)....¶ May 1 at 2: "They Had to See Paris" (1929), directed by Frank Borzage, with Will Rogers and Irene Rich. ...¶ May 1 at 5:30: "Pale Flower" (1964). ...¶ May 2 at 5:30: "They Had to See Paris" (1929)....¶ May 3 at 5:30: "With Beauty and Sorrow" (1965), in Japanese, directed by Masahiro Shinoda....¶ *May 3 at* 8: "Punishment Island" (1966), in Japanese, directed by Masahiro Shinoda. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing, or if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission *on a first-come, first-served* basis.) ...**new york cultural center,** 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Three programs in a series of films starring James Cagney: Through April 26: "Jimmy the Gent" (1934), directed by Michael Curtiz.... April 28-29: "G-Men" (1935), directed by William Keighley.... May 2-3: "Angels with Dirty Faces" (1938), directed by Michael Curtiz.... ¶ April 27: "Today We Live" (1933), directed by Howard Hawks, with Joan Crawford and Gary Cooper. (Showings Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 4 and 6, and Fridays at 5 and 7:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.)... **anthology film archives,** at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197)—Films by Bresson, Brakhage, Buñuel, Dreyer, Dovzhenko, Cocteau, and others. Showings at 6, 8, and 10. No Mondays and no ten o'clock show on April 29. On Friday, April 27, at 6, 8, and 10, special screenings of a film by Gehr.... **whitney museum,** 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (861-5322)—April 25: "West Coast Filmmakers Part III," a program of five short films....¶ April 26-29: "Moonwalk One," directed by Theo Kamecke....¶ April 30: "Winter Soldier."... ¶ May 1-2: "Ruby," directed by Richard Bartlett....¶ May 3: "Far Out, Star Route," directed by Lenny Lipton. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the Museum for time schedules *and ticket information.*

Daylight Saving Time—Starts Sunday, April 29, at 2 A.M. Clocks should be turned ahead an hour.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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			25	26	27	28
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THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Save the Tiger."

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through April 28: "Trouble in Paradise" and "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife."
April 29-May 1: "In Caliente" and "Wonder Bar."
From May 2: "Top Hat" and "Evergreen."

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Through May 3: "Lady Sings the Blues" and "The Threepenny Opera."

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through May 1: "Travels with My Aunt" and "The Boy Friend."
From May 2: To be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through May 1: "The Spider's Stratagem" and "The Conformist."
From May 2: "Up the Sandbox" and "The War Between Men and Women."

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"Charlotte's Web."

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Heartbreak Kid."

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through April 28: "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie."
From April 29: "I Love You Rosa."

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Scorpio."

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Class of '44."

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Last Tango in Paris."

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"The Nelson Affair."

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Billy Jack."

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Slither."

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Brother Sun, Sister Moon."

EAST 59TH STREET I, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"Soylent Green."

EAST 59TH STREET II, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Ludwig."

CINÉ MALIBU, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through May 1: "Save the Tiger."
From May 2: To be announced.

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Scarecrow."

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Cries and Whispers."

FIRST AVENUE SCREENING ROOM, 1st Ave. at 61st. (PL 3-5755)
April 25: "Ciao! Manhattan."
April 26-May 2: "To Be Free."

COLUMBIA I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Love and Pain and the Whole Damn Thing."

COLUMBIA II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Godspell."

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"State of Siege."

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me."

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Lost Horizon."

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through May 1: "Jeremiah Johnson."
From May 2: "César and Rosalie."

JULIET I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"The Thief Who Came to Dinner."

JULIET 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through April 26: "The World's Greatest Athlete."
From April 27: "And Now the Screaming Starts."

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Scorpio."

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Sounder."

LOEWS ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"High Plains Drifter."

LOEWS CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through May 1: "Save the Tiger."
From May 2: "Extreme Close-up."

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Soylent Green."

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Charley-One-Eye."

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"The Mack."

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through April 28: "Up the Sandbox."
From April 29: "Ten from Your Show of Shows."

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"Love."

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through April 28: "Copacabana" and "A Night in Casablanca."
April 29-May 1: "The Big Store" and "At the Circus."
From May 2: "A Night at the Opera" and "A Day at the Races."

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through May 1: "Love and Pain and the Whole Damn Thing."
From May 2: To be announced.

QUAD CINEMAS 1, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through May 1: "Cabaret" and "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis"/"The Getaway" and "The Ballad of Cable Hogue"/"Days and Nights in the Forest" and "Picnic on the Grass"/"Deliverance" and "What's Up, Tiger Lily?"
From May 2: To be announced.

ELGIN, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through April 26: "The Wild Child" and "The Bride Wore Black."
April 27-May 1: "The Concert for Bangladesh" and "Fillmore." (Evening performances only on Saturday, April 28.)
May 2-3: "Children of Paradise."

R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through May 1: "5 Fingers of Death" and "When Dinosaurs Ruled the Earth."
From May 2: To be announced.

NATIONAL, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
"The Sound of Music."

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (265-8431)
"Book of Numbers."

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Charlotte's Web."

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"Tom Sawyer."

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"I Am a Dancer."

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through April 28: "Ten from Your Show of Shows."
From April 29: "Here Comes Every Body."

PLAYBOY, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Ganja and Hess."

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through April 28: "I Love You Rosa."
From April 29: "Wedding in White."

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Money, Money, Money."

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Heartbreak Kid." (No evening performances on Tuesday, May 1.)

CINEMA STUDIO, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Scorpio."

EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"Love and Pain and the Whole Damn Thing."

BEACON, B'way at 74th. (874-1717)
Through April 29: Theatre closed.
From April 30: "The Getaway" and "Pocket Money."

LOEWS 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
"Soylent Green."

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through April 26: "Samurai Assassin" and "Kuroneko."
April 27-30: "The Seven Samurai."
May 1-2: "The Sword of Doom" and "Warring Clans."
From May 3: "Samurai Rebellion" and "Daredevil in the Castle."

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through May 1: "Save the Tiger."
From May 2: "Ten from Your Show of Shows" and another feature, to be announced.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through April 26: "Death in Venice" and "Performance."
April 27-29: "Tales of Hoffmann" and "An Evening with the Royal Ballet."
April 30-May 1: "My Little Chickadee" and "You Can't Cheat an Honest Man."
May 2-3: "That Man from Rio" and "The Thief of Paris."

RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through May 1: "Up the Sandbox."
From May 2: "Extreme Close-up."

RIVIERA, B'way at 97th. (RI 9-8046)
Through May 1: "5 Fingers of Death" and "The Wild Bunch."
From May 2: "Sleuth."

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through May 1: "Jeremiah Johnson" and "McCabe & Mrs. Miller."
From May 2: To be announced.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

AND NOW THE SCREAMING STARTS—A horror-suspense film, with Peter Cushing and Herbert Lom. Directed by Roy Ward Baker. (Juliet 2; starting April 27.)

AT THE CIRCUS (1939)—The Marx Brothers. They do get to fire Margaret Dumont out of a cannon, but it's all fairly ponderous. (5th Ave. Cinema; April 29-May 1.)

THE BALLAD OF CABLE HOGUE (1970)—Sam Peckinpah is in a relaxed and playful mood in this rambling comedy Western with Jason Robards (in fine form) as a desert rat who discovers a mudhole and turns water merchant, Stella Stevens as an ambitious whore, and David Warner as a lecherous self-ordained preacher, (Quad Cinema; through May 1.)

THE BIG STORE (1941)—The Marx Brothers taking over a department store. But they never quite took over the movie, which is far from inspired, though it does have Margaret Dumont and that great slimy villain Douglass Dumbrille. (5th Ave. Cinema; April 29-May 1.)

BILLY JACK (1971)—A fascinating, mixed-up movie, made by Tom Laughlin and his wife, Delores Taylor. They star in it, he as Billy Jack, a half-breed who is also half man of action, half mystic, and she as a pacifist Southwestern woman who runs an experimental "freedom school." There's a sweet, naïve feeling to the movie even when it's violent and melodramatic and atrocious, and when it's good it's good in an unorthodox, improvisatory style. The picture has a special appeal to very young audiences, in part because Billy Jack uses his mystic powers on behalf of the young. (Plaza.)

BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE (1938)—A miscast Gary Cooper in a strained, flat comedy, adapted by Brackett and Wilder from the Savoir play, and directed by Lubitsch. The gimmick is that Cooper has been divorced seven times; his eighth wife, Claudette Colbert, tries to make their marriage last by the supposedly hilarious expedient of refusing to consummate it. Her ruses, which include munching on scallions, finally drive him to a nervous breakdown. The cast includes David Niven, Herman Bing, Elizabeth Patterson, Edward Everett Horton, Franklin Pangborn, and Warren Hymer, so there are some alleviating comic moments. The film reeks of the studio, but there are background shots of France. (Sacha Guitry may be glimpsed coming out of a hotel in Cannes.) (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through April 28.)

BOOK OF NUMBERS—How a black-operated numbers bank gets started in a small Southern town during the Depression. Directed by, and with, Raymond St. Jacques. (DeMille.)

THE BOY FRIEND (1971)—Ken Russell has turned the Sandy Wilson show into an anti-musical and destroyed most of the pleasure the audi-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ence might have had. The glittering, joyless numbers keep coming at you; you never get any relief from Russell's supposed virtuosity. Twiggy sings adequately (though not well enough for the load of singing she's asked to carry), and she dances rather better, but Russell doesn't develop her possibilities, and she remains an appealing blank. (Cinema Village; through May 1.)

The Bride Wore Black (1968)—Truffaut's film in homage to Hitchcock, with Jeanne Moreau as the racked and elegant widow of a bridegroom shot on the steps of the church. Photographed by Raoul Coutard. The hero-worshipping of Hitchcock seems a bit wasteful, for Truffaut is the infinitely greater filmmaker, and imbues even this mechanical story with something finely detailed and lyric about love. In French. (Elgin; through April 26.)

Brother Sun, Sister Moon—The story of Francis of Assisi, directed by Franco Zeffirelli, with Graham Faulkner as Francis. (Coronet.)

Cabaret (1972)—A great movie musical, satirical and diamond-hard. With Joel Grey and Liza Minnelli, and masterly direction by Bob Fosse. (Quad Cinema; through May 1.)

César and Rosalie—Yves Montand, in a jovial, parodistic performance as a scrap-metal tycoon—a super-confident self-made man who enjoys being No. 1 in work and play. (It's the sort of role Raimu used to play.) César has everything until the love that Rosalie (Romy Schneider) feels for him goes flat; the cause is the wan, elegantly despondent Sami Frey. A fluky, wry situation comedy about a love triangle—faintly absurd but really quite pleasant. Directed by Claude Sautet. (72nd Street East; starting May 2.)

Charley-One-Eye—A Western drama, with Richard Roundtree and Roy Thinnes. Directed by Don Chaffey. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

Charlotte's Web—An animated version of the E. B. White story. (Kips Bay and Guild.)

Children of Paradise (1945)—A one-of-a-kind film: a sumptuous, romantic epic about the relations between theatre and life, written with wit by Jacques Prévert and beautifully directed by Marcel Carné. Made during the Occupation but set in the Paris of Balzac, with Jean-Louis Barrault, the incomparable Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, Pierre Renoir, and Maria Casarès. In French. (Elgin; May 2-3.)

Ciao! Manhattan—The story of Andy Warhol's superstar, Edie Sedgwick, who died at the age of twenty-eight. Directed by John Palmer and David Weisman. (First Avenue Screening Room; April 25.)

Class of '44—A sequel to "Summer of '42," with Gary Grimes and Jerry Houser. Directed by Paul Bogart. (Sutton.)

The Concert for Bangladesh (1972)—Filmed at the concert at Madison Square Garden, August, 1971. (Elgin; April 27-May 1. Evening performances only on Saturday, April 28.)

The Conformist (1970)—Bernardo Bertolucci's extraordinarily rich adaptation of the Moravia novel, with Jean-Louis Trintignant as the aristocratic Fascist, Stefania Sandrelli as his deliciously corrupt, empty-headed wife, and Dominique Sanda as the tiger woman he would like to run away with. Bertolucci has a poet's gift for using objects, landscapes, and people expressively. In Italian. (Gramercy; through May 1.)

Copacabana (1947)—Groucho Marx in a dotty musical comedy with Carmen Miranda that concerns a girl applying for two jobs at a night club at the same time. Not the best Groucho, but his furtive slouch at the knees is always irresistible, like his rudeness. (5th Ave. Cinema; through April 28.)

Cries and Whispers—Ingmar Bergman's dream play is set in a manor house at the turn of the century where a spinster in her late thirties (Harriet Andersson) is dying. Her two sisters (Ingrid Thulin and Liv Ullmann) have come to attend her, and they watch and wait, along with a peasant servant (Kari Sylwan). The movie is built out of a series of emotionally charged images that express inner stress, and Bergman handles them with the fluidity of a master. Superbly photographed by Sven Nykvist in a style suggesting Edvard Munch, the film is smooth and hypnotic; it has oracular power and the pull of a dream. Yet there's a nineteenth-century dullness at the heart of it. Each sister represents a different aspect of woman—woman viewed as the Other—and the film mingles didacticism with erotic mystery. In Swedish. (Cinema II.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			25	26	27	28
29	30	1	2	3		

Daredevil in the Castle (1961)—With Toshiro Mifune, directed by Hiroshi Inagaki. In Japanese. (New Yorker; starting May 3.)

A Day at the Races (1937)—The Marx Brothers in a sort of morning-after to "A Night at the Opera." It has something to do with a sanatorium, a group of bankers, a blond siren, and a steeplechase. Groucho is Hugo Z. Hackenbush, a horse doctor posing as a fashionable neurologist. ("Either this man is dead or my watch has stopped.") He shuffles off with the picture. The cast includes Margaret Dumont, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Allan Jones; the teen-age Dorothy Dandridge may be glimpsed among the kids in the "All God's Chillun Got Rhythm" number. Sam Wood directed. (5th Ave. Cinema; starting May 2.)

Days and Nights in the Forest (1969)—On the surface, this Satyajit Ray film is a lyrical romantic comedy about four educated young men from Calcutta, driving together for a few days in the country, and the women they meet. The subtext is perhaps the subtlest, most plangent study of the cultural tragedy of imperialism; the young men are self-parodies—clowns who ape the worst snobberies of the British. A major film by one of the great film artists, starring Soumitra Chatterjee and the incomparably graceful Sharmila Tagore. In Bengali. (Quad Cinema; through May 1.)

Death in Venice (1971)—Visconti's film of the great Thomas Mann story of 1911, with Dirk Bogarde as Aschenbach, turned by Visconti from an author into a composer based on Mahler. The film is an odd mixture of unearthly beauty and almighty carrying-on, with something suffocatingly literal made of the purity of Aschenbach's love for the fourteen-year-old whom he meets at the Hôtel des Bains on the Lido. Many, many things here are wonderful, though, especially in the rendering of Aschenbach's self-amused spinsterishness, in the look of the picture (photographed by Pasquale de Santis, with costumes by Piero Tosi), and in the larger feeling of history on the turn that Visconti can uniquely impart, as he did in "The Leopard" and "Senso." (Thalia; through April 26.)

Deliverance—A man's man of a film—written by James Dickey from his own best-selling novel, and directed by John Boorman—about four early-middle-aged men who go canoeing in Georgia in search of the vanishing countryside and of their own lost athleticism. In a crass way, the film embalms every male myth that ever weighted an analyst's couch. Jon Voight, Burt Reynolds, Ned Beatty, Ronny Cox play in the movie, which is beautifully photographed in almost monochromatic color. (Quad Cinema; through May 1.)

The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie—Luis Buñuel's most frivolously witty movie, directed with exhilarating ease. He is no longer savage about the hypocrisy and inanity of the privileged classes; he has grown almost fond of their follies—the way one can grow fond of the snarls and the silliness of vicious pets. The discreetly charming amoral beasts gathered here include Stéphane Audran, Julien Bertheau (as the bishop), Fernando Rey, Delphine Seyrig, and Jean-Pierre Cassel. In French. (34th St. East; through April 28.)

An Evening with the Royal Ballet (1965)—Anthony Asquith and Anthony Havelock-Allan do Covent Garden proud, if you like ballet—and, if so, if you like ballet on film. Fonteyn and Nureyev carry it. Ravel's "La Valse," "Les Sylphides," a Nureyev cadenza of leaps, and Tchaikovsky's "Aurora's Wedding." (Thalia; April 27-29.)

Evergreen (1935)—In the thirties, adorable Jessie Matthews, with her rabbitty smile, was the closest female equivalent to Fred Astaire. Musical-comedy lovers used to dream of a pairing of the two, but, except for Ginger, he was stuck dragging girls like Joan Leslie through their paces, while Jessie Matthews stayed in England and had to carry her movies by solos, or comic turns with Sonnie Hale. Here (with Sonnie Hale) she dances exquisitely in a classic British musical—i.e., charming but a little extended, and less snappy than American musicals of the same period. Victor Saville directed; the songs are by Rodgers and Hart, and Harry M. Woods. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting May 2.)

Extreme Close-up—From a Michael Crichton story, directed by Jeannot Szwarc. (Loews Ciné and Riverside; starting May 2.)

Fillmore—A record of the final days of Bill Graham's Fillmore West, in San Francisco. Directed by Richard T. Heffron. (Elgin; April 27-May 1. Evening performances only on Saturday, April 28.)

5 Fingers of Death—With Lo Lieh and Wang Ping, directed by Chang Chang Ho. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema and Riviera; through May 1.)

Ganja and Hess—With Duane Jones and Marlene Clark, directed by Bill Gunn. (Playboy.)

The Garden of the Finzi-Continis (1970)—Vittorio De Sica's finest film in many years—a lyric evocation of a vanished group of people (the cultivated, aristocratic Jewish-Italian landowners) and a vanished mood. Based on Giorgio Bassani's semi-autobiographical novel, the film records how Giorgio, a middle-class outsider (Lino Capolicchio), is drawn into the decaying, enchanted world of the Finzi-Continis by the imperious, contrary Micòl (Dominique Sanda); she and her languid brother (Helmut Berger) are spoiled, beautiful people without the will to save themselves. Perhaps the only film that records the halfhearted anti-Jewish measures of the Mussolini period—which were, however, sufficient to wipe out the Finzi-Continis and all they represented. In Italian. (Quad Cinema; through May 1.)

The Getaway—Another bank heist, and the wholesome, clean-cut robber pair (Steve McQueen and Ali MacGraw) take forever to make it across the Mexican border with their loot. Sam Peckinpah directed in imitation of Sam Peckinpah; it's a mechanical job, embellished with a vicious, erotic subplot involving Al Lettieri and Sally Struthers. (Quad Cinema; through May 1. . . . ¶ Beacon; starting April 30.)

Godspell—The Gospels designed to be read as their very own literature by the Woodstock generation. This is mostly St. Matthew, in a very fanatic and peculiarly dated happy-happy mode, with Jesus doing music-hall turns. The whole thing generates a powerfully anti-intellectual fundamentalist mood, photographed with a scrappy technique that sums up the ruling coarseness. From the Off Broadway play that seems to have been with us since B.C.; the bloom has gone off these flower children. Directed by David Greene in summery New York City settings, with music

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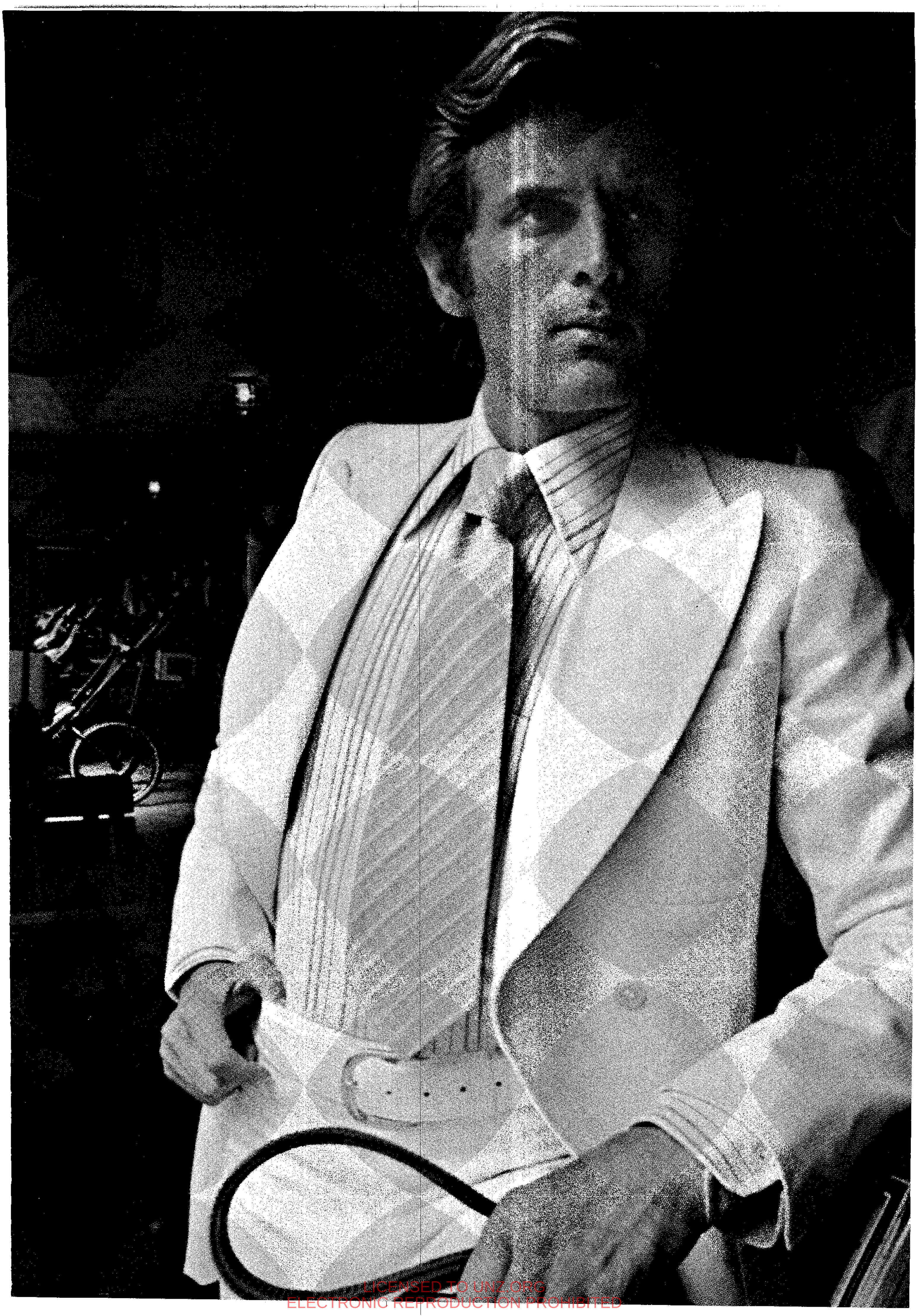

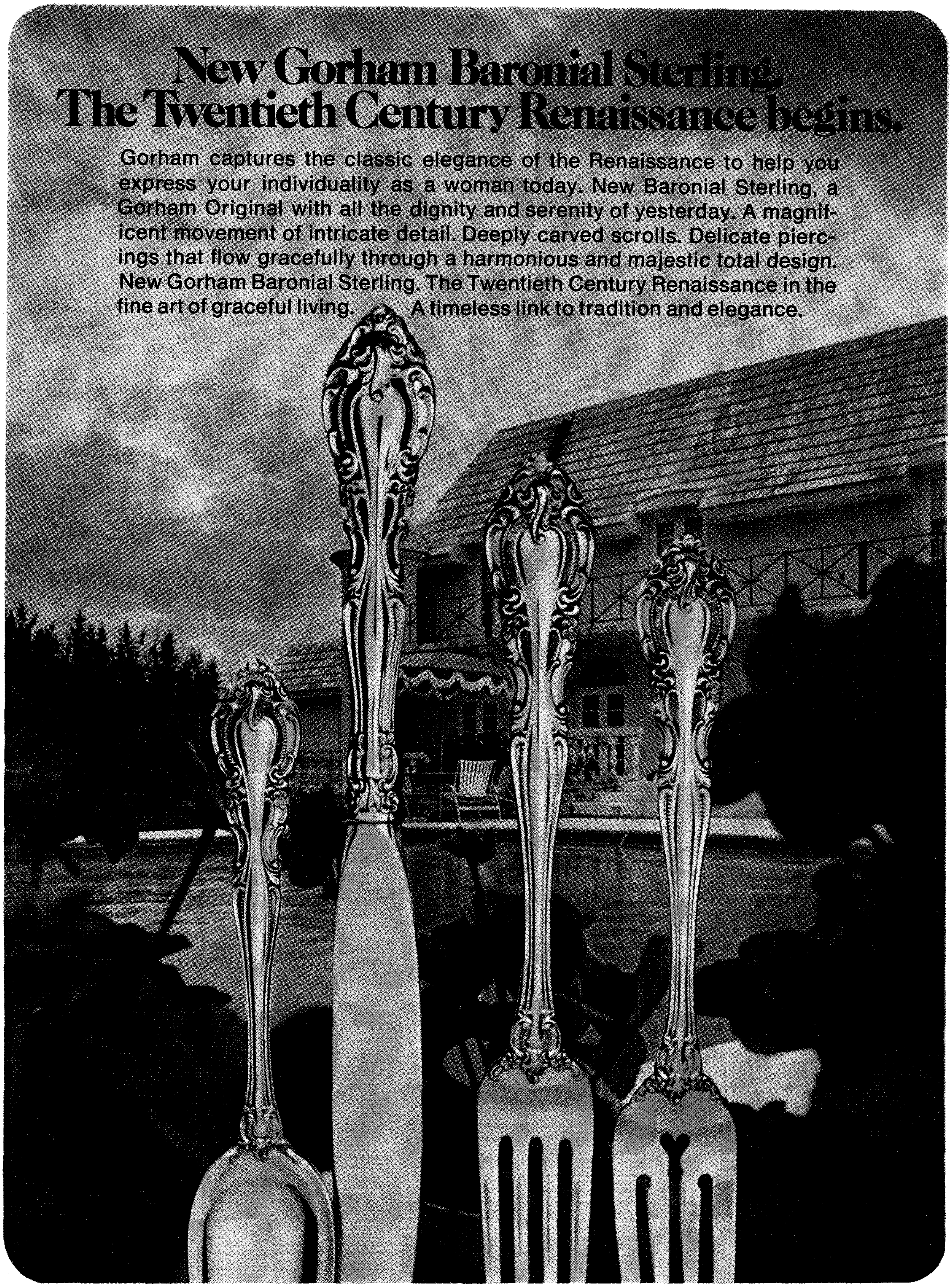

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ORIGINALS
IN STERLING,
CHINA, CRYSTAL

and lyrics by Stephen Schwartz. Show-biz religiosity. (Columbia II.)

The Heartbreak Kid—One of the rare new comedies with a director's style and personality. Elaine May finds her comic tone (befuddled skepticism) and scores a first besides—no other American woman director has ever directed her daughter in a leading role. Jeannie Berlin plays the voluptuously giddy bride, whose groom (Charles Grodin) falls in love with a cool American dreamgirl (Cybill Shepherd) three days after the wedding. Charming, unforced comedy. From Neil Simon's script, based on a Bruce Jay Friedman story. (Murray Hill. . . . ¶ Paramount. No evening performances on Tuesday, May 1.)

Here Comes Every Body—A documentary, filmed by John Whitmore at the Esalen Institute, near Big Sur, California. (Festival; starting April 29.)

High Plains Drifter—A Western, directed by, and with, Clint Eastwood. (Loews Orpheum.)

I Am a Dancer—A study of the way Rudolf Nureyev works, in practice clothes at rehearsal and in costume onstage. If one swoons with pleasure over the thud of famous feet on the boards, this visually serious and verbally hilarious portrait is worth going to—just. (Ziegfeld. Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 8; Saturdays at 2, 6, 8, and 10; and Sundays at 2, 5, 7, and 9. Reserved seats only.)

I Love You Rosa—With Michal Bat-Adam, directed by Moshe Mizahi. In Hebrew. (Little Carnegie; through April 28. . . . ¶ 34th St. East; starting April 29.)

In Caliente (1935)—Mediocre but tolerable foolishness—an inexpensive, makeshift musical from First National with one memorable number: sultry Wini Shaw singing "The Lady in Red." The plot is some nonsense about a dancer (Dolores Del Rio) falling in love with a critic who gave her a bad review. The cast includes Pat O'Brien, Glenda Farrell, Leo Carrillo, Phil Regan, and Edward Everett Horton; Lloyd Bacon directed. There is an appalling song called "Muchacha." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 29-May 1.)

Jeremiah Johnson—Robert Redford doing a self-consciously cool version of a strong, silent Western loner. The movie crawls through the wilderness at a snail's pace and is stretched out with ponderous lore. It celebrates tooth-and-claw revenge while featuring the kind of pithy dialogue that produces bellyache: "Keep your nose to the wind and your eye to the skyline." Sydney Pollack directed. (72nd Street East and Olympia; through May 1.)

Kuroneko (1968)—Directed by Kaneto Shindo. In Japanese. (New Yorker; through April 26.)

Lady Sings the Blues—The chemistry of pop vulgarization is all-powerful here; factually, this life of Billie Holiday is a fraud, but emotionally it delivers. That great, dizzy imp Diana Ross gives herself to the role with an all-out physicality that wins the audience over. Regrettably, she sings too much like Billie Holiday, and the songs blur one's memories. Sidney J. Furie directed; Richard Pryor plays "Piano Man." (St. Marks Cinema; through May 3.)

Last Tango in Paris—A movie that people will be arguing about for as long as there are movies. Bernardo Bertolucci and Marlon Brando have altered the face of an art form. In French and English. (Trans-Lux East. Sundays through Thursdays at 2, 6, and 8:45, and Fridays and Saturdays at 2, 7:30, and 10. Reserved seats only.)

Lost Horizon—A middle-class geriatric utopia high in the Himalayas, where, if you're sensible and do everything in moderation, you can live indefinitely, lounging and puttering about for hundreds of years. In this new Ross Hunter musical version, directed by Charles Jarrott, Shangri-La is about as alluring as Forest Lawn. The generally embarrassed residents include Peter Finch, Liv Ullmann, Sally Kellerman, John Gielgud, Charles Boyer, and Michael York. (Loews Tower East.)

Love—If you suggest going to a Hungarian film to almost anyone but a Hungarian, you are apt to face mutiny, but this film—by Károly Makk—is much recommended. Reviving and vivid about the true nature of aristocraticism. In Hungarian. (8th St. Playhouse.)

Love and Pain and the Whole Damn Thing—With Maggie Smith and Timothy Bottoms, directed by Alan J. Pakula. (Columbia I and Embassy 72nd St. . . . ¶ Greenwich; through May 1.)

Ludwig—A disaster on this scale is a prodigy. The Visconti film is big and two hours and fifty-three minutes long, and it never finds a style. The continuity is a splatter of choppy, confused scenes, and the relationships of the characters are never made clear. As Ludwig, Helmut Berger is a tense, prissy-mouthed, gloomy cuckoo, and it isn't until the third hour that the picture becomes fitfully amusing. With Romy Schneider, Trevor Howard, and Silvana Mangano. (East 59th Street II.)

The Mack—With Max Julien and Don Gordon, directed by Michael Campus. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

McCabe & Mrs. Miller (1971)—A beautiful pipe dream of a movie—Robert Altman's fleeting vision of what frontier life might have been, with Warren Beatty as a cocky small-time gambler and Julie Christie as an ambitious madam. Delicate, richly textured, and unusually understated. Very fine. (Olympia; through May 1.)

Money, Money, Money—Claude Lelouch's knockabout comedy concerning a set of farcical urban pirates whose most rewarding theft lies in kidnapping the Pope. The picture is not funny, funny, funny, but fairly. In French. (Paris.)

My Little Chickadee (1940)—W. C. Fields and Mae West respectively muttering and wambling in a most unusual Western. (Thalia; April 30-May 1.)

The Nelson Affair—Written by Terence Rattigan, who seems to relish almost exclusively Emma Hamilton's boozing, her swearing, and the loss of her figure. The posthumous gossip column has come to the movies. Nelson is played by Peter Finch, who must get some of the lousiest film parts any great actor ever had. (He was a wonderful Trigorin onstage in London.) Glenda Jackson belts bravely into the foolishly written role of Lady Hamilton. Margaret Leighton, looking beautiful, imbues Lady Nelson with true gallantry. James Cellan Jones, a Welshman trained mostly in TV, directs the vulgar-minded business, which is to be trusted chiefly on details of rigging. (Fine Arts.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—The Marx Brothers, doing to "Il Trovatore" what should be done to "Il Trovatore." Wonderful. (5th Ave. Cinema; starting May 2.)

A Night in Casablanca (1946)—Dud moments in this Marx Brothers film, but it has a wonderful, famous beginning played with a wall. (5th Ave. Cinema; through April 28.)

Performance (1970)—James Fox, as a London gangster from a Mickey Spillane background, meets Mick Jagger, a retired pop idol who lives in a *Yellow Book* world. A humorless, messy mixture of crime and decadence and drug-induced hallucinations, but Jagger has a fantastic few minutes near the end. (Thalia; through April 26.)

Picnic on the Grass (1959)—Jean Renoir, but at neither his best nor even his second-best. His themes are reduced to crotchets in this story about a scientist (Paul Meurisse) who preaches artificial insemination until he catches sight of Catherine Rouvel bathing nude. Some sequences were filmed at Les Collettes, the home where Auguste Renoir spent his last years. In French. (Quad Cinema; through May 1.)

Pocket Money—Rather glibly elegiac picture about rodeo riding and picking up steers in Mexico. Directed by Stuart Rosenberg, Paul Newman and Lee Marvin stare at each other pregnantly and try to imply volumes about the way vagrants and underdogs are cheated by the bosses of any system, including the rodeo business. Maybe the film means to be more laconically sophisticated than it seems after the first hour. (Beacon; starting April 30.)

Samurai Assassin (1965)—The great Toshiro Mifune, in a sombre and powerful study of a Japanese warrior too ambitious for his own good. In Japanese. (New Yorker; through April 26.)

Samurai Rebellion (1967)—Masaki Kobayashi, who made a famous antimilitarist trilogy, directed this story of a rebellion against feudal power. At the climax, Toshiro Mifune and Tatsuya Nakadai have a geometrically planned and handsomely choreographed swordfight. In Japanese. (New Yorker; starting May 3.)

Save the Tiger—The picture asks us to weep for Harry the garment manufacturer (Jack Lemmon), who pimps for his customers so they'll give him their orders, and who plans

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to set fire to his warehouse so the insurance money will finance filling these orders. The picture is a moral hustle that says this high-living showoff is a victim of American materialism. Harry suffers and jabbers; the writer, Steve Shagan, appears to think he has created a modern tragic hero, and he's determined to puff the movie up with wit and wisdom. John G. Avildsen directed. (Art. . . . ¶ Ciné Malibu, Loews Ciné, and Symphony; through May 1.)

Scarecrow—With Gene Hackman and Al Pacino, directed by Jerry Schatzberg. (Cinema I.)

Scorpio—A tale of double agents and triple crosses, with Burt Lancaster and Alain Delon. Directed by Michael Winner. (Eastside Cinema, Trans-Lux 85th St., and Cinema Studio.)

The Seven Samurai (1954)—Seven hired knights defend a village against forty mounted bandits—their pay a few handfuls of rice. This epic on violence and action—Akira Kurosawa's masterpiece—has been widely imitated in recent years, but no one has come near it. The full three-and-a-half-hour version. In Japanese. (New Yorker; April 27-30.)

Sleuth—At first, the elation of seeing Laurence Olivier in a big role is sufficient to give this Joseph L. Mankiewicz transcription of the Anthony Shaffer play (about an eccentric author of detective novels and his prey—Michael Caine) a high spirit, and Olivier seems to be having a ripsnorting old time. But the cleverness of Shaffer's excessive literacy wears down, and the stupid tricks the two characters play on each other keep grinding on. It's Olivier in the kind of material he outgrew more than thirty years ago. (Riviera; starting May 2.)

Slither—This first feature by the advertising ace Howard Zieff is a suspense comedy with a prickly, fleahopping humor—a sort of fractured hipsterism. As the thick-witted hero looking for the fortune promised him by an embezzler, James Caan demonstrates some of the best double takes in modern movies. The plot is tired, and the picture never delivers on its promise, but the gags are sneaky and offbeat, and the cast is full of crazies. With Peter Boyle, Louise Lasser, Allen Garfield, Richard B. Shull, and Sally Kellerman, as a speed freak. From an original script by W. D. Richter. (Baronet.)

Sounder—Extraordinarily simple, since it starts from an inspirational story much like "The Corn Is Green," yet deeply, emotionally rich. The first movie about black experiences in America that can stir people of all colors. With Cicely Tyson (playing the first great black heroine on the screen), Paul Winfield, Kevin Hooks, and Janet MacLachlan. Martin Ritt directed, from a script by Lonne Elder III. The score is by Taj Mahal, who also plays the comedy role of Ike. (U. A. East.)

The Sound of Music (1965)—Gigantic sniffles. With Julie Andrews and Christopher Plummer, directed by Robert Wise. (National.)

Soylent Green—Priggish science fiction, directed by Richard Fleischer. A clodhopping movie nominally about the awfulness of monopolistic capitalism and the lack of birth control in New York City in 2022 A.D. Charlton Heston is a slow-thinking detective with a lot of hair on his chest, and the late, great Edward G. Robinson is exploited with supreme tastelessness. (East 59th Street I, 86th St. East, and Loews 83rd St.)

The Spider's Stratagem (1970)—Before he made "The Conformist," Bernardo Bertolucci made this adaptation of Jorge Luis Borges's enigmatic "Theme of the Traitor and Hero" for Italian television. Shot in Sabbioneta, a miniature city between Mantua and Parma, with colonnades that suggest de Chirico, the film is mysteriously beautiful; it has heightened colors and evocative imagery. But Giulio Brogi, playing both the son and the hero-father, whose death the son is investigating, is given no character as either, and he lacks energy. The film itself is enervated, and the themes are frustratingly elusive; it's all atmosphere and no strength. With Alida Valli, still spendidly handsome, and with that same secret look she had in "The Third Man." In Italian. (Gramercy; through May 1.)

State of Siege—The new Costa-Gavras political drama ("The Sleeping Car Murder," "Z," "The Confession"), written by Franco Solinas, who scripted "The Battle of Algiers." Yves Montand plays a man recognizably based on the assassinated Mitrione, who worked for A.I.D., was trained in the U.S., and worked in close undercover conjunction with the repressive police in Brazil and Uruguay. This is the quietest, and so almost the most alarming, of Costa-Gavras's political "trilogy." It is made with less dizziness than the others, and with a human feeling for ambiguity. In French. (Beekman.)

Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me—Truffaut's newest, and not by any means his best. The heroine, played by Bernadette Lafont, capsizes the meagre possibility of the original Henry Farrell book about an amoral nymphomaniac who seizes the love of an innocent sociologist by seeming as hard as nails, whereas the sociologist sees her as a victim of a rotten childhood. The theme of the too easily beguiled intellectual strikes one as rather overworked, though there are five or six wonderful Truffaut scenes. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

The Sword of Doom (1967)—With Tatsuya Nakadai, directed by Kihachi Okamoto. In Japanese. (New Yorker; May 1-2.)

Tales of Hoffmann (1951)—This choreographic spectacle, based on the Jacques Offenbach light opera, stars Moira Shearer, Léonide Massine, Robert Helpmann, and Ludmilla Tcherina in the dancing roles, with singers Robert Rounseville and Ann Ayars, and with Pamela Brown contributing her silent, disconcerting presence. Sir Thomas Beecham conducts (rather phlegmatically). After the success of "The Red Shoes," the producers, Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger, found themselves in a position to fulfill their most lavish appetites, and they laid on this infamous spread. Moira Shearer is lovely, but the whole thing seems to be the product of an aberrant, second-rate imagination that confuses décor with art. (Thalia; April 27-29.)

Ten from Your Show of Shows—A sampling of the hundred and sixty ninety-minute weekly shows produced and directed by Max Liebman from 1950 to 1954, starring Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca, with Carl Reiner and Howard Morris. A few of the skits are classic, and if you saw Caesar when you were young enough, maybe he'll always be the greatest clown for you. (Festival; through April 28. . . . ¶ Waverly; starting April 29. . . . ¶ Symphony; starting May 2.)

That Man from Rio (1964)—Philippe de Broca's immensely successful parody-fantasy on thrillers and adventure films. With Jean-Paul Belmondo, Françoise Dorléac, and Jean Servais. High spirits and bravura and extravagance, but maybe too much of each. In French. (Thalia; May 2-3.)

The Thief of Paris (1967)—Jean-Paul Belmondo in a very fine account by Louis Malle of the state of mind of a nihilist thief in late-nineteenth-century France. Photographed by the great Henri Decaë. In French. (Thalia; May 2-3.)

The Thief Who Came to Dinner—A new factory version of old Hollywood-factory movies. As a gentleman-swinger jewel thief, Ryan O'Neal turns on the charm; he's got it, all right, but he's so assured that he looks spoiled. As his sexy socialite girl friend, Jacqueline Bisset is so soft and curvy and lusciously passive she doesn't have enough rough edges to be alive. The movie is faintly diverting, but the vacuity becomes oppressive. With Warren Oates, Austin Pendleton, and Jill Clayburgh. Bud Yorkin directed, from a script by Walter Hill, who also wrote "The Getaway" on the same formula. He should go into the sausage business. (Juliet 1.)

The Threepenny Opera (1931)—G. W. Pabst made this somewhat phlegmatic version of the Bertolt Brecht-Kurt Weill opera. With Lotte Lenya. In German. (St. Marks Cinema; through May 3.)

To Be Free—With Barbara Douglas, directed by Ned Bosnick. (First Avenue Screening Room; April 26-May 2.)

Tom Sawyer—The great Mark Twain, diminished for teeny tots and weeny minds. Tom might as well be Shirley Temple, and Huck Deanna Durbin. Directed by Don Taylor in Missouri; he looks as if he's never been outside the buildings of *Reader's Digest,* which here is dipping its whopping big toe into family entertainment for the first time. Tom is obviously going to grow up into the most respectable adman, giving all he has to Nixon, and the poetic Huck vanishes into the thin, thin air of big production numbers about picnics. (Music Hall.)

Top Hat (1935)—Fred Astaire and Ginger

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Rogers dancing to Irving Berlin's music. This is the one with "The Piccolino," as well as "Isn't This a Lovely Day—to Be Caught in the Rain?" and "Cheek to Cheek;" and it's a lovely movie. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting May 2.)

Travels with My Aunt—Maggie Smith gives a desperate, flustered performance as the disreputable Augusta, a woman in her seventies who induces her stuffy nephew (Alec McCowen) to accompany her on her travels. Whatever private joke Graham Greene was working out in the novel, the message here is "Live, live, live!" But the movie itself has no real zing; it seems to run down before it gets started, and just about everyone in it looks miscast. George Cukor directed. (Cinema Village; through May 1.)

Trouble in Paradise (1932)—Lubitsch's favorite picture of his invigorating career. Herbert Marshall is a polished crook, and his beloved is Miriam Hopkins, as a sweet-faced international pickpocket; both are trying to fleece a beautiful widow (Kay Francis). There is a lot of comedy in the moonstruck but practical style of Lubitsch's lovers, and in the cryptic way Edward Everett Horton suddenly remembers Marshall's identity, saying, "Tonsils! Positively tonsils!" (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through April 28.)

Up the Sandbox—Barbra Streisand has never seemed so mysteriously, sensually fresh, so multi-radiant as in this joyful mess, taken from the Anne Richardson Roiphe novel. The picture is full of sass and knockabout urban humor, though it doesn't seem to have settled on what it's meant to be about. The heroine is the wife of a Columbia instructor, and the movie is a hip, free-association treatment of her daydreams and conflicting desires, and of a variety of women's-lib problems. Irvin Kershner directed. (Waverly; through April 28. . . . ¶ Riverside; through May 1. . . . ¶ Gramercy; starting May 2.)

The War Between Men and Women—Based on James Thurber's views, and using James Thurber's drawings, about an artist who goes blind, like Thurber. The artist is called Peter Wilson, which seems lunatic but turns out to be accidentally just, since the comic spirit of the thing isn't Thurber's by miles. Jack Lemmon is Peter Wilson, forced to gag everything up and backing into dreadful pathos. Barbara Harris is terrific. (Gramercy; starting May 2.)

Warring Clans—A Japanese film, directed by Kihachi Okamoto. (New Yorker; May 1-2.)

Wedding in White—A Canadian film, directed by William Fruet, who also wrote the script. With Donald Pleasence and Carol Kane. (Little Carnegie; starting April 29.)

What's Up, Tiger Lily? (1966)—(The discreet comma was not always in the title.) Woody Allen provides dubbed dialogue for a chopped-up Japanese sexy spy thriller; the jokes get rather desperate, but there are enough wildly sophomoric ones to make this pop stunt fairly amusing. (Quad Cinema; through May 1.)

When Dinosaurs Ruled the Earth (1971)—With Victoria Vetri, directed by Val Guest. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through May 1.)

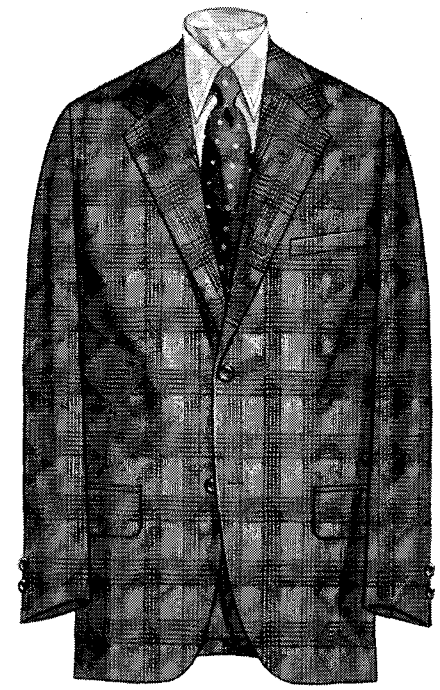
The Wild Bunch (1969)—A brilliant, explosive, ultimately incoherent Western by Sam Peckinpah, set in the Texas and Mexico of 1913. The cast includes William Holden, Ernest Borgnine, and Robert Ryan. (Riviera; through May 1.)

The Wild Child (1970)—François Truffaut's film, set in the late seventeen-nineties, about a doctor (played by Truffaut himself) who grows passionately interested in teaching human skills to a boy who has spent eight or nine years learning to live like an animal in the forest. The picture is precise, moving, elegantly speculative. In French. (Elgin; through April 26.)

Wonder Bar (1934)—A huge Warner Brothers musical with Al Jolson, Dick Powell, Dolores Del Rio, Kay Francis, Ricardo Cortez, and everybody else on the lot. Busby Berkeley did the choreography, and Harry Warren and Al Dubin wrote the songs, which include "Why Do I Dream Those Dreams?" and "Going to Heaven on a Mule." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 29-May 1.)

The World's Greatest Athlete—From the Disney Studios, with John Amos, Tim Conway, and Jan-Michael Vincent. Directed by Robert Scheerer. (Juliet 2; through April 26.)

You Can't Cheat an Honest Man (1939)—Circus life, with W. C. Fields, Edgar Bergen, and Charlie McCarthy. The boozing burbler at his best. (Thalia; April 30-May 1.)



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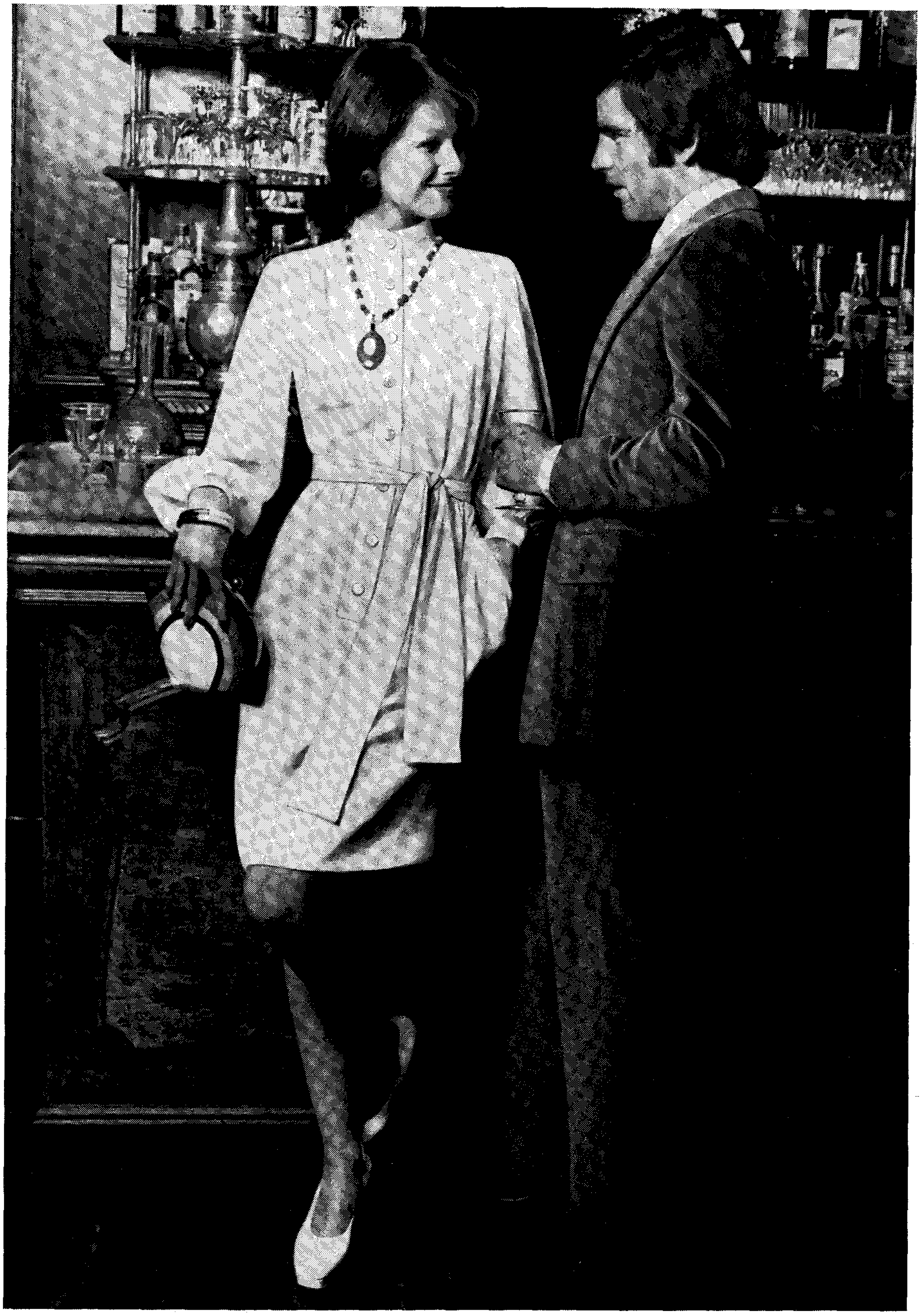

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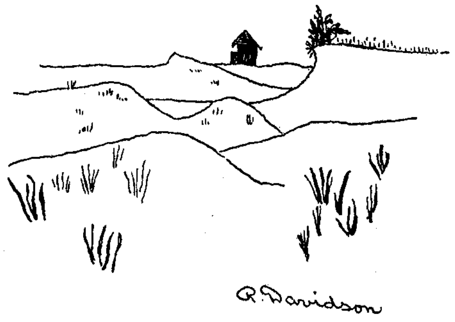
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE were in Washington in the momentous days before and after the Watergate story broke open and the walls around the White House—walls of silence, deception, and denial—came tumbling down. We arrived in a grim and worried town a week or so before the President released his aides to testify before Congress. All in all, the past few months had been a confusing time in the headlines. In Cambodia, American planes were at work turning one more country into a desolation of casualties and refugees; at home, the citizenry had been displaying its outrage at the price of red meat; and on Capitol Hill prominent men of both parties were announcing that the United States Constitution was threatened. This last was a matter that some people seemed to see as a quarrel between politicians—a wrangle strictly local to Washington—rather than as something of general interest. Moreover, in the public eye all these events—the boycott, the bombing, the battle for the Constitution, and the then still simmering Watergate story—were apparently unrelated, like the acts of a three-ring circus. It was as though Americans were living not in one nation but in several, which were not so much divided against each other as disconnected from each other. In this slack, dispiriting atmosphere, a growing number of legislators had been sending up fearful warnings. Senator Edmund S. Muskie, not a man renowned for reckless overstatement, had warned of "one-man rule," and so had Senator George S. McGovern. Senator John C. Stennis—no hothead—had worried publicly from his hospital bed about the erosion of the powers of Congress, and, speaking of the war power, had declared that "the fabric of our Republic . . . cannot long withstand the strain of asking citizens for the ultimate sacrifice without permitting them to participate in the decision of whether to make that sacrifice." Senator J. William Fulbright had expressed fear that we might "pass on, as most of the world has passed on, to a totalitarian system." In the press, it was becoming popular to refer to our Constitutional government as an "eighteenth-century system." Remarks like these sent a chill of real fear down our spine. Yet not only were the warnings evidently failing to stir the country but they were failing, it sometimes appeared, to stir even the men who were issuing them. The country's listlessness sometimes seemed to have reached the very men who were trying to rouse the country out of it. At the beginning of last week, the country seemed to be sliding into a dangerous stupor. By the end of the week, it seemed about to revive and to reorganize itself around one issue—Watergate.

WHEN we got to Washington, we went first to the Capitol, to talk with Senator Mike Mansfield, the Senate Majority Leader, who has spent thirty years in Congress, serving in both the House and the Senate. He welcomed us into the Majority Leader's office—an ample eighteenth-century room with complex gilt-edged molding on the ceiling and walls—and poured us a cup of coffee. There were cookies and brownies on a low table in the center of the room. We sat down across the table from our host. Senator Mansfield holds his chin upraised, and his gaze often seems fixed on something high in the distance. His expression is perfect, unreadable poker. The answers to the questions we asked came back loud and clear, with astonishing promptness, in a high, flat voice speaking short, brisk sentences without any hemming and hawing.



We asked Senator Mansfield about the state of the Constitution.

"It comes down to two fundamental issues," he said. "One is impoundment. The other is executive privilege." The President, of course, had not yet made his announcement. "There is some room for impoundment, but not to the tune of twelve billion dollars. The President is entitled to some executive privilege, but it certainly doesn't apply to all present and former employees. There is no Constitutional ground for that."

We asked whether, in his opinion, this was a full-scale Constitutional crisis.

"Not yet. It could come to that, and it will if these actions are not reversed."

"Are we really headed in the direction of one-man rule?" we asked.

"The trend is in that direction. But Congress has only itself to blame for having its power diluted. It handed its power over to the President on a silver platter. It gave away its war power several decades ago, and now, because of this last war, it's waking up to the fact. It's finding that power is easy to give away but hard to get back."

It struck us that here was one possible explanation of why Congress sometimes seemed muted even as it delivered dire warnings. Presumably, it's more difficult to get indignant at yourself than at some other culprit. We went on to ask, "If there is a threat of one-man rule, doesn't that mean that we are in danger of losing our republican form of government?"

"No. I wouldn't say that," Senator Mansfield replied, with his usual alacrity. "Right now, the balance of power is dangerously tilted in the direction of the executive. If the trend continues, the Constitution will become null and void and worthless."

"But doesn't that mean that we

will lose the Republic?" we asked. "Wouldn't we then have lost our liberty and everything that goes with it?"

"I can't envisage those things in the United States. The Congress is waking up now. We have a suit against impoundment in the courts. We have legislation started on executive privilege and impoundment. Even if the Constitution becomes, shall we say, weakened, I can't see us losing our liberty. Of course, it's true that the media are under attack, too, and this increases the sense of uneasiness."

"Then there's no real danger of the Constitution's collapsing?"

The Senator answered with a declaration of personal conviction. "I still have great faith in the Constitution, in our institutions, and in our freedoms: the freedom of speech, the freedom of assembly—peaceful assembly, that is." He raised an admonitory forefinger. "I guess it's just an enduring faith I've had all my life. If I lost that faith, it would be time for me to resign as a senator."

"But if we lose the Constitution—" we began, but the Senator interjected "We won't lose the Constitution!" and rose to his feet.

WE next started in the direction of the law firm of Covington & Burling, on Sixteenth Street, just a few hundred yards from the White House, for we were to meet John Sherman Cooper, the former Republican senator from Kentucky, there; he had retired from the Senate several months earlier, and was now practicing law. But first we stopped in at the Everett McKinley Dirksen Senate Office Building, where three subcommittees were holding joint hearings on the subject of executive privilege. At this particular session, as it happened, Attorney General Richard G. Kleindienst had asserted unlimited executive privilege for all two and a half million employees of the executive branch, and had just told the senators that if they had any objections they could impeach the President. Now, with Kleindienst still in the witness chair, the committee members had, to their evident surprise, wandered into the subject of impeachment. Senator Sam Ervin pointed out that if Congress couldn't call witnesses from the executive branch, it probably couldn't get the evidence for an impeachment, to which Kleindienst replied that no evidence was needed—only the votes of enough senators and representatives were necessary. Ervin then pointed out that the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court presides over an impeachment trial, and would be likely to require some evidence. Kleindienst replied that Congress could then impeach the Chief Justice. Earlier, he had said that if they didn't like aspects of his own behavior they could impeach him, too. The senators were visibly shaken up and embarrassed by all this talk of impeachment.

We continued on our way to see Senator Cooper. When we arrived, he showed us into an office adorned with photographs, most of them of the Senator in the company of Presidents. Senator Cooper is a tall, slender man with a gentle, almost shy manner. We asked for his views on the Constitutional questions before the country. As it happened, he said, he was preparing a speech on just that subject, and he asked us if we would like to hear some of the ideas as he had sketched them out. We said we certainly would.

Senator Cooper's view of the country's recent history turned out to be a kindly one. There were no villains in it; indeed, Senator Cooper spoke hardly a word that could be construed as direct criticism of *anyone* at all. The whole atmosphere was agreeable, in contrast to the conversation about impeachment in the Senate hearing room. Senator Cooper began by reviewing the performance of recent Presidents. Truman's period was one of "high hope, generosity abroad, and confidence in our role as guardian of the world's security." Eisenhower was "much loved and respected, probably universally respected." Kennedy "brought new spirit to the country, and probably to the whole world." Johnson opened up new opportunities for disadvantaged people here at home. On Vietnam, "his advisers misled him." President Nixon, Senator Cooper said, is probably "the hardest worker" of them all, and is also "an excellent student." Furthermore, he "may be the most *determined* President." Turning to the question of the war power, the Senator noted that in the nineteen-fifties Congress gave over its power willingly and not even the press raised any objections. "The bilateral treaties all had the same language. If an ally was attacked, we would go to its aid but would do so 'in accordance with Constitutional processes,' " the Senator noted. "Now, in my judgment the Congress's only real power in this business lies in the power of the purse. The war-power legislation can't do it very well. It allows the President to go in for thirty days without approval. That's enough. Once the troops are in and get fired on, the national honor's at stake, and the President assumes his responsibilities as Commander-in-Chief. You can only cut off the funds. Of course, Congress is reluctant to do that." The Senator laughed. He saw impoundment as an "inchoate area," for which it would also be difficult to frame effective legislation. Both the impoundment issue and executive privilege might prove to be non-litigable areas as well, and the courts might simply decline to hand down rulings.

We asked Senator Cooper whether he would care to comment on the Watergate story.

A look of distaste and uneasiness passed over his face, and he said, "Too much has been said about that already."

We remarked to Senator Cooper that he did not offer much hope of recourse in any area.

"Well, there is some question whether this system is meeting its objectives, and more effort must be made in these areas I have been speaking of. But I'm optimistic. I believe that the majority has common sense. And I believe also that the courts, which really are the backbone of our system, will protect the delicate balance between the other branches from getting too far out of line."

JUST around the corner from Covington & Burling is another law firm—Clifford, Warnke, Glass, McIlwain & Finney. Its senior partner is Clark Clifford, who was a close adviser of Presidents Truman, Kennedy, and Johnson, and who finally became Secretary of Defense under Johnson. That day, he had testified at the hearing we'd attended, but not until after we had left. We learned later that Senator Ervin had described Mr. Clifford's presentation as "the most total and succinct statement I've ever read on executive privilege." We met Mr. Clifford in his offices in the late afternoon. He introduced us to Miss Mary M. Weiler, who has been his secretary for forty-five years, and then he showed us into a long, spacious, dimly lit office. There were Oriental scatter rugs on top of wall-to-wall carpeting, and, behind his desk, a row of windows with the blinds drawn. Mr. Clifford is a distinguished-looking gray-haired man with something delicate and precise in the set of his mouth.

Mr. Clifford offered to show us his view, and parted the slats of one blind. In the foreground, and below us, was the White House; in the back was the Washington Monument. We asked

Mr. Clifford about the mood in Washington and in the country. He answered us in soft-spoken, measured sentences:

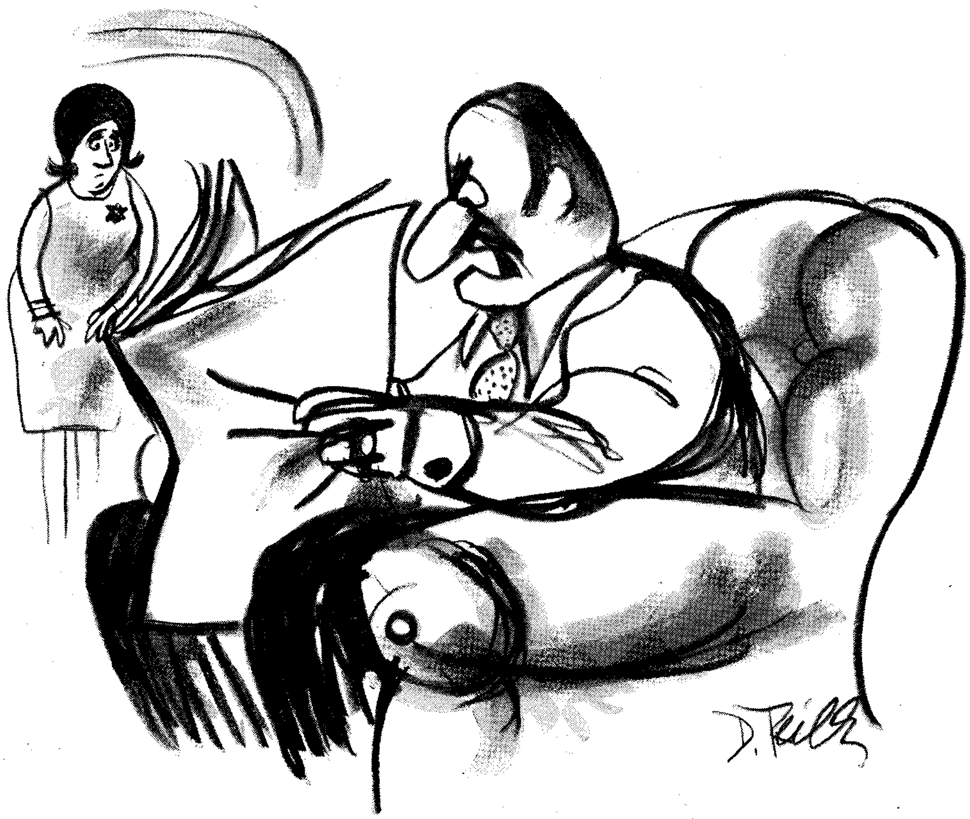
"This country has traditionally rested on a deep sense of decency and compassion and on a respect for freedom. But it's not being led in that direction now. Recently, we saw a drive to help the nation's unfortunate. But that is changing. There was an attempt to strengthen the rights of the individual. Now that's all gone. Instead, we're being guided by a driving ambition to make the country more powerful. Power, armed might, a reputation for 'toughness'—these are the goals with which the present Administration seems to be replacing our old purposes. And the new aims are being pushed forward with proved public-relations methods of salesmanship. In the process, I believe, deception has been practiced. Even our prisoners returning home are encouraged to sound a sales theme. No public-relations detail is overlooked in these campaigns. I find it cold, pragmatic, and chilling."

We asked whether he took seriously the warnings about the nation's losing its system.

"I'm not prepared to say we're about to lose it, because I still think the American people will wake up to the enormity of what's been going on. The Watergate case may help in this respect."

"What *has* been going on?"

"It is the centralization of governmental power in the Presidency. The executive branch is engaged in a planned campaign to denigrate the legislative branch and in a planned campaign to malign the press. The press has grown muted already. It feels obliged always to give 'two sides' to every story. This is an entirely new concept in journalism. The intention is to shake the people's confidence in Congress and the press, so that in the end they will trust only the President. If we Americans aren't careful, we could end up controlled and regimented to an extent never realized before. President Nixon has a vision of America which encompasses his statement that 'the average American is just like the child in the family.' A child has to be led, and President Nixon sees himself as that leader. An American way of life that we older people have known and taken for granted is beginning to seem not secure at all. This is the first time in twenty-five years that *fear* has become a recognizable, vital force in Washington. It is the fear of retaliation against anyone who attempts to impede this march toward the Administration's goals. Sometimes one can even see a startling resemblance between these developments and similar developments in countries where one-man rule has developed."



"All these years of struggling up through the ranks, and the damn 'Times' is still calling me a 'reputed' Mafia leader'!"

THE next day, Senator Barry Goldwater made his statement: "The Watergate. The Watergate. It's beginning to be like Teapot Dome. I mean, there's a smell to it. Let's get rid of the smell." The issue, he said, was "Can you trust Dick Nixon?" In retrospect, his statement appears to have been the first intimation that this story, which many people had thought to be one that *should* shake the nation, actually *would* shake the nation.

On the same day, Representative John B. Anderson, of Illinois, the Chairman of the House Republican Conference, made his statement: "The Attorney General has thrown down the gauntlet. If this Congress is to preserve even a semblance of integrity and independence, it must act immediately to nullify the sweeping claim of executive power asserted by the Attorney General."

THE morning after that, Senator Cooper got in touch with us and said he would like to add that not only did the three branches of the government have to maintain their delicate balance but "the people also have to be able to maintain their trust in the government as a whole."

A FEW days later, we called on Senator Muskie in a small auxiliary office he keeps in the basement of the Capitol. Among the senators who had spoken of the danger to our system, Senator Muskie had shown himself to be one of the most strongly aroused. At the hearing on executive privilege, it was he who had most persistently drawn out the Attorney General's testimony, and it was his questioning that had clarified the full, sweeping implications of the executive-privilege claim. We had noticed flashes of real anger in his questioning. In addition to having warned earlier of one-man rule, he had spoken at the hearing of proposed legislation that would restrict the flow of information from the government as leading us toward "the silence of democracy's graveyard." The familiar tall figure welcomed us into his office. He was looking trim and vigorous in a blue suit and a red tie—fresher and more robust, we thought, than when we had last seen him, on television on the campaign trail. A couple of weeks before, we knew, he had offered the one-man-rule speech to television on behalf of the Democratic leadership of Congress in rebuttal to the President's recent nationwide speech in which he announced a ceiling on meat prices and went on to attack Congress for its budgetary policies. The networks had turned Senator Muskie down. We asked the Senator about that rejection.

"It's clear now that television is a critical instrument of enormous power which can be a great influence in shifting power from one branch to another. And this occurs without any Constitutional amendment or any decision on the part of the people. Congress has now developed a system for designating spokesmen to answer the President, but the networks won't put us on the air. Yet if it's established that *one* branch of the government—the executive branch—alone has the right to speak to the entire nation, and therefore *for* the entire nation, depriving the other branches of that right, then we've taken the step: the system has broken down."

We asked him what he thought one-man rule might look like in America.

"You don't have to look down the road," he said. "You can look at what's already happening. Probably the man in the street isn't worrying about executive privilege or impoundment directly. But Watergate may get him worried. You know, I was giving a speech near Galveston, Texas, the other day—not the most radical place you can think of—and the people in the audience were asking how the President had got so much power. I answered, 'Because *you* people gave him that mandate; a man like him shouldn't be given such a mandate,' and there was a wave of applause in the room."

"But how can the people grasp the seriousness of the situation when the Congress refuses to reassert its own power?" we asked.

"Don't forget where the power comes from," he said. "It's from the people. And if Congress loses access to the people through television and the other media, then it's powerless to mobilize the people's support and to win the battle of public opinion. And when Congress is cut off from popular pressure it can be mobilized by other pressures—the interest groups. The President can organize opinion. For instance, he was able to organize opinion on the war. He simply comes out the winner in the P.R. race."

Here, it occurred to us, was another possible answer to the question of why the country, and even the Congress, seemed so muted. Communication between Congress and the people had been disrupted by Presidential preëmption of the main channels of public access. It was in the nature of Congress not to speak or act boldly, or even to reassert its Constitutional power, until it had received a strong signal from the people. It did not have the executive's capacity for initiating elaborate public-relations campaigns to influence opinion. And without greater command of television Congress was cut off. It was only talking to itself—or, worse, discrediting itself as a disruptive element, disturbing the great calm of the Presidential consensus.

We mentioned some of this to Senator Muskie and asked if the term "one-man rule" had a frightening import for him.

"If I went as far as to say that all this could one day lead to a Hitler or a Stalin regime, that would be regarded as unfair or inaccurate—as a little too much. Look what happened to McGovern when he merely *mentioned* Hitler. I suspect that things like the Kleindienst testimony are giving people an idea of what *could* be, though. It wasn't just what he said, you know; it was his attitude. So casual and arrogant. When he sat there and said, 'You do not need facts to impeach the President,' he was saying that the impeachment of the President is a *political* trial." Senator Muskie struck his fist in his palm. He was speaking with strong feeling now. He continued, "And if that is so, why, then, *any* trial could be a political trial. If you look at things that way, then *facts* mean nothing, *legality* means nothing, and *legitimacy* means nothing; only *power* means anything—power employed by the man in charge for *political* ends. This has been the thinking behind authoritarian government since the world began. And in this Administration everything seems to come down to political power. This was the most frightening part of the testimony to me—even more frightening than the part about executive privilege itself. The whole idea behind our system is that power is divided. But now the President can even make war *all on his own.* He announces that the war is over, says that he's won, and then he goes right on, with no color of authority. Experience tells us that when power is concentrated it is not likely to be used for the benefit of the great masses of people. And the least fortunate are always the first to suffer. This is the lesson learned by the makers of our Revolution. It's the basis of what we've practiced for two hundred years, and I don't want to see it lost."

WE thanked the Senator, and went over to the Justice Department, where we were to meet Donald E. Santarelli, an Associate Deputy Attorney General who was just about to take on a new job—head of the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration. The Justice Department is a five-story, block-square building with office numbers running into the thousands. Here and there on the corridor walls of this large bureaucratic building are framed photographs of other large bureaucratic buildings (as if the building itself had put up photographs of its building friends). When we arrived in the anteroom of Mr. Santarelli's office, we found it in something of an uproar, with files being sorted and packed for the move to his new job. Shortly, he came out and invited us into his office. Mr. Santarelli is a thin, restless-looking man in his mid-thirties with an authoritative, booming, rapid-fire voice and a set of expansive, vigorous gestures to go with it. We had the impression of almost a superabundance of energy. On one wall of his office there were photographs with inscriptions by L. Patrick Gray, the Acting Director of the F.B.I., and Attorney General Kleindienst. An American flag stood behind his desk. We knew that Mr. Santarelli had had a hand in drafting many of the Nixon Administration's crime bills, and we asked him to tell us something about the job he was leaving.

"This is an idea shop," he told us, putting his feet up on his desk. "We work on concepts, develop them, delve into them." He gestured broadly toward piles of paper on his desk. "What you see before you is thoughts. We don't handle cases; we work on the large picture. 'Give me a plan,' the President says. Or 'Here's a concept. Flesh it out. Give me some options.' This job didn't exist in its present scope before this Administration. It was developed by the President for me."

"How does it all work?" we asked.

"Well, we might start with an analysis. Then it might turn into a combination of any of the following—a Presidential speech, a legislative package, a press release. We'll develop the idea at each stage. Of course, there's a lot of interface. I work closely with the White House staff. Our office devised a system to reform the administration of justice in Washington. In 1951, there were only two thousand one hundred felony prosecutions in Washington a year. Now there are four thousand two hundred felony prosecutions. We have more than tripled the number of felony judges. But none of these things got as much attention in the press as some relatively unimportant legislation such as no-knock and preventive detention."

"How did you first get in touch with Mr. Nixon?"

"I was working on the Hill as special counsel to the Senate Judiciary Committee, and I was one of the few staffers on the pro-prosecution side up there. Most of the guys were pro-defense."

"But how can there be such a thing as a pro-defense side and a pro-prosecution side in a situation like that?" we asked.

"There shouldn't be, but there is. I was prosecution-oriented. Anyway, that was the President's program: to 'strengthen the peace forces' against those concerned exclusively with defense."

We went on to ask Mr. Santarelli for his reflections on the Constitutional questions that were on our mind. As a point of departure, we gave him an article in the April 23rd *Newsweek* to look at. It was by Kevin P. Phillips, a former campaign aide to President Nixon, and was called "Our Obsolete System." Phillips suggested that the system of balancing governmental powers against each other was a mistake conceived by Montesquieu. "Our Constitution freezes Montesquieu's mistake in legal concrete," he wrote. "Congress's separate power is an obstacle to modern policymaking. . . . In sum we may have reached a point where separation of powers is doing more harm than good by distorting the logical evolution of technology-era government." Phillips suggested, as a remedy, calling a Constitutional convention to abolish the separation of powers and perhaps establish a parliamentary system. We asked Mr. Santarelli what he made of all this.

"I don't agree with his proposal," he said. "But I like the substance of his concepts. His main point is that the separation of powers is obsolete in modern decision-making, and I agree. They didn't have modern affirmative-decision-making in the eighteenth century to the extent that we do. They didn't need such hurried, precise decisions. They didn't have the kind of dynamic national purpose that we have now. The balance of power turns every issue into a great political power struggle, and obscures the business of actually running the country, of reaching national goals."

We asked our old question—was there a Constitutional crisis?

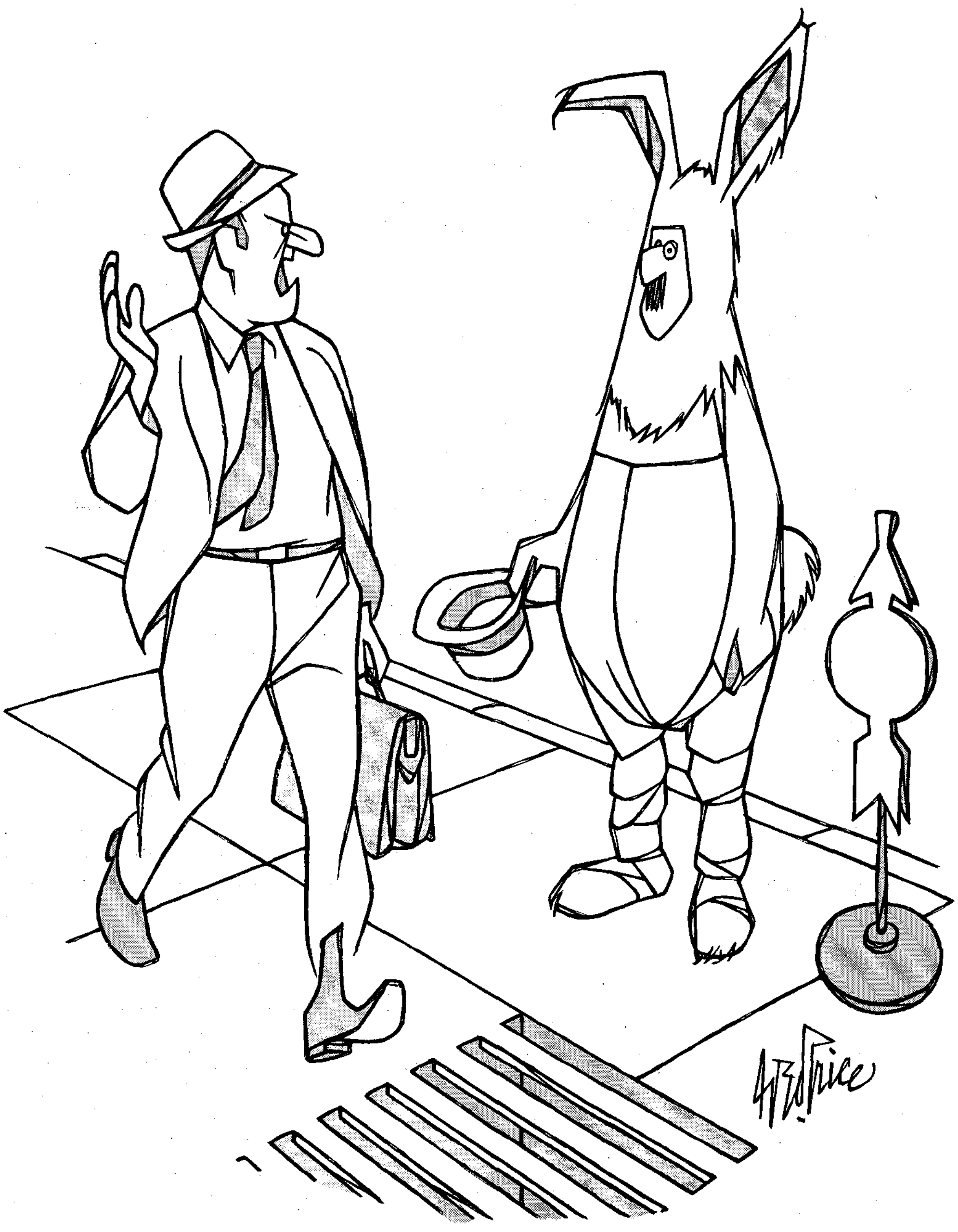
"We're living in a very historic time," he said. "You can see the manifestations everywhere. This is a time of great changes. The legislative branch, which was preëminent, has gradually lost power to the judiciary and the executive."

"How do you mean, the judiciary?"

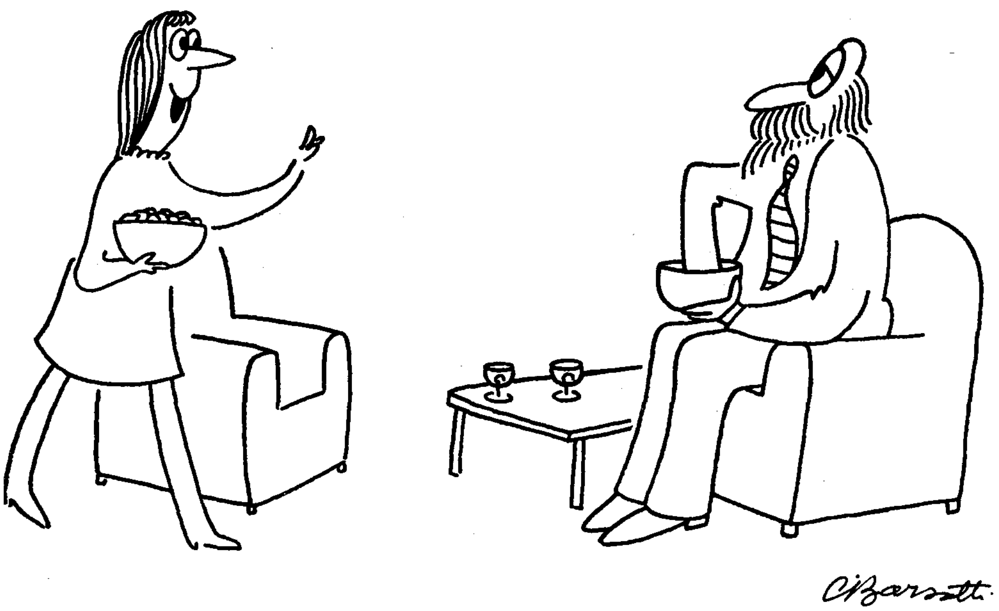
"I mean the so-called judicial revolution—the Supreme Court rulings in favor of civil rights and criminal rights. All that is changing now. But the liberals gained power by it. They benefitted. The strengthening of the judiciary—or the judicial usurpation, as I would call it—was an unbalancing element."

"And the executive?"

"The executive branch has gained power. It was *inevitable*. Its basic design is geared for efficiency; it has adopted management tools—computers, executive techniques. Congress fell behind, and now it is fussing in a stew of its own making. An unpopular war has given Congress a toehold again, and it's taking up things like executive privilege. But executive privilege isn't a legal question; it's a political question. That's the key thing. Don't be fooled. These battles are basically political. Each age defines the Constitution for its own needs. It's evolutionary. I'm sounding like Ramsey Clark here. The Clarkian view takes the Fourteenth Amendment as very flexible and accordionlike, but if you so much as mention changing the Fourth Amendment, against unreasonable searches and seizures, in order to bring it up to date with modern prosecution needs, you find it's locked in stone. That's natural. If you're on the side that's gaining power, you praise the



"Easter was last week."



"*No, wait, Dr. Powers. I have chips to go with the dip.*"

changes. If the changes mean you lose power, you bitch about them."

"Which are you doing?" we asked.

"I'm mildly praising."

"But this isn't exactly a strict-constructionist viewpoint," we observed.

"No, sir. That's a misnomer. The Constitution is flexible. Period. Your point of view depends on whether you're winning: 'My side won! I'm happy!' If you're against busing, you think an anti-busing amendment should be in the Constitution; if you're for busing, you complain that the Constitution is being wrecked. The Constitution isn't the real issue in this; it's how you want to *run the country*, and achieve national goals. The language of the Constitution is not at issue. It is what you can interpret it to mean in the light of modern needs. In talking about a 'Constitutional crisis' we are not grappling with the real needs of running the country but are using the issues for the self-serving purpose of striking a new balance of power. Times are changing now. The Constitution is flexible." And then he added a remark that no one we had recently spoken to in Washington would have fully disagreed with. "Today, the whole Constitution is up for grabs."

WHILE we had been talking with Senator Muskie and Mr. Santarelli, the President had been telling the nation of "major developments" in the Watergate story.

A SHORT time later, we ran into Senator Fulbright in the Dirksen Senate Office Building. He was on his way to a vote, and he invited us to ride with him in the little subway car to the Capitol. News of the President's Watergate announcement was just reaching Capitol Hill.

We asked Senator Fulbright how large he thought the stakes of the dangers he had referred to were.

"*If* we don't turn things around, *if* we throw over the Constitution and establish executive rule, then, in the long run, we might expect the same kind of ruthless tyranny that you had under Hitler or Stalin. Don't expect some sort of simple, *benign* dictatorship. This country never goes halfway. That's not our style. We go all the way. You've seen what we did in Vietnam. Our capacities are great. We can display great compassion and show great concern over one little girl, perhaps, or maybe a dog. But we can be ruthless and savage, too. It was when we got the idea that we are a chosen people that we went wrong. We're really just the same as everybody else. We're all people, and, given certain conditions, we'll do certain things." When we arrived at the Capitol, Senator Fulbright went in to vote and asked us to wait outside the Senate chamber.

He came out again, and invited us to ride back with him to the Senate Office Building. "I just want to add one thing," he said in the subway car. "I want you to know that right at the moment I am feeling better about the prospects of avoiding these terrible things than I have for almost ten years. The Watergate case is regrettable, of course, but, looking at the turn it seems to be taking now, I have hopes it may serve to draw people's attention to these other threats, which have been building all those years. It may bring people to the limit of how much they're willing to take."

THE next morning, we woke up in a different Washington—perhaps in a different country. Watergate had blown sky high. Everyone we had interviewed in Washington, whatever his politics—and we, too—had seen an executive branch in the ascendant over the other powers in our society. Now, at a stroke, all this was altered. A staggering reversal of fortune had taken place. The wall of executive privilege was down. And when we all saw what was inside, it was almost enough to make us wish it could be put back up. The executive campaign to undermine and discredit the press had itself been undermined and discredited. Executive moves to take over congressional powers had been checked—at least for the duration of the present Administration. Indeed, all across the board the executive reach for new powers had been blocked. For the whole country had now had a shattering glimpse into that "technology-era government" in whose name Congress and the other institutions of our democracy were to hand over their powers to the executive. Now the Congress, the judiciary, the press—even Common Cause—found themselves in positions of renewed authority and strength. Senator Sam Ervin, Judge John J. Sirica, the Washington *Post*, and John Gardner had been heard. All the former accused were suddenly in the judges' seats. (It can be hoped that these judges will act *with* pity.) The president of the Newspaper Guild was calling for a "public apology" to the press from President Nixon. An entire style of governing had been buried. Scenes of recent weeks—of the Attorney General discoursing on impeachment, of the President lashing out at Congress as "irresponsible," of Administration officials lecturing the country on law and order—had overnight become part of a closed chapter in our history. This Administration's drive to change the face of our national life had not, it turned out, been an effort to bring our eighteenth-century principles and institutions in line with the twentieth century; it had been a sheer grab for power, ending with a coverup of a second-story job on the political opposition. The news was tearing an entire Administration apart, but at that moment in the spring of 1973, for the first time in many years, the old eighteenth-century system looked to be alive and well.

THE SANS SOUCI LAUNDERAMA

PEOPLE lead their lives differently. You can't crouch in hides, watch them like grebes or gibbons, and draw specific conclusions. Consider, if you will, that man who bears such a heartbreaking resemblance to myself, weeping into his dinner tray at thirty-three thousand feet. Heading south at an airspeed of five hundred and twenty miles an hour, what grief has overtaken him? Just this: He put salt and pepper on his mashed potatoes. Then, taking up his fork, he made to plunge it into the plastic dish. Grains of salt and pepper flew every which way, including that of his impending face. He had struck a sheet of Saran Wrap protecting the potatoes, which he had not noticed. He laid down his fork, removed the Saran Wrap, and salted and peppered the potatoes anew. Picking up the fork again, he took his first bite. The mashed potatoes was banana pudding. This could not happen to everyone. Offhand, I would say it would occur once every five hundred thousand passenger-miles. The emotional reaction is less unusual. Feelings are accentuated at altitude, even in a pressurized cabin.

But who can say what will undo one? For instance, here is the same exceptional fellow sitting by himself late at night in the Sans Souci Launderama, in a Miami shopping center, shedding tears at sea level. Except for the Sans Souci, in which fluorescent tubes distribute their forbidding light on the ranks of washers and dryers, the notices advertising babysitters, lost cats, and used potter's wheels, the shopping center is dark. What's the matter? First off, the decline of Arabic numerals. He had glanced at his watch to see when his wash would be done. Although the watch wasn't new, only then did he realize there were no numbers on its face. In their place was a series of inconsequential dashes. It must have been years since he had seen numerals on a watch face. He envisioned the missing figures, was moved by the elegance of their lines, and arrived at the opinion that man had never designed anything finer, "3" and "5" having pride of place, although, he acknowledged, there might be those who would plump for "2." The several alphabets suffered by comparison, as did mathematical symbols, toasters, cathedrals. Against these he arrayed great works of nature—striped bass, roses, shearwaters, disrobed women. He pictured a vast plain upon which the pick of both classes of things was forming up, as though to pass in review, and was struck by how much he took for granted and, equally, by how much he had failed to take seriously. If you had these or similar imaginings in the middle of a rinse cycle, would you, too, be brought to grief?

Under certain circumstances, playing footsie can have much the same effect. For this demonstration, put yourself in the shoes of our hero. More literally, put yourself in his socks. Behold him, one of a party of six, sitting at a small round table in the cocktail lounge of a Holiday Inn, playing footsie with a stewardess whose name is either Lauri, Audri, or Kelli. He has slipped off his right loafer—on the principle, he supposes, that if he is right-handed he is bound to be right-footed, and he wants to give it his best shot—and is caressing one of her feet with his instep. At the same time, he is watching her face for her reaction. Nothing. He has grown old. He has lost his touch. He knocks a book of matches off the table—a ruse—and stoops to retrieve it. Beneath the table everything is murky, dismal, and tangled, like a mangrove swamp. To sort things out, he takes hold of his right leg at the knee and gropes downward toward his unproductive foot. He has been playing footsie with his own cast-off loafer. As Rousseau said, my pen falls from my hand.

MY dad, Jack M. Singer, is as sensible as the next man, but none of the above could happen to him, so it would be idle even to speculate on his responses. He doesn't own a pair of loafers. He disapproves of loafers. He considers my wearing them perverse. "Loafers don't offer enough support," he says. ("Your feet flop around in them," my mother chimes in. "We brought you up to respect your feet.") When my dad goes on a trip, he takes drip-dry garments, which he washes in the sink before retiring. "A moment's application," he says pointedly. My dad thinks I'm apathetic. I submit that what I am, in fact, is immobilized, the Apollonian and Dionysian sides of my character being of equal strength. My dad also considers it an affront to reason to season your food before tasting it.

Although my dad keeps his guard higher than I do, blows do get through, as the next episode so poignantly illustrates.

I would have thought I had visited my dad's office only a couple of months ago, but more time must have gone by, for how much has changed. Not in his office per se—that is immutable—but in the long, straight, insufficiently lit corridor that leads to it. (I call it "insufficiently lit" out of deference to my dad. I once referred to it as dismal, to which he took exception. He said I tended to be eisegetical, that the corridor was merely insufficiently lit. We don't always see eye to eye.) What's different is that the names on the doors along the way are new. In the past, they were Jewish. I would come across their bearers in the men's room on occasion, absorbed in combing their hair with both hands. Operators, my father called them. Now the frosted-glass doors read: Taiwan Consolidated Corp.; Interglobal Philippine Import, Ltd.; Mitsobushi American, Inc.

"You're being overrun," I tell my dad.

"My secretary tells me their girls make rice in the ladies' room," he says in what I would definitely call a dismal tone of voice.

How would you like to be seventy-five and hear the rumble of furniture-laden dollies drawing nearer?

How would you like to be forty-three and hear, first thing in the morning, a dachshund awakening, shaking himself? The sound is like that of slatting sails, and proposes imponderable voyages, whales' grandiose sighing. For an instant, another version of life seems possible. Then the blower in the paint shop of the factory next door is switched on, as it is every weekday at eight. It roars yet as I write. What recourse do I have? I could seek out the manager and fall upon my knees. I could complain to the Bureau of Noise Abatement. I could encourage Josh (the dachshund) to go on the standpipe by the factory door. After the roar, a resounding crash—my stepson letting his weights down in his bedroom. Before going to school he presses his body weight (one hundred and fifty pounds)—three sets of five reps. He is developing his shoulders and arm extensors so he can beat me up. Following the crash, a whine. The volume increases as I approach the living room. Standing naked before the full-length mirror is Sean, my stepdaughter's boyfriend, dreamily wielding the power detangler my wife, Daisy, bought him for his twenty-fifth birthday.

I go through the mail. It includes a rejection slip from a French publisher. ". . . *Avec nos regrets, veuillez agréer l'expression de nos sentiments les meilleurs.*" I realize I am not fully conversant with *agréer*. I am about to get down the French-English, English-French dictionary when I recall that my stepdaughter tore out nearly all the French-English "A"s and a good many of the "B"s several years ago. I cannot remember what I did to annoy her or why her revenge took the form it did, but I can still hear the terrible ripping.

As you may have noted, so far not a word has been spoken in my household. The following occurs to me: If you've been confined to bed for a long time, your first steps are weak, hesitant. The same could be said in connection with other parts of the body. Not the tongue. I have gone days without speaking to anyone but waitresses and cabaña boys. When I did I was as eloquent as ever, perhaps more so. I'm sure I'm not alone in this regard. If I didn't utter a word for a year, my first cogent, mellifluous sentences would make men sit up and take notice, cry, laugh, whichever my intent. Given a year to get it right, I could sweet-talk the thrush from his thicket, have him singing to me from my wrist. So it is with the general plan of my life, but although I have been tinkering with it all these years, it may not be workable. The possibility exists that instead of seeking solace in assonances I should be stilling the discord in the faithless arms of Lauri, Audri, or Kelli.

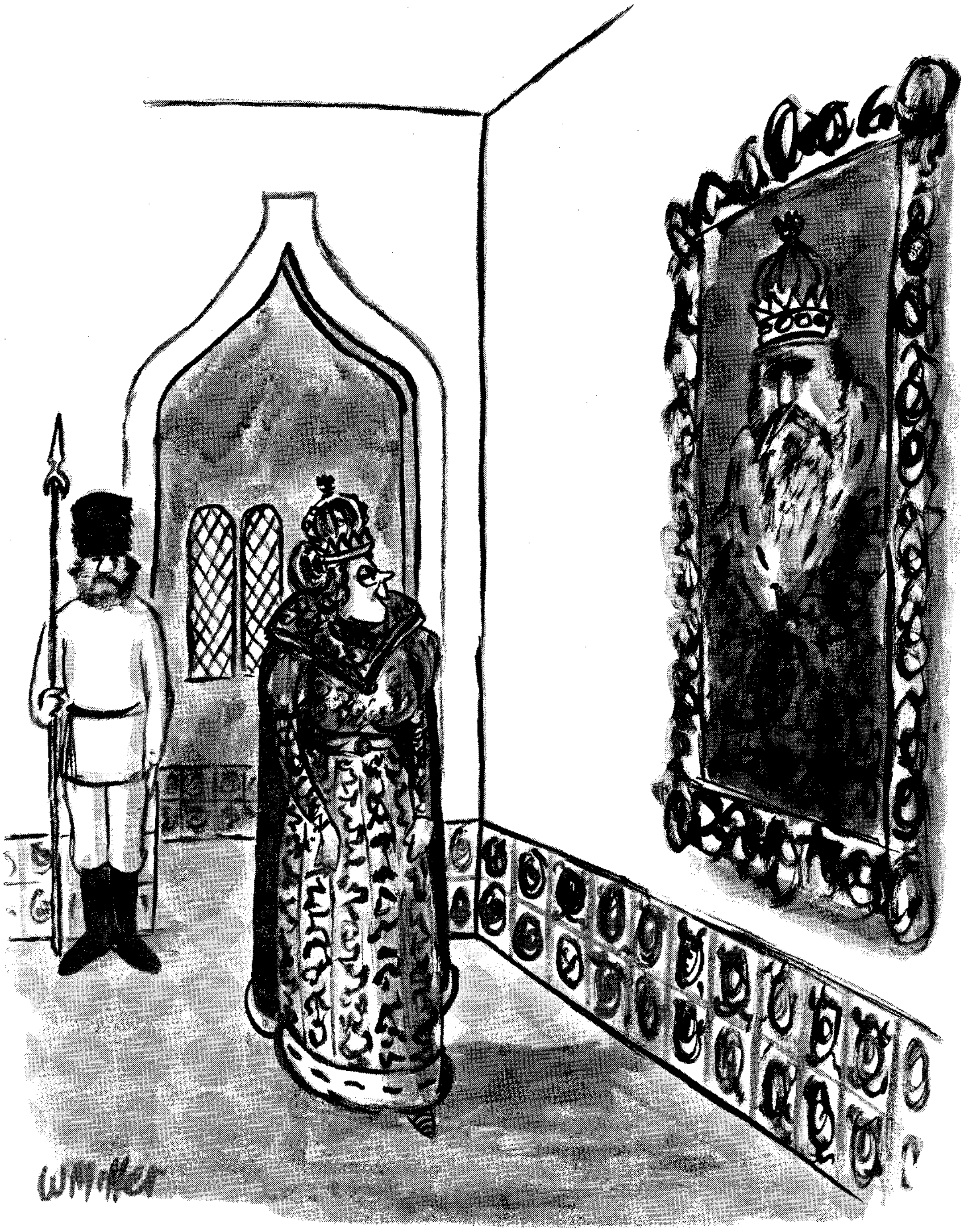
I suppose I was attempting something of that sort when I haunted the Sans Souci Launderama late at night, helping divorcées and widows fold their laundry and reciting snatches of Gerard Manley Hopkins to them above the hum, whir, whine, and clank of Big Boys. A divorcée whom I shall call C—— dates from that romantic period. If it can be said that we have ruling principles, hers was carnality, mine is less easily expressed. What I suppose I'm doing is trying to pick every last shred of flesh from my life so that I may contemplate the serene, gleaming bone. Bear in mind—I do—that in the end this may have a different, less consoling shape than I had anticipated.

When I made love to C——, I gazed down at her broad, slightly domed forehead. Almost no flesh was interposed between the skin and the frontal bone. As she struggled to be once more free of the weight of her life, what little light there was slid across the curve of her forehead, making it appear harder, bleaker, nearly phosphorescent; the illusion was that as a consequence of her exertions the skin split, revealing the bone.

I recall thinking at the time that we could not be less alike but we are heading in the same direction, she convulsively, eyes shut, I painstakingly, looking where I'm going, and that at this point she is out front, and that these are the chances you take.

Now Dr. Nathan Niederlander is the pilot of my soul. "I'm turning the wheel over to you, Doc," I told him the other day. This drew a chuckle, adding to my depression. Why, I asked myself anew, do I insist on playing these sessions for laughs, milking them for applause?

Niederlander is, you might say, our family psychiatrist. That is, Skippy Mountjoy, my wife's first husband, was the first to go to him; Skippy recommended him to Daisy; she, in turn, prevailed upon me to see him. My stepdaughter *almost* saw him on three occasions: the first time she didn't have anything to wear; the second, she had, but it wasn't dry yet; the third broken appointment had something to do with hundreds of split ends. Daisy, who is unhappy in love, goes twice a week; I once; Skippy, who is on welfare and has a drinking problem, intermittently. Niederlander considers our interlocking sorrows high above West End. When he's running late, I gaze out his smutty windows at the Cim-



"I'm Great. You're Great."

merian prospect of the avenue or take down German paperbacks—mysteries, largely, in translation—from his shelves and blow the dust off them.

When I began going to Niederlander, I assumed Skippy no longer went. After I learned he was still a patient of sorts—asking to be squeezed in when he overslept and it was too late to get a job running sandwiches from the Leonard Street employment agency he patronized—I put it to Niederlander.

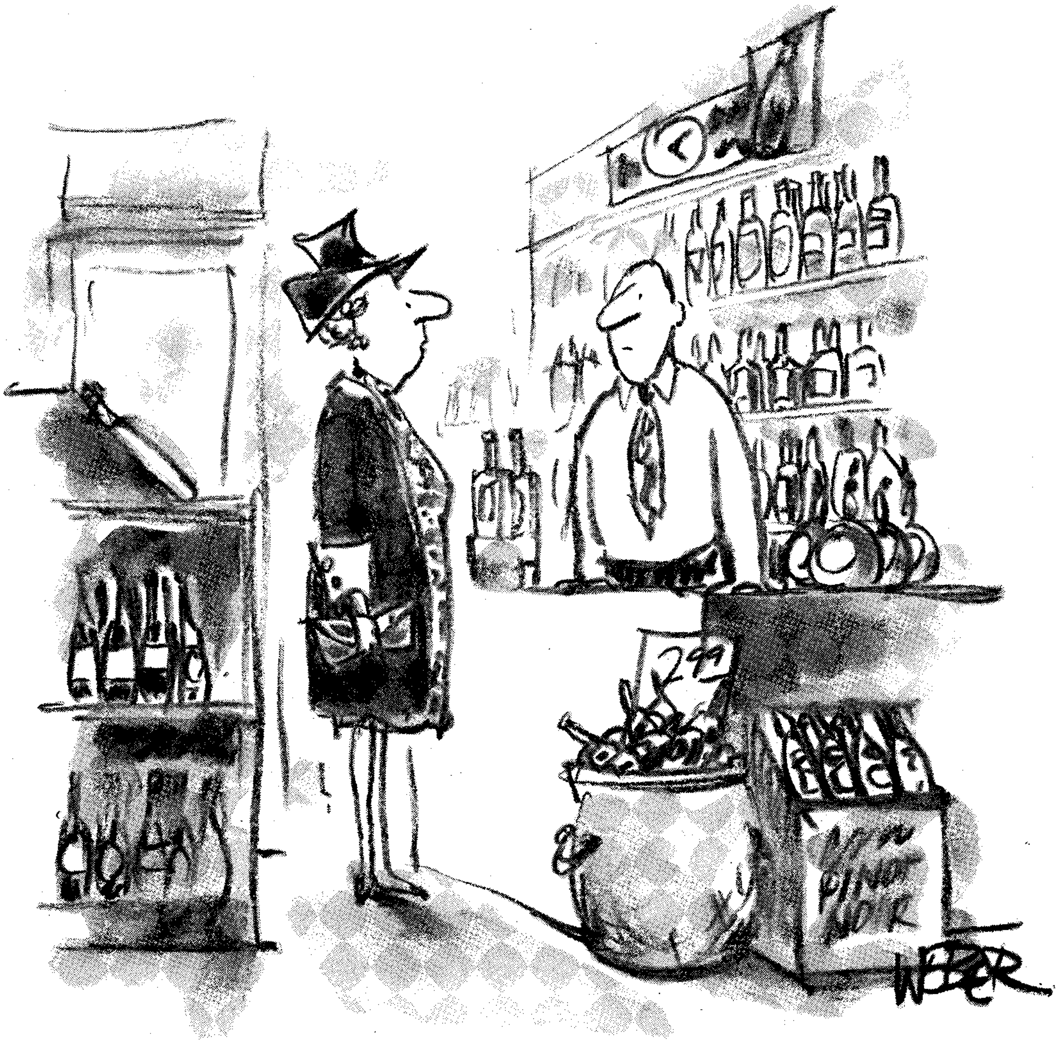
“In effect, I’m subsidizing Skippy,” I said, raising myself from the languid pose on his couch I usually adopt. (When Daisy goes, Niederlander sits on the couch, she in the chair. I don’t know Skippy’s seating arrangement.)

“He has Medicaid,” Niederlander said.

“But you couldn’t afford to see the Skippys of this world unless you had patients like me at forty bucks a pop.”

“You are covered under your wife’s noncontributory major medical, which pays seventy-five per cent of covered charges after a cash deductible of three hundred and fifty dollars.”

“Up to a maximum of thirty-five hundred dollars in any twelve-consecutive-month period, and you only get twenty dollars an hour from Medicaid.”



“What kind of wine goes with no meat?”

“But your tax dollars provide social services for innumerable unfortunates.”

I whipped off my shirt. “Look at that,” I said, indicating eruptions on my shoulders.

Niederlander put on his reading glasses. “Do you want me to recommend a good dermatologist,” he said, “or are you suggesting that I compare you to Job?”

“What I’m suggesting is that no one I know pays for even a *percentage* of their wife’s first husband’s psychotherapy.”

“As we’ve elicited in previous sessions, your life has become circumscribed. You should widen your circle of friends.”

WHAT made me think that my wife’s love life might have changed for the better was her singing “The Star-Spangled Banner” at a Knicks-Bucks game. At the Garden, I sit on the aisle; she is to my left; the flag hangs to our right. Therefore, when we rise for the national anthem and turn to face the flag, she is behind me. On that occasion, I heard an unfamiliar voice raised in song. After a few bars, I realized it was Daisy’s. Although we have been married ten years, this was the first time I ever heard her sing “The Star-Spangled Banner;” in fact, I can’t recall her singing anything. (In her defense, Daisy says she has so sung lots of songs in my hearing, not least “Happy Birthday” on a number of my birthdays. Be that as it may, her voice was foreign to me, pleasing, but slightly flat.)

When I said my wife was unhappy in love, you naturally assumed I was responsible. Not in this case, although, in all fairness, more than a few of her woes can be laid at my doorstep. (Forgive me if I picture them as an accumulation of copies of the New York *Times.*) No, for once someone named Owen, whom she met at a filmmaking course at the New School, let her down.

I learned of his existence—and inconstancy—in Florida. “Neither of you has any emotional content,” Daisy told me there. “Dr. Niederlander said I shouldn’t put all my eggs in one basket. What he didn’t tell me is not to put all my eggs in *two* baskets.” At the time of this revelation, we were standing up to our waists in the Gulf of Mexico, a setting more conducive to sympathy than hard feelings. All the same, I felt that if I spread my feet any farther apart I would be able to detect the earth’s curve. (This reminds me that my two favorite odors are seas and books. If you bury your nose in the gutter of a new book, preferably a paperback, you can detect the mustiness to come; seas are best smelled when cold—no more than sixty-five degrees—and dead calm and with your nose a quarter inch from the surface. If you inhale deeply enough you can smell unseen fishes. Since my aim is to increase understanding, I must admit that this hasn’t been scientifically determined. Certain fishermen, however, claim to be able to distinguish the aroma of flowering diatoms, which indicates the presence of schools of bluefish. They say the odor resembles that of “a crate of honeydew melons” or of an unspecified amount of "moist cucumbers.")

In New York, Daisy once told me, "I don't like the relationships in my life." This, evidently, was a further response to my offer to help her lay the Persian rugs that had come back from Spotless that morning—a proposal she had rejected, saying, "I don't want to put them down with you. All you want to do with me are domestic things."

"Of which relationships are you speaking?" I asked.

"All of them. They're too bland, too wispy, too elusive."

"Do you mean elusive or allusive?"

"I don't *know*," she wailed. "Could I mean *both* of them?"

Since we were in bed at the time, and the children were presumably asleep, having abandoned the imaginary electric guitars with which, disposed about the living room like statuary in an Italian garden, they accompany the Stones, I drew her to me.

Getting back to the Knicks' game, I could think of nothing to make Daisy break into song—even the national anthem—except that Owen had called or that she had distributed her eggs more prudently. I offer in evidence Exhibit A, she took up ice-skating; and Exhibit B, she took up peace-marching. Once or twice a week she announces she's going ice-skating. Upon her return she regales me with such tales as the rink was mobbed with hundreds of *yeshiva buchers* gliding solemnly about in crocheted, beaded, even suède yarmulkes. (It is, no doubt, uncharitable to imagine a window being flung open in a third-floor loft in SoHo, a New Realist shouting down to the street, "You forgot your goddam skates!") Not long ago, she told me she was going to Washington for a peace march. "Look for me on television," she said. I watched on and off, but didn't see her. "I was there," she said when she got back. "If you had spotted me, you would have seen me give my secret signal."

The cease-fire agreement terminated the marches, but I assume she will keep on skating into summer, when the crowds will thin. I picture her at last, idly tracing an outside backward eight on the empty rink—a figure well beyond her capability. It is a scene I associate with that of my dad standing at a hotel-room sink, hands underwater, dreamily kneading his beloved garments of sixty-five per cent polyester, thirty-five per cent cotton.

My dad! A few days ago I paid him a visit to see how he was holding up against the Oriental tide. A firm named Fukuoka Foto now occupied the office alongside his—the corridor branches to the right at his office—so, in effect, he was cut off. He was at his desk when I came in, eyes nearly shut, head fractionally back; the impression was that he was sniffing the air for traces of simmering sukiyaki. The light in his office was dim, the source for most of it being the window behind him, so that when he arose at my entrance he was nearly silhouetted. He seemed much thinner, eroded; he looked, in fact, like the sombre coastal formation known as a stack.

He asked me whether I had come from the Y. I said I had. He asked me whether anyone had bumped into me while I was swimming and if so what I had said to him. We've had this conversation a number of times. I said they now let women use the pool on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, and what I told her was "You know, you're being anti-social."

"Many years ago," my dad said, "I worked on a chicken farm in New Jersey. Jews, you know, have an affinity for all phases of the poultry business. When I fed the chickens, I would inadvertently step on their toes. I said, 'Excuse me.' "

My dad's utterances usually have a high moral content.

We sat in silence for a bit, the gloom abruptly thickening as the sun passed behind a cloud or office building. I thought of pulling the chain on the standing lamp by my chair; then it occurred to me that the bulbs might have long since burnt out. I was tempted to take off my shirt and show my dad the eruptions, but that would have meant launching into a greatly revised account of the last ten years of my life, and he wouldn't put up with the *vie romanisée* I fob off on Niederlander. "I have more at stake," my dad would say.

"Many years ago," my dad started anew (he gets on these kicks, his voice nearly entering the head register, as though he were speaking to me from the other side), "there used to be a place in the Bronx called Starlight Park—"

"Where in the Bronx?"

"What conceivable difference does it make? You know nothing of the Bronx. To you, it's terra incognita." My dad often accuses me of being indifferent to his past. "You have a habit of asking questions to hear yourself speak."

"I go days without speaking," I told him.

"In Starlight Park," he went on, "there was a vast outdoor swimming pool. It was a hundred yards long—"

"A hundred yards!"

"A hundred. Seventy-five. It was vast. One summer, when I was a young man, I would go there every day to play handball. When I was through I would jump in the pool at its deepest point, expel all of my breath, and lie on my back on the bottom with my arms outspread—"

My dad tilted back in his chair, held his arms out wide, and gazed—I would say beatifically, he would say momentarily—at the ceiling.

"—and look up."

As for me, looking down is my fate or forte: at women's foreheads gleaming in the dark, as I mentioned earlier; at the sidewalk to see where I'm going or, as Niederlander would say, where I've been; at the pages of a book, as at this moment.

" 'When thou at the random grim forge, powerful amidst peers/ Didst fettle for the great grey drayhorse his bright and battering sandal!' " I intone to a woman who has lost her husband in Vietnam, while my pathetic little bundle of laundry flies about in one of the Sans Souci dryers.

People are stirred differently, too, although—and this perplexed Marx—literature depends on and resounds with common chords. For example, Dr. Johnson contended that no poetical passage rivalled the description of the temple in "The Mourning Bride"—"How reverend is the face of this tall pile . . ." Of course, he wasn't trying to get any of the Sans Souci customers to go to bed with him.

"I know I've bumped into you before somewhere, you know," the widow says as I close my book.

In my motel room, when we've undressed, I lie on my back on the carpet and say, "Hold my legs."

"There?" she says.

"No. The ankles."

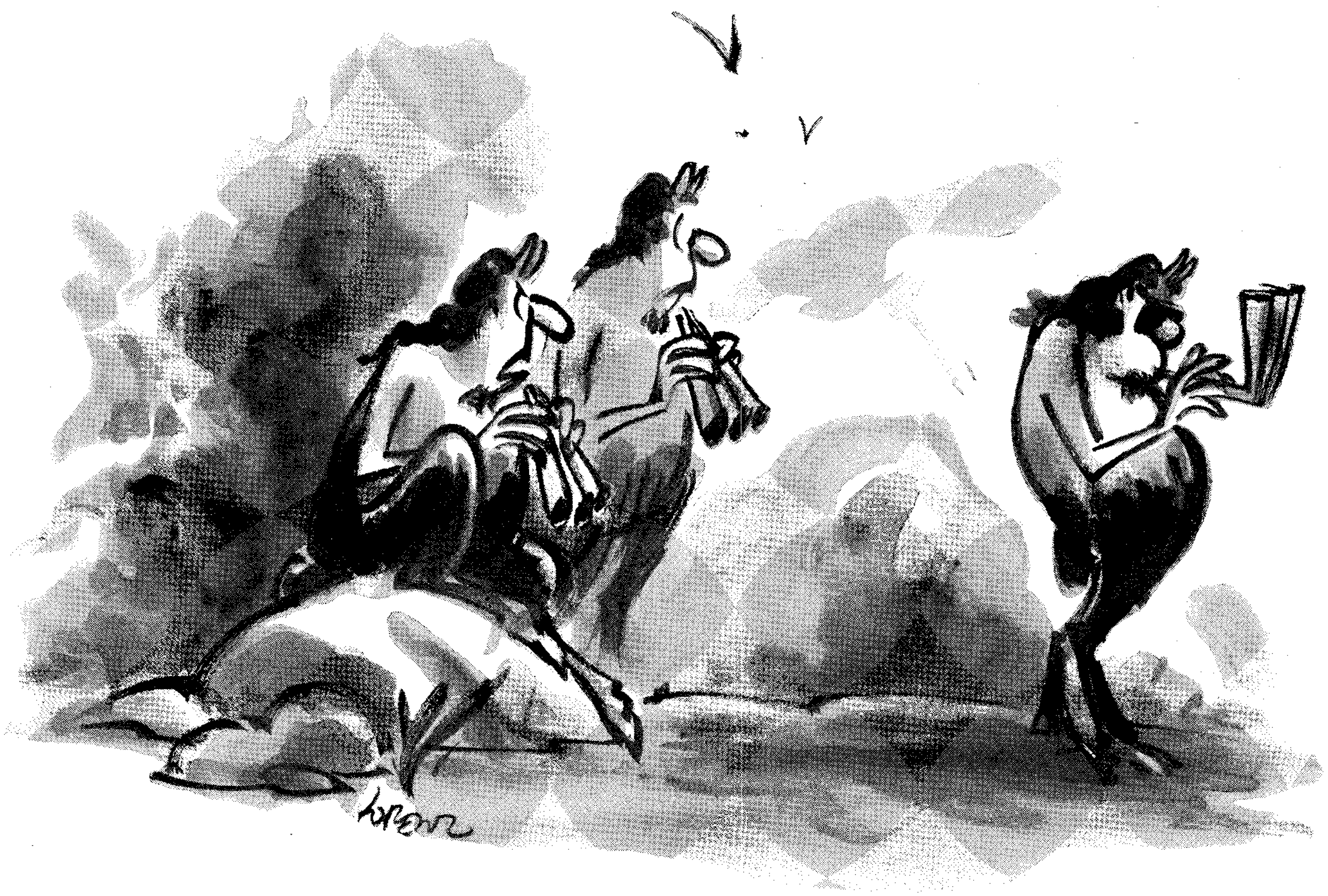
"Here?"

"But really clamp down on them. Put your weight behind it."

"I hope this isn't going to be any of that bondage stuff, you know."

"I know. It's just that I forgot to do my sit-ups."

When we are in bed, I get a collect call from my stepdaughter. "Next Tuesday is the third anniversary of the day I first met Sean," she informs me, "and I'm getting him a mist-type styler



“Who the hell is *Dizzy Gillespie, anyway?”*

• •

and I wondered if you wanted to make a contribution.”

Brimming with love, I pledge five dollars.

A moment later, the phone rings again. Will I accept a collect call from a Mr. Mountjoy in New York?

“I will not.”

“In that case, I’ll pay for it, Operator,” I hear Skippy say.

“Don’t believe him,” I say. “He hasn’t got a dime to his name. He’s on welfare. I have to contribute toward his psychotherapy.”

“What number are you calling from?” the operator asks him.

He reels off one that is strangely familiar, being mine. I picture him lolling on my bed, negligently unbuttoning his collar, loosening a hand-blocked foulard I wore before I was married—my wife slips Skippy my old clothes. I suppose there is comfort in the fact that we wear different sizes.

“If it wouldn’t be putting too much of a strain on our relationship,” he says to me, “I was wondering whether, as a fellow-citizen of the Republic of Letters, you could see your way clear to wiring me twenty to get my typewriter out of hock. I’m in the middle of a sonnet sequence.”

“Use a pen,” I say. “Like Shelley.”

I hang up and fling myself upon the widow, as though executing a racing dive. You know, I *have* bumped into her before, in the pool at the Y. I keep this discovery to myself; I don’t mean my life to veer into the novelistic. Pray that she won’t, like a nineteenth-century heroine, remember me as she unrolls each pair of children’s socks we rolled together in the Sans Souci Launderama, me pining the while for the little, lost feet of my stepchildren. No, my life has become increasingly like a dream from which I have less and less expectation of awakening.

After she has left, I light a pipe, take up the “Manyóshú”—in translation—and resume reading where I left off the night before. Cuckoos, plum blossoms, and pessimism imbue my mind. My forehead is peeling. As I absently rub it, bits of dead skin drift down pathetically, like blossoms, or snow, or ash. At the same time, the smoke from my pipe rises like that from salt fires. It is vain to expect the smoke to bear my skin upward. I would like to compare the sound of turning pages with some natural effect, but none comes to mind.

A FEW days later, I am in a Boston whaler, off Nonesuch, at sunset, on the edge of the deep, watching shearwaters migrating from Tristan da Cunha to the Newfoundland Banks. They come singly, by and large, greaters mostly, with the odd Manx, ranging deviously down the wave troughs, as though searching for something. I fancy it is remembered fragments of their pasts. After all, they had come this way before. Perhaps they recall me from other springs, bobbing here, Jewish in bearing—that is, somewhat hunched—but younger, more slender, but no less full of wonder.

Like the acrobats, usually related, who form human pillars by standing upon one another’s shoulders, as we grow older, heavier, less agile, we take our place farther down until, at last, we are at the bottom, supporting the rest. There we totter about—a bit theatrically from time to time, I admit.

—GILBERT ROGIN

•

Buy ’em when they’re high and sell ’em when they’re low. This is sound advice, handed down through the years. It is attributed to Bernard M. Baruch. It has only one thing wrong with it. How do you know when a stock is “low” or “high”?—*From “How Not to Buy a Common Stock,” by Donald I. Rogers.*

There’s something else wrong with it, too, but we can’t figure what it is.

PERCY COLCLOUGH AND THE RELIGIOUS GIRLS

THIS is not my story at all. If not to Percy Colclough, then it belongs to my friend Tom Bevan, who told it to me in the taproom of an inn five miles out of Chichester on the A-286, the road to Midhurst, in Sussex. The name of the inn is the Horse and Groom, and it is about a hundred and fifty miles and thirty years away from the scene of the story Tom Bevan told me.

Tom had left school in 1935, when he was fourteen years old, and gone to work in the mines. Anyone could tell he'd once been a miner. He has the high, heavy shoulders that years of hacking and shovelling give to a man, particularly to one working in the South Wales pits, where there was never enough room to swing a pick properly. He also carries on his face a few of the thin, indelible-blue scars all miners wear.

He told me this story in his emphatic voice, his fanatical pale eyes fixed over my shoulder on the resurrection of his memories. I had never known Percy Colclough, but as soon as Tom Bevan began to speak I could see him plainly. He had started work on the same day, at the same age, and in the same Aberdare pit as Tom Bevan.

For four years they had worked near each other, Tom Bevan with his father and Percy Colclough with an older brother. Tom paraded before me the two young men, hard, spare, muscular. I saw them clearly; I knew the way their cheekbones shone after the ferocity of their evening shaves, I could see the extravagant care with which they brushed their hair, docile with hair cream.

Work was brutal and hours were long in the mines in the late thirties. Together, Percy and Tom would walk over the mountain to the pithead, and they'd stumble home together after eight hours of backbreaking toil, too tired to speak, too tired almost to go to bed.

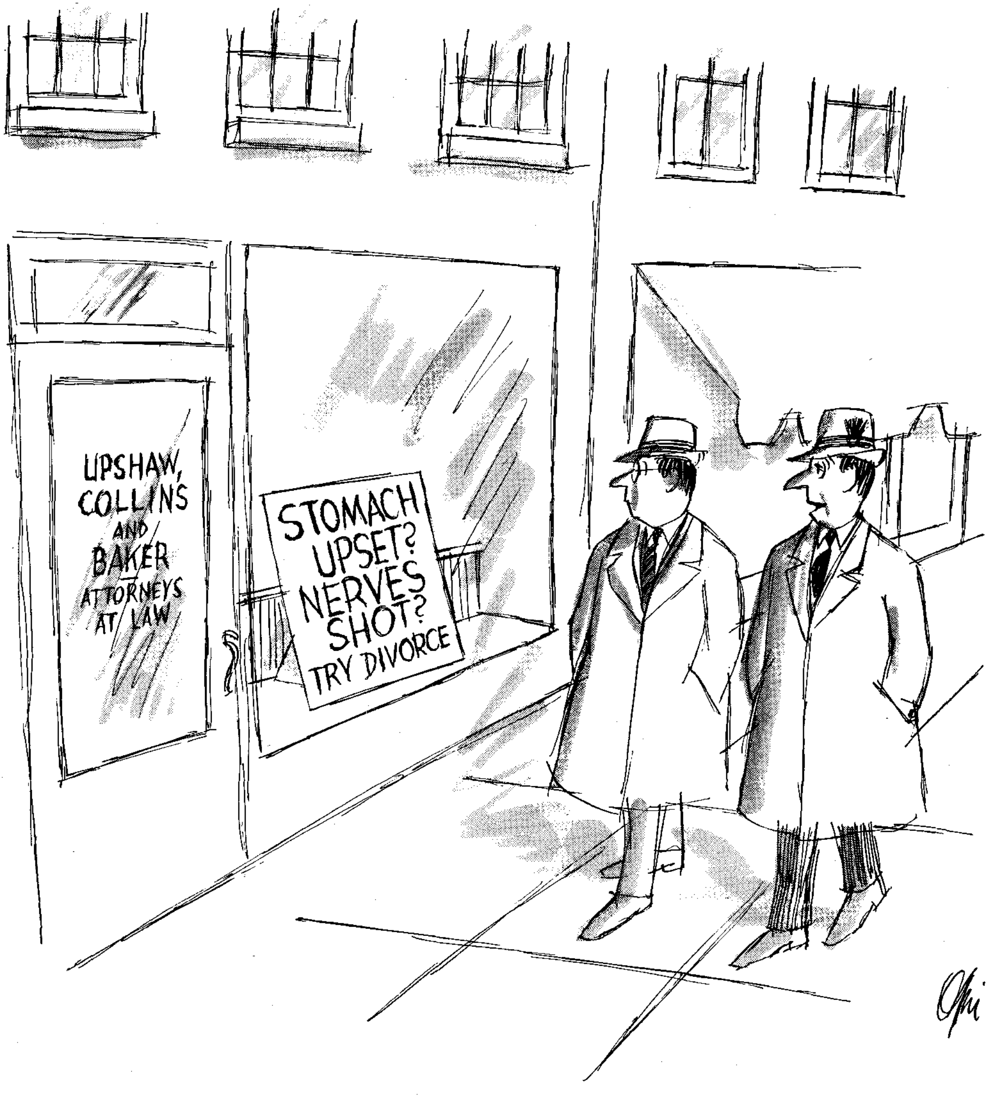
Their lives were extraordinarily narrow. From Monday morning until Friday night, they worked and ate and fell heavily to sleep, and all their pleasure would be packed into the brief weekend respite of Saturday and Sunday. Even this was an unadventurous leisure, almost ritualistic in its regularity: football, dancing, a visit to the cinema, drinking in the evening with one's friends. They never went farther from home than the dance hall at Pontypridd, eight miles down the valley. There they would gaze at young men from valleys four or five miles distant as if they came from the other end of the world.

Once a year, on a Saturday in August, they would go to Barry Island, or Porthcawl, or another South Wales coast town, in company with other miners, to a meeting of their trades union, the Miners' International Federation. I have a sepia image, as clear as if I myself had taken a photograph, of Tom and Percy, caught in midstep as they walk along the promenade, their white collars open, their jackets over their arms, the wide trousers then fashionable blown around their striding shins by a wind off the sea. That would have been a great journey for them—like a journey to Siberia, almost.

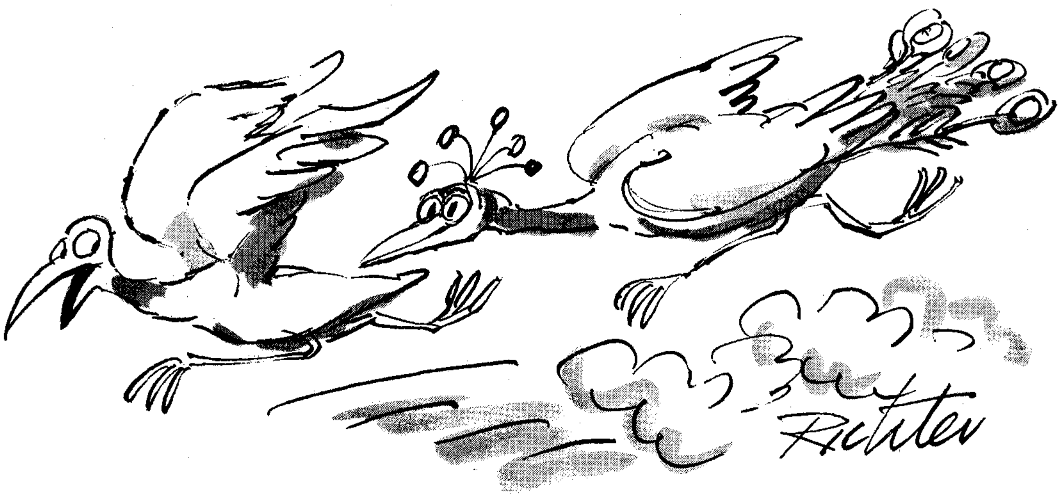
So it was enterprising of Tom when, on a Saturday morning in the cold spring of 1939, he walked breezily along to the railway station, its one platform empty in the pale-yellow sun, and bought a return ticket to Cardiff. Cardiff, twenty-four miles away, was the big city; in the evening, its lights warmed the sky with orange promises of the exotic as far north as Tom's village.

Tom went down on the nine-fifteen, walked like a famous dandy around the two main streets, looked at the expensive shops and the girls newly blooming in the sun, had lunch in Woolworth's, went to a football match, and was home by seven-thirty. This was living. He told nobody of his escape from the valley, not even Percy Colclough. And the next Saturday he went to Swansea.

This was a longer journey and lacked the intoxicating, headlong directness of Tom's first venture. There was, for example, a change of trains at Neath, and he had to wait for ten minutes in a cold rain that drifted inexorably over the nearby hills and settled, as if forever, on the whole of Wales. Then his carriage was full of comfortable families going shopping. On his trip to Cardiff, Tom had had a compartment to himself, so


UPSHAW, COLLINS AND BAKER ATTORNEYS AT LAW
STOMACH UPSET? NERVES SHOT? TRY DIVORCE

"It's always been my impression that they weren't supposed to advertise."



"Whoa, not so fast! What happened to the colorful courtship dance?"

that he could take two steps from window to window and miss nothing of the scenery on either side. He had sung loudly, in his resonant baritone, the popular songs of the day—"Begin the Beguine," "Blue Moon," "Stardust." But now he was forced to sit, silent in his steaming raincoat, between two plump women, pinned in by their elbows. He lost, gradually and hopelessly, the bold spirit of exploration with which he had begun the day.

He was depressed, and a little awed, by the iron magnitude of Swansea Station. As gray and wet as the rain outside, it glowered down at Tom, its metal noises ringing ominously through his head as he gave half of his ticket to the man at the gate.

Tom stepped cautiously out into the world. A huge square, as big as a village, stretched in front of him, its raucous traffic checked by an eloquent policeman on a dais. He was buffeted by people; the wind ripped at his slapping coat. It was all too much for Tom. He sidled along the pavement, his head down, searching for haven.

What he found was a small Italian café, squashed incongruously between the splendid buildings of more prosperous concerns. It was warmly shabby, its windows carried an array of advertisements for concerts and boxing matches, maroon paint peeled in strips from its door. With a sigh of relief, Tom stepped into its odorous darkness. A long counter stood along the far wall, the gleaming coffee machine, hissing to itself, at one end. Plates of sausage rolls, curling sandwiches, and doughnuts lay limply under glass covers. Behind the counter, a muttering, fat old man was just visible. You could order tea or coffee or Bovril or Horlick's. A little pot of crusted mustard stood on each of the four marble-topped tables. It was exactly like Carpanini's, in Aberdare. Tom was at home. He sat down in an upright and comfortless chair.

"I'll have a coffee," he said firmly, "if you don't mind."

"One coffee," said the fat old man. "Yes, sir."

"And a doughnut," said Tom.

"And a doughnut," said the old man. "Yes, sir."

The only customer in the safe dark of the café, Tom dozed away the remaining morning, his eyes half closed, like a cat. At one o'clock he took off his raincoat, hung it on a hook on the wall, and pondered over the menu the old man handed him. He liked its restraint and conservatism.

Pie and chips
Sausage and chips
Egg and bacon
Egg and chips
Sausage, egg, and chips
All with bread and butter and a cup of tea.

He read with approval.

"Sausage, egg, and chips," he said. "I like a good meal in the middle of the day."

"Yes, sir," said the old man. "Sausage, egg, and chips." He shuffled off to do the cooking.

Tom ate slowly, with conscious enjoyment. From time to time he glanced out the window, watching the rain stream down the glass through the advertisement for Typhoo Tea, seeing the hurrying wet figures of the passersby. He was very happy. He wished only that he had a daily paper, and when the old man, without a word, brought him a grimy copy of the *Express*, he was pleased but not surprised. Propping it against the sugar bowl, he read placidly, sipping his tea like a young man with time to spare.

WHEN the two girls came in, Tom lifted his cup to them in gentle courtesy and wished them a good afternoon. They were pink from hurrying, they shook out their wet coats with exclamations of relief and surprise, they smiled at Tom Bevan. One of them was tall, fair, and elegant. She moved like a colt.

"What a day," one of them said. "The usual, please, Algy."

"Egg and chips," said the old man. "Yes, Miss."

The girls sat two tables away from Tom Bevan, examining the contents of their parcels, chattering away as briskly as starlings. Tom looked at them with pleasure. He pushed away his paper and spoke to them.

"How do you girls like living in Swansea?" he said.

They stopped talking and considered.

"I've never lived anywhere else," said the tall, fair girl. "It's all right, though, living in Swansea. Very nice, really."

"I don't live in Swansea," the shorter, darker girl said. "I live in Dunvant, just outside. It's a village."

"We went to school together, didn't we, Elsie?" said the fair girl.

"And now we work together in an insurance office," said Elsie.

The old man came in, two plates held in front of him.

"Ooh! Thank you, Algy," said the girls together. "It looks lovely."

What nice girls, thought Tom Bevan, what pleasant manners. "I had sausage, egg, and chips," he said. "I believe in a good meal in the middle of the day."

"We've never had that," said Elsie, "although sometimes we have pie and chips. Mostly in the evening we have pie and chips, after the cinema. Don't we, Margaret?"

"That's right," Margaret replied. "In the evening." She looked up at Tom Bevan. "Where do you live?" she asked.

Tom Bevan told them. He told them about his journey to Cardiff; he told them of its glittering shops and its streets; he told them of the Taff River, black as oil, running through the heart of the town; he described the football match he'd seen. Then he told

FOUR POEMS

I

At the hour when the moon appears in its city
and the wide avenues slowly fill with its light,
then the night swells with bronze and sadness,
time the barbarian smashes the wax songs,

then the cuckoo counts her griefs on the stone tower
and the pale woman with the sickle steps down
through the dead, scattering straw on the board floor,
rolling huge spokes of shadow slowly across it.

II

How dark it gets along the Kama.
The cities kneel by the river on oaken knees.

Draped in cobwebs, beard with beard,
black firs and their reflections run back into their childhood.

The water leaned into fifty-two pairs of oars,
pushed them upstream, downstream, to Kazan and Cherdyn.

There I floated with a curtain across the window,
a curtain across the window, and the flame inside was my head.

And my wife was with me there five nights without sleeping,
five nights awake keeping an eye on the guards.

III

Now I lodge in the cabbage patches of the important.
A servant might come walking here out of an old song.
The factory winds work for nothing.
The road paved with brushwood runs into the distance.

At the edge of the steppe the plow has turned up night
bristling with a frost of tiny lights.
In the next room, in big boots,
the peeved landlord stomps and stomps

over the floor, the deck, the coffin lids
warped into crusts.
Not much sleep under strange roofs
with my life far away.

IV

Through Kiev, through the streets of the monster,
some wife's trying to find her husband.
One time we knew that wife,
the wax cheeks, dry eyes.

Gypsies won't tell fortunes for beauties.
Here the concert hall has forgotten the instruments.
Dead horses along the main street.
The morgue smells in the nice part of town.

The Red Army trundled its wounded
out of town on the last streetcar,
one blood-stained overcoat calling,
"Don't worry, we'll be back!"

—OSIP MANDELSTAM

(*Translated, from the Russian, by W. S. Merwin.*)

• •

them of his work in the mine, and they listened carefully, interrupting him now and then with flattering little gasps of amazement.

"It's a world of its own, down there," he said. "I've seen things down there that would make you laugh, yes, and make you weep, too."

"You must have," said Margaret with admiration. "We don't know how you colliers stick it as you do. Now, our work isn't exciting at all."

"Not exciting," agreed Elsie, "but we have some fun, you know, in the office."

The girls looked at each other, smiling, their eyes shining.

They took Tom Bevan into the small universe of their office, described the manager, the clerks, the other typists, told him of the little practical jokes that enriched the passing days.

"That Mr. James can be a pig sometimes," said Elsie, "but he can't help it. He has asthma."

"There's nothing worse," confirmed Tom Bevan, "than a bad chest."

He held the palm of his hand for a moment on his own shirtfront.

"Do you know," he began, "that two winters ago, I had bronchitis so badly I couldn't breathe? I had to sleep all night sitting upright in an armchair, the blankets wrapped around me."

The girls, full of sympathy, nodded softly to him.

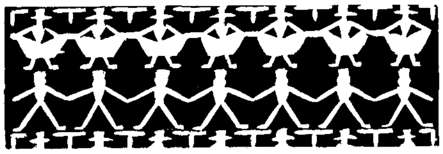
The afternoon sped by. Tom, preserving what he hoped would prove an interesting reserve, did not join the girls at their table, but he bought chocolate biscuits that they all three shared. He couldn't remember ever having met such attractive, sensible girls. He looked with satisfaction at their sophisticated clothes, their delicate shoes. There was no doubt that girls in the big towns knew how to behave.

When the girls got up to leave, Tom, springing to his feet to help them with their coats, felt keen disappointment. He handed them their parcels and moved to open the door for them.

"Goodbye," said Elsie. "It's been nice meeting you. I enjoyed our chat."

"Thank you," said Tom. "So did I."

"We might see you again," Margaret said. "We always have our lunch here on Saturdays."



"I'm often here myself," said Tom, with pardonable exaggeration. "I might see you next Saturday."

The girls stepped into the street, ducked their heads against the wind, and disappeared.

A glint of sun broke through the cluttered windows of the café. The rain had stopped. Tom took down his coat and shrugged himself into it. The world was warm and pleasurable. He said goodbye to the muttering old man, immobile behind the counter. "Nice little place you have here, Algy," said Tom. "Very nice little place."

The old man did not reply.

Outside, the streets had regained their normal proportions, the traffic was amiable and controlled. Tom strolled about for half an hour, returned to the station, caught a train, and departed for home. His carriage was empty, the late-afternoon light was golden, and Tom sang all the way to Aberdare.

ON Sunday morning, Tom went to church, meeting, as he usually did, the tall and elegant figure of Percy Colclough. Percy was a deeply serious young man, and attended church three times every Sunday. He was astonished to learn that Tom had been to Swansea, but, keeping the Sabbath for solemn matters, asked no questions.

The next morning, however, on the way to the pithead, he spoke out boldly.

"What's it like in Swansea, Tom?" he asked.

"Lovely," said Tom. "Fine. They've got a huge station and a very nice café there."

Percy Colclough laughed.

"It was raining," said Tom defensively, "and then I met these two charming girls."

Percy Colclough stopped laughing. "Two charming girls?" he said.

"Margaret and Elsie," confirmed Tom. "I'm meeting them again next Saturday. You can come along if you like."

Percy whistled pensively. "I might," he said. "I just might, at that."

All week long Percy found opportunities for nudging Tom with an elbow, for winking slowly at him.

"Saturday," he'd say. "Still all right for Saturday, Tom?"

"I'll see you at the station about half past nine," Tom would answer.

Tom was at the station early on Saturday. He had hurried through the holiday streets, bright with strengthening spring, but he knew that Percy Colclough would be there before him. He bought his ticket, moved through the barrier, and walked on to the platform. Tall, slim, his dark suit pressed and cleaned, Percy Colclough stood alone at the far end of the platform. He turned his head but gave no other sign of recognition. His black hat sat prim and straight on his head.

Tom hurried up to him, noting with approval the details of Percy's appearance—the glossy white shirt, the discreet small flower in his lapel, the shoes polished like mirrors. Under Percy's arm was a Bible.

"Good morning, Percy," said Tom, "and a lovely morning for our little escapade."

"Good morning, Tom," said Percy. "I think we may enjoy ourselves today."

Together the two young men stared down the track in the direction from which the train would come.

A heavy silence deepened until Tom could stand it no longer.

"For God's sake, Percy," he said hoarsely. "Why the Bible? Why the Bible, Percy?"

Percy Colclough stepped nearer. He looked with extreme care up and down the deserted platform. He lowered his voice, as if in fear that the heathen wind of April would lift his salacious words and scatter them broadcast over listening Aberdare.

"I was thinking," he said, like a convict, out of the side of his mouth. "Well, tomorrow being Sunday . . . and if these girls were any good . . . you know . . . we might stop over until tomorrow."

When Tom Bevan told me that, in the Horse and Groom, I couldn't stop laughing.

"And did you," I asked, "did you stop over?"

"No," said Tom Bevan. "Of course we didn't. Those were two very nice respectable girls. Went to church every Sunday, the same as we did."

Tom Bevan is a schoolteacher now. He lives in Hampshire, only a dozen miles from me. I rang him up to tell him I'd written this story, and he laughed.

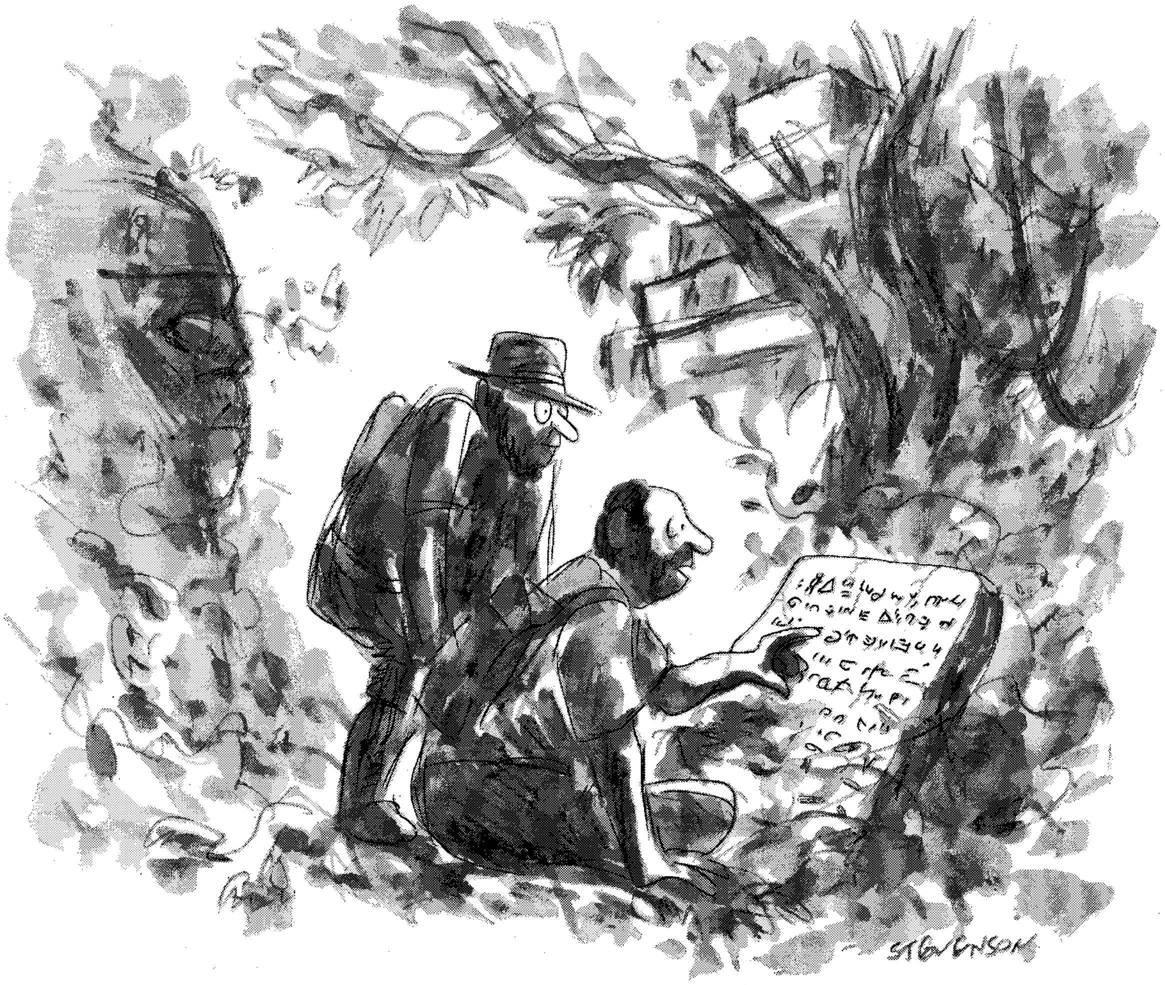
"It's all true," he said. "Every word of it. And I'll tell you something else. Although he was so religious himself, when Percy Colclough found out that those two girls were also religious he was white with anger. He was angry for weeks, not speaking to me for over a month. And I never heard him say a good word about Swansea after that."

—Leslie Norris

•

Reagan ran unsuccessfully for the Republican presidential nomination in 1968 and close political friends are urging him to do so again in 1976.—*Washington Post.*

Every man should have close political friends.

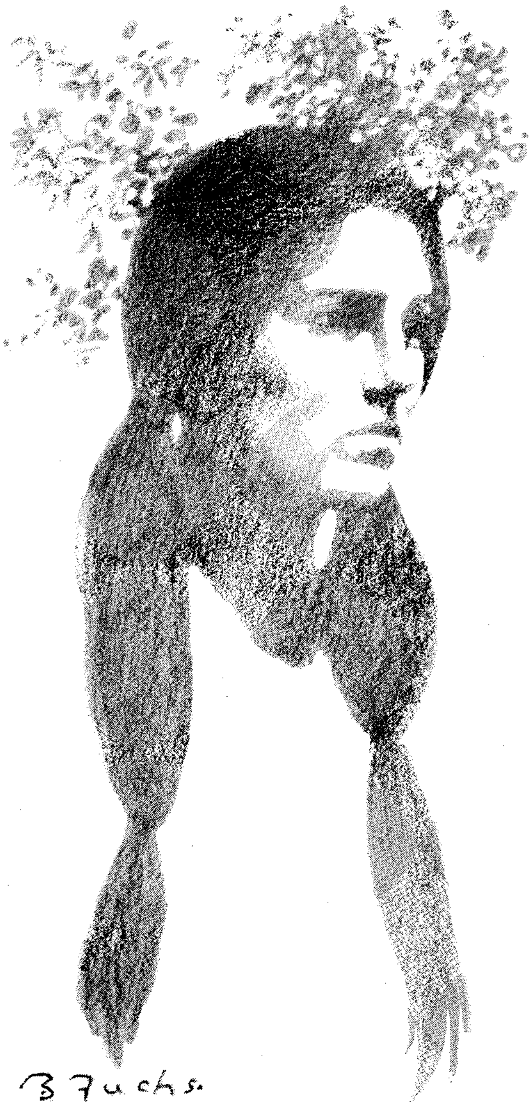


"It's a prophetic tablet. It predicts that someday people will come from the North, steal all the sculpture, and sell it for big money."

• •

PROFILES

TRAVELS IN GEORGIA



Carol Ruckdeschel

I ASKED for the gorp. Carol passed it to me. Breakfast had been heavy with cathead biscuits, sausage, boiled eggs, Familia, and chicory coffee, but that was an hour ago and I was again hungry. Sam said, "The little Yankee bastard wants the gorp, Carol. Shall we give him some?" Sam's voice was as soft as sphagnum, with inflections of piedmont Georgia.

"The little Yankee bastard can have all he wants this morning," Carol said. "It's such a beautiful day."

Although Sam was working for the state, he was driving his own Chevrolet. He was doing seventy. In a reverberation of rubber, he crossed Hunger and Hardship Creek and headed into the sun on the Swainsboro Road. I took a ration of gorp—soybeans, sunflower seeds, oats, pretzels, Wheat Chex, raisins, and kelp—and poured another ration into Carol's hand. At just about that moment, a snapping turtle was hit on the road a couple of miles ahead of us, who knows by what sort of vehicle, a car, a pickup; run over like a manhole cover, probably with much the same sound, and not crushed, but gravely wounded. It remained still. It appeared to be dead on the road.

Sam, as we approached, was the first to see it. "D.O.R.," he said. "Man, that is a big snapper." Carol and I both sat forward. Sam pressed hard on the brakes. Even so, he was going fifty when he passed the turtle.

Carol said, "He's not dead. He didn't look dead."

Sam reversed. He drove backward rapidly, fast as the car would go. He stopped on the shoulder, and we all got out. There was a pond beyond the turtle. The big, broad head was shining with blood, but there was, as yet, very little blood on the road. The big jaws struck as we came near, opened and closed bloodily—not the kind of strike that, minutes ago, could have cut off a finger, but still a strike with power. The turtle was about fourteen inches long and a shining horn-brown. The bright spots on its marginal scutes were like light bulbs around a mirror. The neck lunged out. Carol urged the turtle, with her foot, toward the side of the road. "I know, big man," she said to it. "I know it's bad. We're not tormenting you. Honest we're not." Sam asked her if she thought it had a chance to live and she said she was sure it had no chance at all. A car, coming west, braked down and stopped. The driver got out, with some effort and a big paunch. He looked at the turtle and said, "Fifty years old if he's a day." That was the whole of what the man had to say. He got into his car and drove on. Carol nudged the snapper, but it was too hurt to move. It could only strike the air. Now, in a screech of brakes, another car came onto the scene. It went by us, then spun around with squealing tires and pulled up on the far shoulder. It was a two-tone, high-speed, dome-lighted Ford, and in it was the sheriff of Laurens County. He got out and walked toward us, all Technicolor in his uniform, legs striped like a pine-barrens tree frog's, plastic plate on his chest, name of Wade.

"Good morning," Sam said to him.

"How y'all?" said Sheriff Wade.

Carol said, "Would you mind shooting this turtle for us, please?"

"Surely, Ma'am," said the sheriff, and he drew his .38. He extended his arm and took aim.

"Uh, Sheriff," I said. "If you don't mind . . ." And I asked him if he would kindly shoot the turtle over soil and not over concrete. The sheriff paused and looked slowly, with new interest, from one of us to another: a woman in her twenties, good-looking, with long tawny hair, no accent (that he could hear), barefoot, and wearing a gray sweatshirt and brown dungarees with a hunting knife in the belt; a man (Sam) around forty, in weathered khaki, also without an accent, and with a full black beard divided by a short white patch at the chin—an authentic, natural split beard; and then this incongruous little Yankee bastard telling him not to shoot the road. Carol picked up the turtle by its long, serrated tail and carried it, underside toward her leg, beyond the shoulder of the highway, where she set it down on a patch of grass. The sheriff followed with his .38. He again took aim. He steadied the muzzle of the pistol twelve inches from the turtle. He fired, and missed. The gun made an absurdly light sound, like a screen door shutting. He fired again. He missed. He fired again. The third shot killed the turtle. The pistol smoked. The sheriff blew the smoke away, and smiled, apparently at himself. He shook his head a little. "He should be good," he said, with a nod at the turtle. The sheriff crossed the road and got into his car. "Y'all be careful," he said. With a great screech of tires, he wheeled around and headed on west.

Carol guessed that the turtle was about ten years old. By the tail, she carried it down to the edge of the pond, like a heavy suitcase with a broken strap. Sam fetched plastic bags from the car. I found a long two-by-ten plank and carried it to the edge of the water. Carol placed the snapper upside down on the plank. Kneeling, she unsheathed her hunting knife and began, in a practiced and professional way, to slice around the crescents in the plastron, until the flesh of the legs—in thick steaks of red meat—came free. Her knife was very sharp. She put the steaks into a plastic bag. All the while, she talked to the dead turtle, soothingly, reassuringly, nurse to patient, doctor to child, and when she reached in under the plastron and found an ovary, she shifted genders with a grunt of surprise. She pulled out some globate yellow fat and tossed it into the pond. Hundreds of mosquito fish came darting through the water, sank their teeth, shook their heads, worried the fat. Carol began to remove eggs from the turtle's body. The eggs were like ping-pong balls in size, shape, and color, and how they all fitted into the turtle was more than I could comprehend, for there were fifty-six of them in there, fully finished, and a number that had not quite taken their ultimate form. "Look at those eggs. Aren't they beautiful?" Carol said. "Oh, that's sad. You were just about to do your thing, weren't you, girl?" That was why the snapper had gone out of the pond and up onto the road. She was going to bury her eggs in some place she knew, perhaps drawn by an atavistic attachment to the place where she herself had hatched out and where many generations of her forebears had been born when there was no road at all. The turtle twitched. Its neck moved. Its nerves were still working, though its life was gone. The nails on the ends of the claws were each an inch long. The turtle draped one of these talons over one of Carol's fingers. Carol withdrew more fat and threw a huge hunk into the pond. "Wouldn't it be fun to analyze *that* for pesticides?" she said. "You're fat as a pig, Mama. You sure lived high off the hog." Finishing the job—it took forty minutes—Carol found frog bones in the turtle. She put more red meat into plastic sacks and divided the eggs. She kept half for us to eat. With her knife she carefully buried the remaining eggs, twenty-eight or so, in a sandbank, much as the mother turtle might have been doing at just that time. Carol picked away some leeches from between her fingers. The leeches had come off the turtle's shell. She tied the sacks and said, "All right. That's all we can say grace over. Let's send her back whence she came." Picking up the inedible parts—plastron, carapace, neck, claws—she heaved them into the pond. They hit with a slap and sank without bubbles.

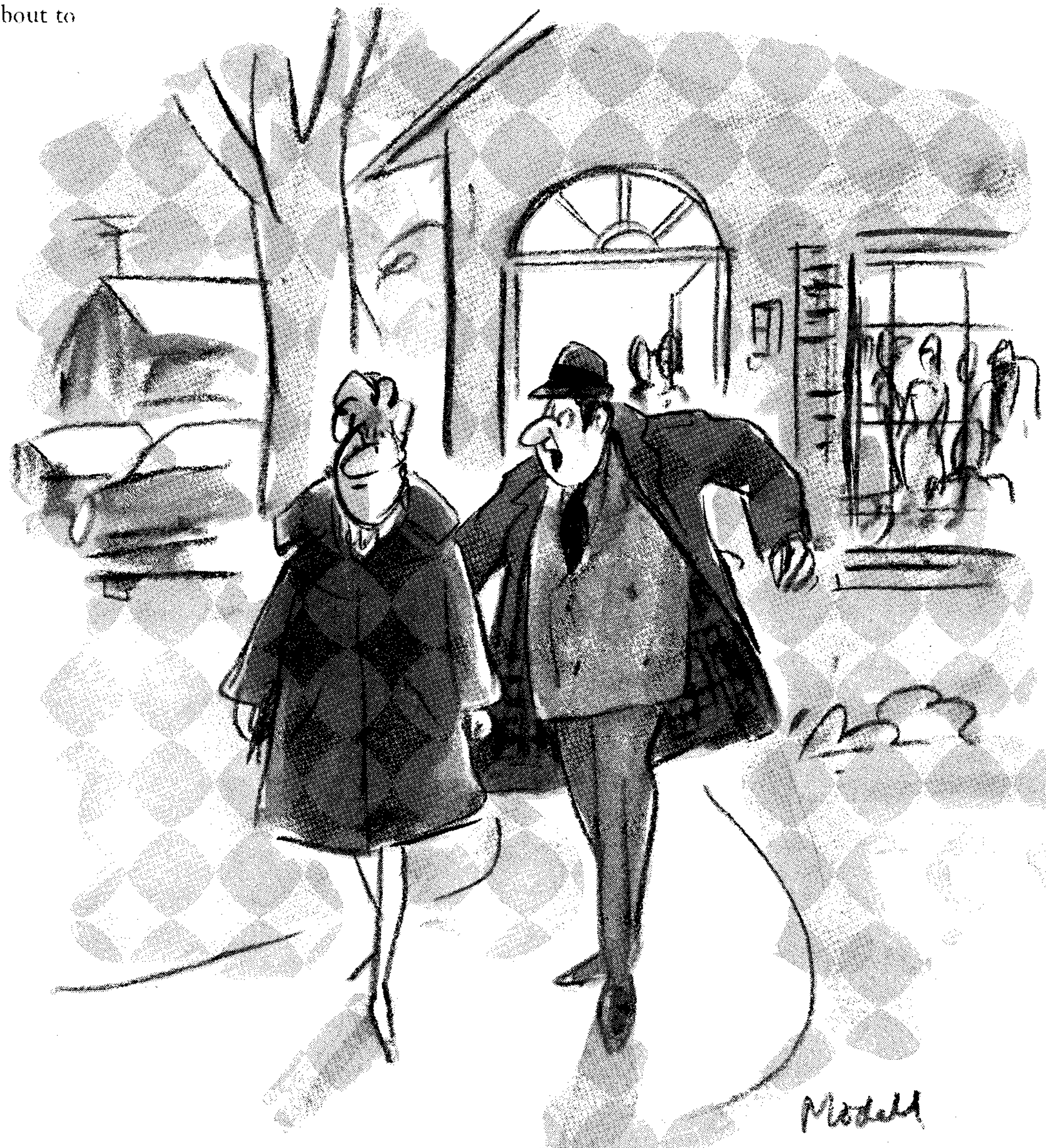
As we moved east, pine trees kept giving us messages—small, hand-painted signs nailed into the loblollies. "HAVE YOU WHAT IT TAKES TO MEET JESUS WHEN HE RETURNS?" Sam said he was certain he did not. "JESUS WILL NEVER FAIL YOU." City limits, Adrian, Georgia. Swainsboro, Georgia. Portal, Georgia. Towns on the long, straight roads of the coastal plain. White-painted, tin-roofed bungalows. Awnings shading the fronts of stores—prepared for heat and glare. Red earth. Sand roads. Houses on short stilts. Sloping verandas. Unpainted boards.

"D.O.R.," said Carol.

"What do you suppose that was?"

"I don't know. I didn't see. It could have been a squirrel."

Sam backed up to the D.O.R. It was a brown thrasher. Carol looked it over, and felt it. Sam picked it up. "Throw him far off the road," Carol said. "So a possum won't get killed while eating him." Sam threw the bird far off the road. A stop for a D.O.R. always brought the landscape into detailed focus. Pitch coming out of a pine. Clustered sows behind a fence. An automobile wrapped in vines. A mailbox. "Donald Foskey." His home. Beyond the mailbox, a set of cinder blocks, and on the cinder blocks a mobile home. As Sam regathered speed, Carol turned on the radio and moved the dial. If she could find some Johnny Cash, it would elevate her day. Some Johnny Cash was not hard to find in the airwaves of Georgia. There he was now, resonant-



"And when I make a self-deprecating remark, I would appreciate it if you would not join in so fast with 'You can say that again!'"

ly singing about his Mississippi Delta land, where, on a sharecropping farm, he grew up. Carol smiled and closed her eyes. In her ears—pierced ears—were gold maple leaves that seemed to move under the influence of the music.

"D.O.R. possum," Sam said, stopping again. "Two! A grown one and a baby." They had been killed probably ten minutes before. Carol carried the adult to the side of the road and left it there. She kept the baby. He was seven inches long. He was half tail. Although dead, he seemed virtually undamaged. We moved on. Carol had a clipboard she used for making occasional notes and sketches. She put the little possum on the clipboard and rested the clipboard on her knees. "Oh, you sweet little angel. How could anybody run over *you*?" she said. "Oh, I just love possums. I've raised so many of them. This is a great age. They are the neatest little animals. They love you so much. They crawl on your shoulder and hang in your hair. How people can dislike them I don't understand." Carol reached into the back seat and put the little opossum into a container of formaldehyde. After a while, she said, "What mystifies me is: that big possum back there was a male."

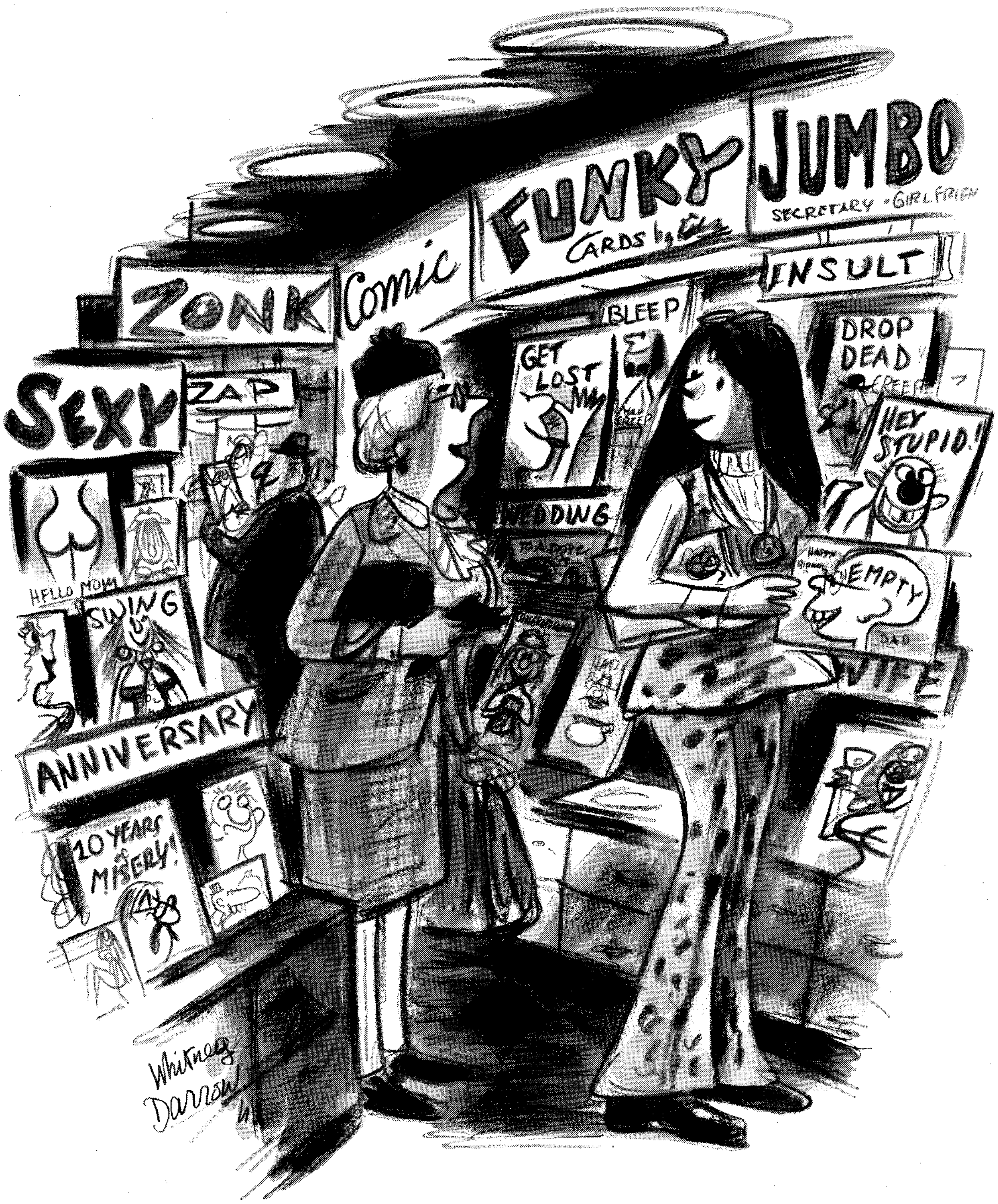
Bethel Primitive Baptist Church. Old Canoochee Primitive Baptist Church. "THE CHURCH HAS NO INDULGENCES." A town every ten miles, a church—so it seemed—every two. Carol said she frequently slept in church graveyards. They were, for one thing, quiet, and, for another, private. Graham Memorial Church of the Nazarene.

Sam and Carol both sat forward at the same moment, alert, excited. "D.O.R. Wow! That was something special. It had a long yellow belly and brown fur or feathers! Hurry, Sam. It's a good one." Sam backed up at forty miles an hour and strained the Chevrolet.

"What is it? What is it?"

"It's a piece of bark. Fell off a pulpwood truck."

The approach to Pembroke was made with a sense of infiltration—Pembroke, seat of Bryan County. "Remember, now, we're interested in frogs," Sam said, and we went up the steps of Bryan County Courthouse. "We understand there is a stream-channelization project going on near here. Could you tell us where? We're collecting frogs." It is hard to say what the clerks in the courthouse thought of this group—the spokesman with the black-and-white beard, the shoeless young woman, and their silent companion. They looked at us—they in their pumps and print dresses—from the other side of a distance. The last thing they might have imagined was that two of the three of us were representing the state government in Atlanta. The clerks did not know where the channelization was going on but they knew who might—a woman in town who knew everything. We went to see her. A chicken ran out of her house when she opened the screen door. No, she was not sure just where we should go, but try a man named Miller in Lanier. He'd know. He knew everything. Lanier was five miles down the track—literally so. The Seaboard



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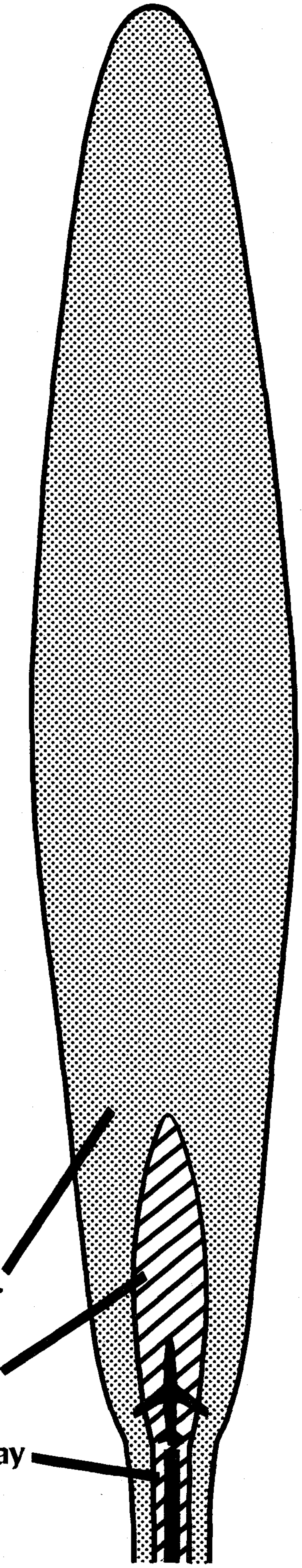
Takeoff noise pattern of older four-engine jets.
Takeoff noise pattern of the L-1011.
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Coast Line ran beside the road. Miller was a thickset man with unbelievably long, sharp fingernails, a driver of oil trucks. It seemed wonderful that he could get his hands around the wheel without cutting himself, that he could deliver oil without cutting the hose. He said, "Do you mind my asking why you're interested in stream channelization?"

"We're interested in frogs," Sam said. "Snakes and frogs. We thought the project might be stirring some up."

Miller said, "I don't mind the frog, but I want no part of the snake."

His directions were perfect—through pine forests, a right, two lefts, to where a dirt road crossed a tributary of the Ogeechee. A wooden bridge there had been replaced by a culvert. The stream now flowed through big pipes in the culvert. Upriver, far as the eye could see, a riparian swath had been cut by chain saws. Back from the banks, about fifty feet on each side, the overstory and the understory—every tree, bush, and sapling—had been cut down. The river was under revision. It had been freed of meanders. It was now two yards wide between vertical six-foot banks; and it was now as straight as a ditch. It had, in fact, become a ditch—in it a stream of thin mud, flowing. An immense yellow machine, slowly backing upstream, had in effect eaten this river. It was at work now, grunting and belching, two hundred yards from the culvert. We tried to walk toward it along the bank but sank to our shins in black ooze. The stumps of the cut trees were all but covered with mud from the bottom of the river. We crossed the ditch. The dredged mud was somewhat firmer on the other side. Sam and I walked there. Carol waded upcurrent in the stream. The machine was an American dragline crane. The word "American" stood out on its cab in letters more than a foot high. Its boom reached up a hundred feet. Its bucket took six-foot bites. As we approached, the bucket kept eating the riverbed, then swinging up and out of the channel and disgorging tons of mud to either side. Carol began to take pictures. She took more and more pictures as she waded on upstream. When she was fifty feet away from the dragline, its engine coughed down and stopped. The sudden serenity was oddly disturbing. The operator stepped out of the cab and onto the catwalk. One hand on the flank of his crane, he inclined his head somewhat forward and stared down at Carol. He was a stocky man with an open shirt and an open face, deeply tanned. He said, "Howdy."

"Howdy," said Carol.

"You're taking some pictures," he said.

"I sure am. I'm taking some pictures. I'm interested in the range extension of river frogs, and the places they live. I bet you turn up some interesting things."

"I see some frogs," the man said. "I see lots of frogs."

"You sure know what you're doing with that machine," Carol said. The man shifted his weight. "That's a *big* thing," she went on. "How much does it weigh?"

"Eighty-two tons."

"Eighty-two *tons*?"

"Eighty-two tons."

"Wow! How far can you dig in one day?"

"Five hundred feet."

"A mile every ten days," Sam said, shaking his head with awe.

"Sometimes I do better than that."

"You live around here?"

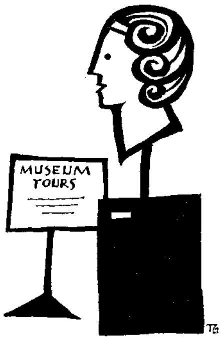
"No. My home's near Baxley. I go where I'm sent. All over the state."

"Well, sorry. Didn't mean to interrupt you."

"Not 't all. Take all the pictures you want."

"Thanks. What did you say your name was?"

"Chap," he said. "Chap Causey."



We walked around the dragline, went upstream a short way, and sat down on the trunk of a large oak, felled by the chain saws, to eat our lunch—sardines, chocolate, crackers, and wine. Causey at work was the entertainment, pulling his levers, swinging his bucket, having at the stream.

If he had been at first wary, he no doubt had had experience that made him so. All over the United States, but particularly in the Southeast, his occupation had become a raw issue. He was working for the Soil Conservation Service, a subdivision of the United States Department of Agriculture, making a "water-resource channel improvement"—generally known as stream channelization, or reaming a river. Behind his dragline, despite the clear-cutting of the riverine trees, was a free-flowing natural stream, descending toward the Ogeechee in bends and eddies, riffles and deeps—in appearance somewhere

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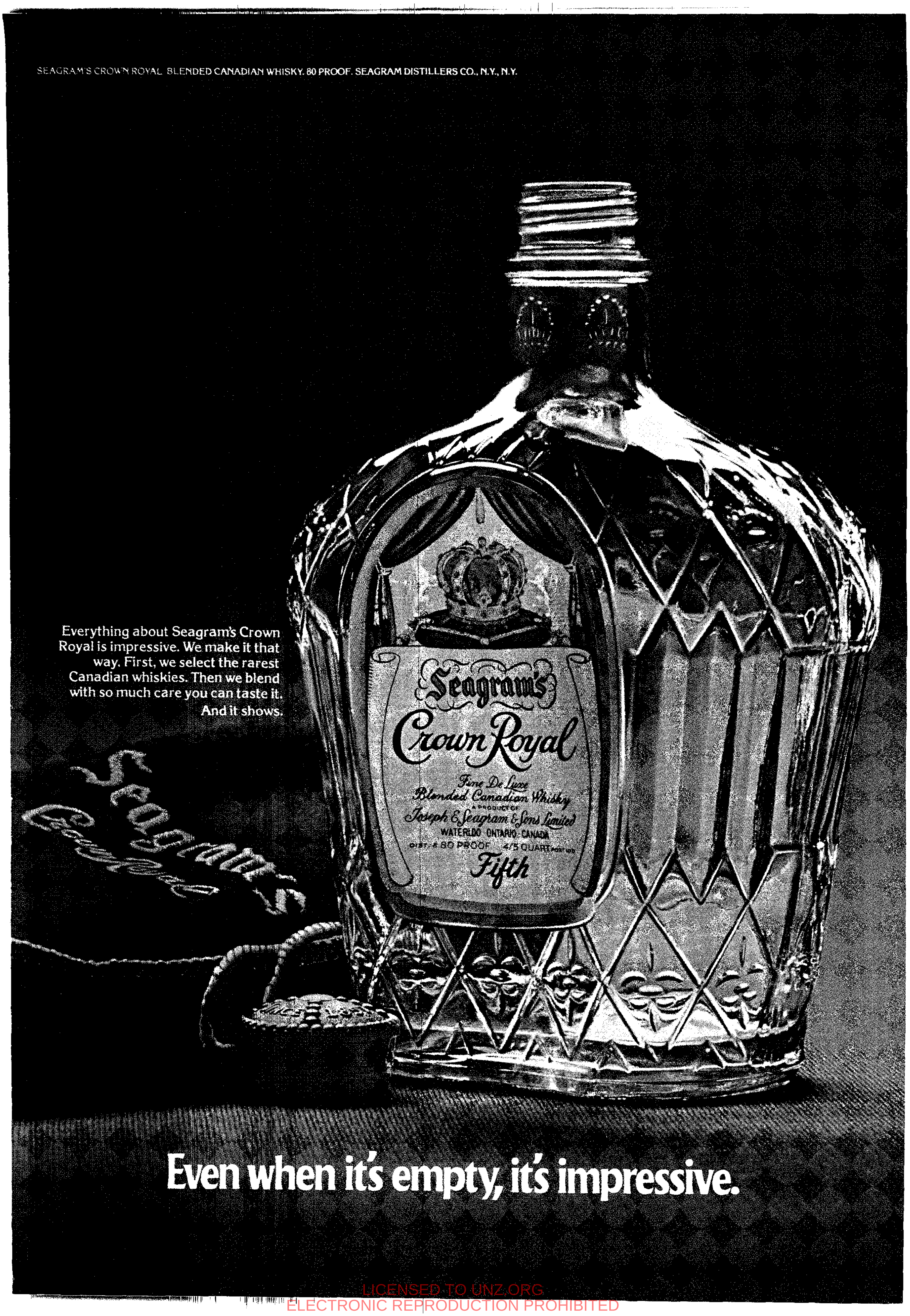
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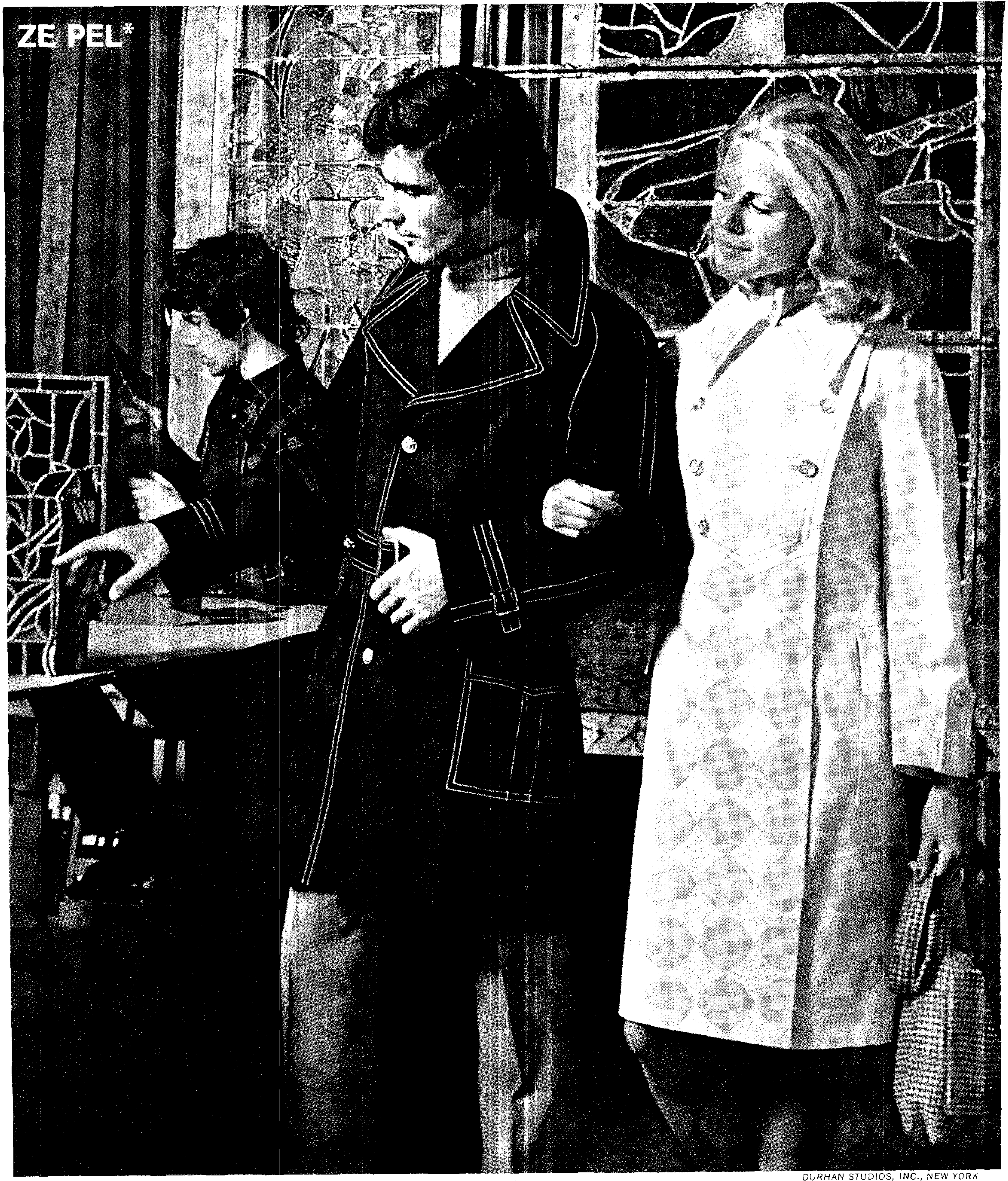

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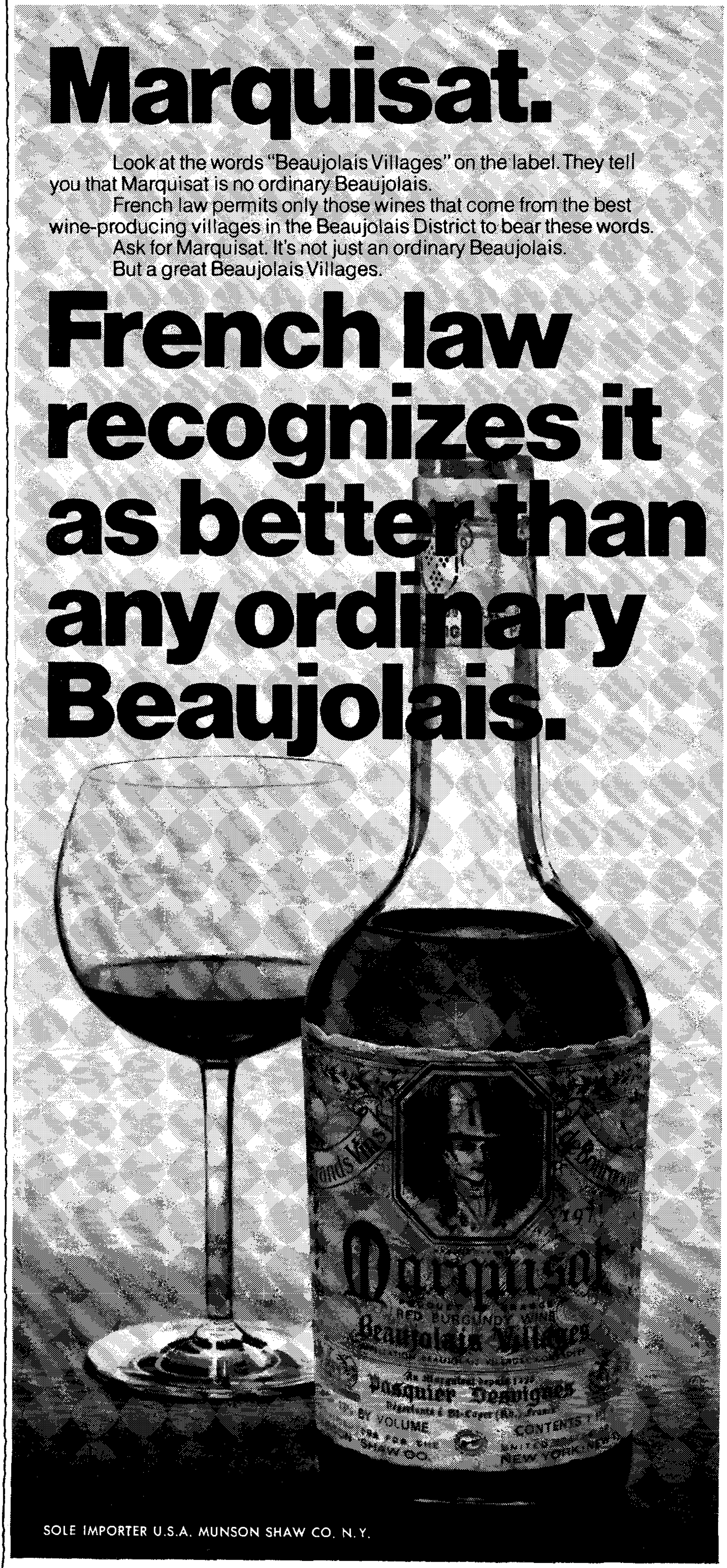
between a trout stream and a bass river, and still handsomely so, even though it was shaved and ready for its operation. At the dragline, the recognizable river disappeared, and below the big machine was a kind of reverse irrigation ditch, engineered to remove water rapidly from the immediate watershed. "How could anyone even conceive of this idea?" Sam said. "Not just to do it, but even to *conceive* of it?"

The purpose of such projects was to anticipate and eliminate floods, to drain swamps, to increase cropland, to channel water toward freshly created reservoirs serving and attracting new industries and new housing developments. Water sports would flourish on the new reservoirs, hatchery fish would proliferate below the surface: new pulsations in the life of the rural South. The Soil Conservation Service was annually spending about fifteen million dollars on stream-channelization projects, providing, among other things, newly arable land to farmers who already had land in the Soil Bank. The Department of Agriculture could not do enough for the Southern farmer, whose only problem was bookkeeping. He got money for keeping his front forty idle. His bottomland went up in value when the swamps were drained, and then more money came for not farming the drained land. Years earlier, when a conservationist had been someone who plowed land along natural contours, the Soil Conservation Service had been the epicenter of the conservation movement, decorated for its victories over erosion of the land. Now, to a new generation that had discovered ecology, the S.C.S. was the enemy. Its drainage programs tampered with river mechanics, upsetting the relationships between bass and otter, frog and owl. The Soil Conservation Service had grown over the years into a bureau of fifteen thousand people, and all the way down at the working point, the cutting edge of things, was Chap Causey, in the cab of his American dragline, hearing nothing but the pounding of his big Jimmy diesel while he eliminated a river, eradicated a swamp.

After heaving up a half-dozen buckets of mud, Causey moved backward several feet. The broad steel shoes of the crane were resting on oak beams that were bound together in pairs with cables. There were twelve beams in all. Collectively, they were called "mats." Under the crane, they made a temporary bridge over the river. As Causey moved backward and off the front pair



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of beams, he would reach down out of the sky with a hook from his boom and snare a loop of the cable that held the beams. He snatched them up—they weighed at least half a ton—and whipped them around to the back. The beams dropped perfectly into place, adding a yard to Causey's platform on the upstream side. Near the tree line beyond one bank, he had a fuel tank large enough to bury under a gas station, and every so often he would reach out with his hook and his hundred-foot arm and, without groping, lift the tank and move it on in the direction he was going. With his levers, his cables, his bucket, and hook, he handled his mats and his tank and his hunks of the riverbed as if he were dribbling a basketball through his legs and behind his back. He was deft. He was world class. "I bet he could put on a baby's diapers with that thing," Sam said.

Carol said, "See that three-foot stump? I sure would like to see him pull *that* out." She gestured toward the rooted remains of a tree that must have stood, a week earlier, a hundred and fifty feet high. Causey, out of the corner of his eye, must have seen the gesture. Perhaps he just read her mind. He was much aware that he was being watched, and now he reached around behind him, grabbed the stump in his bucket, and ripped it out of the earth like a molar. He set it at Carol's feet. It towered over her.

After a modest interval, a few more buckets of streambed, Causey shut off the dragline and stopped for an adulation break. Carol told him he was fabulous. And she meant it. He was. She asked him what the name of the stream was. He said, "To tell you the truth, Ma'am, I don't rightly know."

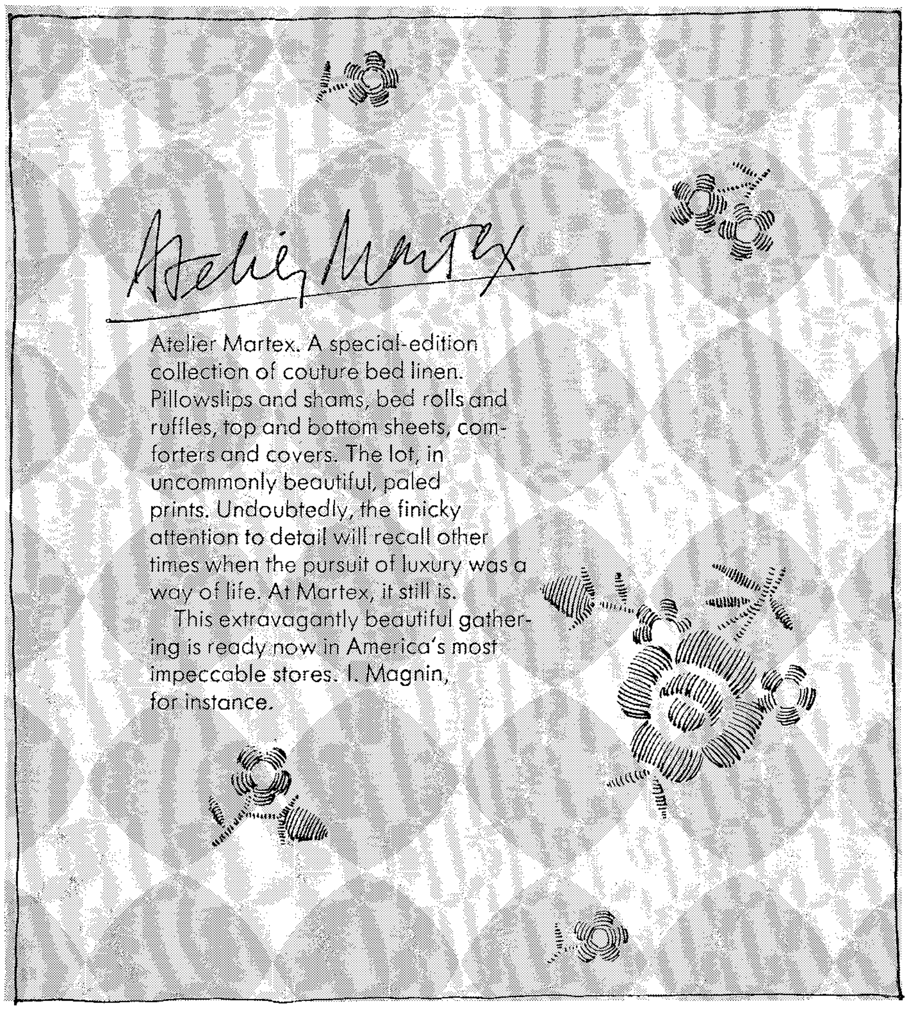
CAROL said, "Do you see many snakes?"

"Oh, yes, I see lots of snakes," Causey said, and he looked at her carefully.

"What kinds of snakes?"

"Moccasins, mainly. They climb up here on the mats. They don't run. They never run. They're not afraid. I got a canoe paddle in the cab there. I kill them with the paddle. One day, I killed thirty-five moccasins. People come along sometimes, like you, visitors, come up here curious to see the digging, and they see the dead snakes lying on the mats, and they freeze. They refuse to move. They refuse to walk back where they came from."

If Causey was trying to frighten Carol, to impress her by frightening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This extravagantly beautiful gathering is ready now in America's most impeccable stores. I. Magnin, for instance.

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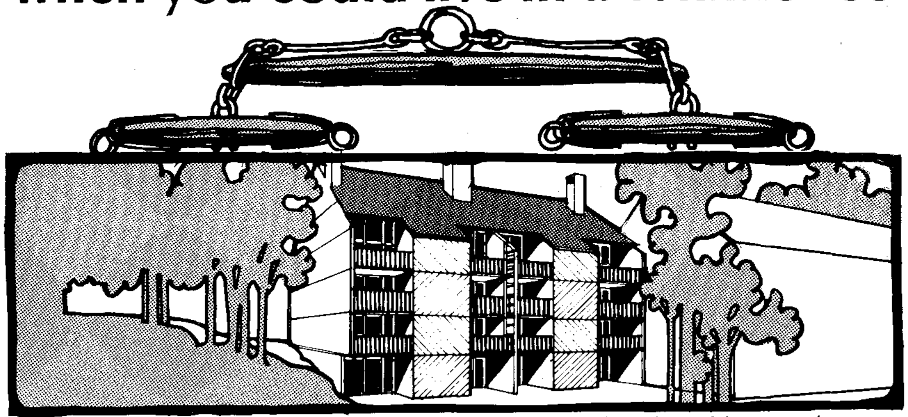

Whiffletree dwellers in Killington East are in for a lot of good living and great skiing at a very special place. These new condominium units are being built in the prime area of the Killington Center and golf course — just ½ mile from the ski lifts, with a spectacular view of the surrounding Killington Basin.

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Alcoa will pay as much as $200 a ton to any community reclamation center for all the used aluminum cans they can collect. We'll pay it because aluminum is a practical packaging material to recycle.

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her, he had picked the wrong person. He might have sent a shot or two of adrenalin through me, but not through Carol. I once saw her reach into a semi-submerged hollow stump in a man-made lake where she knew a water snake lived, and she had felt around in there, underwater, with her hands on the coils of the snake, trying to figure out which end was the front. Standing thigh-deep in the water, she was wearing a two-piece bathing suit. Her appearance did not suggest old Roger Conant on a field trip. She was trim and supple and tan from a life in the open. Her hair, in a ponytail, had fallen across one shoulder, while her hands, down inside the stump, kept moving slowly, gently along the body of the snake. This snake was her friend, she said, and she wanted Sam and me to see him. "Easy there, fellow, it's only Carol. I sure wish I could find your head. Here we go. We're coming to the end. Oh, damn. I've got his tail." There was nothing to do but turn around. She felt her way all four feet to the other end. "At last," she said. "How are you, old fellow?" And she lifted her arms up out of the water. In them was something like a piece of television cable moving with great vigor. She held on tight and carried her friend out of the lake and onto the shore.

At Carol's house, Sam and I one night slept in sleeping bags on the floor of her study beside Zebra, her rattlesnake. He was an eastern diamondback, and he had light lines, parallel, on his dark face. He was young and less than three feet long. He lived among rocks and leaves in a big glass jar. "As a pet, he's ideal," Carol told us. "I've never had a diamondback like him before. Anytime you get uptight about anything, just look at him. He just sits there. He's so great. He doesn't complain. He just waits. It's as if he's saying, 'I've got all the time in the world. I'll outwait you, you son of a bitch.' "

"He shows you what patience is," Sam said. "He's like a deer. Deer will wait two hours before they move into a field to eat."

In Carol's kitchen was the skin of a mature diamondback, about six feet long, that Sam and Carol had eaten in southwest Georgia, roasting him on a stick like a big hot dog, beside the Muckalee Creek. The snake, when they came upon him, had just been hit and was still alive. The men who had mortally wounded the snake were standing over it, watching it die. A dump truck full of gravel was coming toward the scene, and Carol, imagin-

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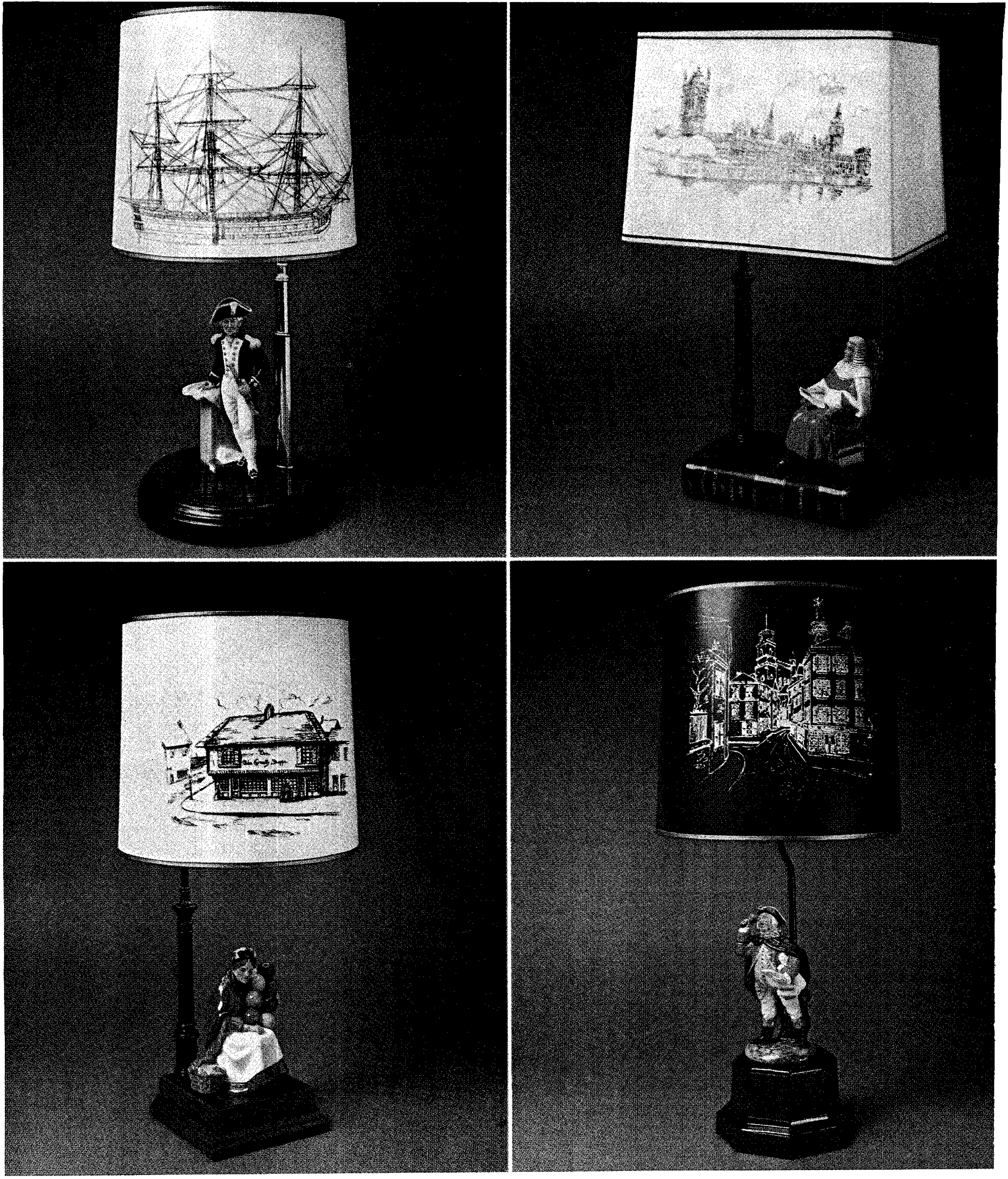

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For the name of the Royal Doulton Figurine Lamp dealer nearest you, write Royal Doulton, 400 Paterson Plank Road, Carlstadt, New Jersey 07072.

Royal Doulton Figurine Lamps

Also available are The Balloon Man, $95; A Good Catch, $95; The Lobster Man, $95; Peter Rabbit, $35; and Jemima Puddleduck, $35.

ing the truck running over and crushing the diamondback, ran up to the men standing over it and said, "Do you want it?" Surprised, they said no. "No, *Ma'am!*" So she picked up the stricken snake, carried it off the road and back to the car, where she coiled it on the floor between her feet. "Later, in a gas station, we didn't worry about leaving the car unlocked. Oh, that was funny. We do have some fun. We ate him that night."

"What did he taste like?" I asked her.

"Taste like? You know, like rattlesnake. Maybe a cross between a chicken and a squirrel."

Carol's house, in Atlanta, consisted of four small rooms, each about ten feet square—kitchen, study, storage room, bedroom. They were divided by walls of tongue-and-groove boards, nailed horizontally onto the studs. A bathroom and vestibule were more or less stuck onto one side of the building. She lived alone there. An oak with a three-foot bole stood over the house like an umbrella and was so close to it that it virtually blocked the front door. An old refrigerator sat on the stoop. Around it were the skulls of a porpoise, a horse, a cow, and a pig. White columns adorned the façade. They were made of two-inch iron pipe. Paint peeled from the clapboard. The front yard was hard red clay, and it had some vestigial grasses in it (someone having once tried a lawn) that had not been mowed for possibly a decade. Carol had set out some tomatoes among the weeds. The house stood on fairly steep ground that sloped through woods to a creek. The basement was completely above grade at the rear, and a door there led into a dim room where Carol's red-tailed hawk lived. He was high in one corner, standing on a pipe. I had never been in the immediate presence of a red-tailed hawk, and at sight of him I was not sure whether to run or to kneel. At any rate, I could not have taken one step nearer. He was two feet tall. His look was incendiary. Slowly, angrily, he lifted and spread his wings, reached out a yard and a half. His talons could have hooked tuna. His name was Big Man. His spread-winged posture revealed all there was to know about him: his beauty—the snowy chest, the rufous tail; his power; his affliction. One of his wings was broken. Carol had brought him back from near death. Now she walked over to him and stood by him and stroked his chest. "Come on, Big Man," she said. "It's not so bad. Come on, Big Man." Slowly,

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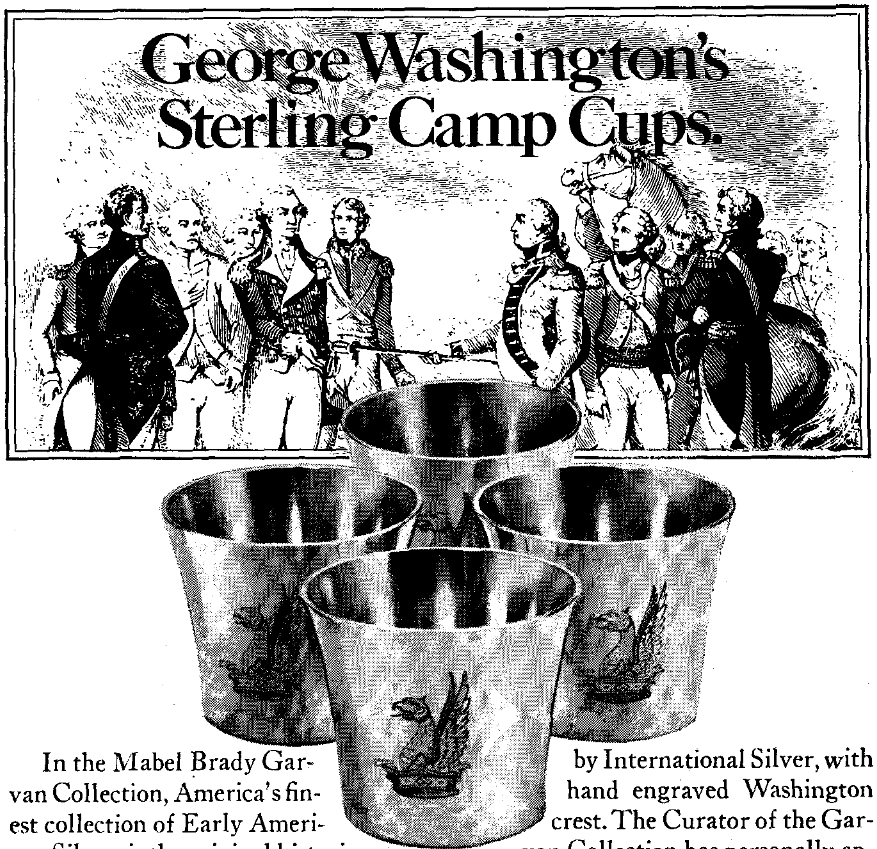

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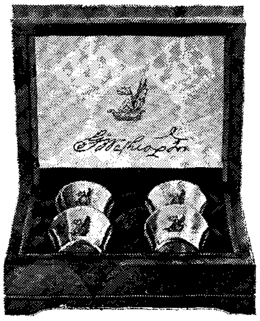

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ever so slowly—over a period of a minute or two—the wide wings came down, folded together, while Carol stroked his chest. Fear departed, but nothing much changed in his eyes.

"What will he ever do?" I asked her.

She said, "Nothing, I guess. Just be someone's friend."

Outside the basement door was a covered pen that housed a rooster and a seagull. The rooster had been on his way to Colonel Sanders' when he fell off a truck and broke a drumstick. Someone called Carol, as people often do, and she took the rooster into her care. He was hard of moving, but she had hopes for him. He was so new there he did not even have a name. The seagull, on the other hand, had been with her for years. He had one wing. She had picked him up on a beach three hundred miles away. His name was Garbage Belly.

Carol had about fifteen ecosystems going on at once in her twenty-by-twenty house. In the study, a colony of dermestid beetles was eating flesh off the pelvis of an alligator. The beetles lived in a big can that had once held forty pounds of mincemeat. Dermestids clean bones. They do thorough work. They all but simonize the bones. Carol had obtained her original colony from the Smithsonian Institution. One of her vaulting ambitions was to be able to identify on sight any bone that she happened to pick up. Also in the can were the skulls of a water turkey, a possum, and a coon.

The beetles ate and were eaten. Carol reached into the colony, pulled out a beetle, and gave it to her black-widow spider. The black widow lived in a commercial mayonnaise jar. Carol had found her in the basement while cleaning it up for Big Man. The spider's egg was getting ready to hatch, and when it did thousands like her would emerge into the jar. Efficiently, the black widow encased the beetle in filament gauze that flowed from her spinnerets.

Carol then fed dermestids to her turtles. She had three galvanized tubs full of cooters and sliders, under a sunlamp. "They need sun, you know. Vitamin D." She fed dermestids to her spotted salamander, and to her gray tree frog. Yellow spots, polka dots, on black, the salamander's coloring was so simple and contrasting that he appeared to be a knickknack from a gift shop, a salamander made in Japan. The tree frog lived in a giant brandy snifter, furnished with rocks and dry leaves. With his latex body and his webbed and gummy oversize hands, he could walk right up the inside of his brandy snifter, even after its shape began to tilt him backward, then lay a mitt over the rim and haul himself after and walk down the outside. He could walk straight up a wall; and he did that, while digesting his beetle. He had been with Carol three years. He was a star there in her house. No mayonnaise jar for him. He had the brandy snifter. It was all his and would be as long as he lived.

Notebooks were open on Carol's desk, a heavy, kneehole desk, covered with pens, Magic Markers, brushes, pencils, drawing materials. The notebooks had spiral bindings and were, in part, diaries.

17 April. Okefenokee. Caught two banded water snakes, one skink....

18 April. To King's Landing. Set three line traps baited with peanut butter, caught a rather small moccasin AGKISTRODON coming from under shed. Put out ninety-five set hooks baited with pork liner. To gator hole. Tried to use shocker, after putting up seines across exit. No luck!

19 April. D.O.R. *Natrix rigida*, glossy water snake; *Farancia abacura*, mud snake; *Elaphe guttata guttata*, corn snake....

21 April. S.W. Georgia. D.O.R. vulture, ½ mi. E. Leary, Hwy 62, Calhoun County. Fresh. Possum D.O.R. nearby....

The notebooks were also, in part, ledgers of her general interests.

Dissolve mouse in nitric acid and put him through spectrophotometer—can tell every element.

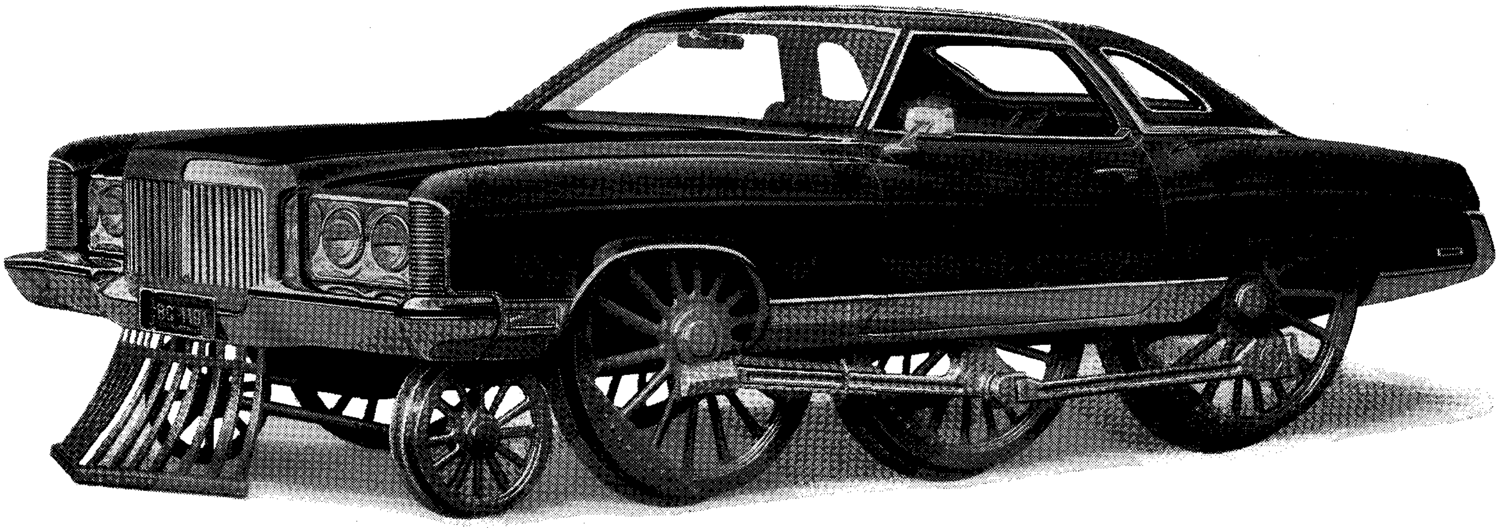
A starving snake can gain weight on water.

Gray whales are born with their bellies up and weigh a ton, and when they are grown they swim five thousand miles to breed in shallow lagoons and eat sand and stand on their tails and gravity-feed on pelagic crabs.

And the notebooks were, in part, filled with maps and sketches. Making a drawing of something—a mermaid weed, the hind foot of an opossum, the egg case of a spotted salamander, a cutaway of a deer's heart—was her way of printing it into her memory. The maps implied stories. They were of places too specific—too eccentric, wild, and minute—to show up as much of anything on other maps, including a topographical quadrangle. They were of places that Carol wanted to remember and, frequently enough, to find again.

12 May. Caught *Natrix erythrogaster flavigaster*, red-bellied water snake 9:30 A.M. Saw quite a large gator at 9:35. Ten feet. Swarm of honeybees 25 feet up cypress at edge of creek. Large—six-foot—gray rat snake in oak tree over

Somewhere on the road to a perfect steel belted radial, most tire companies took a wrong turn.



They started out to build the perfect tire. A tire made with steel.

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And by the time they were finished, their tough, indestructible steel belted radials were about as quiet and soft-riding as a locomotive.

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And the more strands used in a cord, the more flexible the steel.

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In addition, every single CN-75 is completely X-ray inspected.

Because if even the slightest thing is wrong with a steel belted radial, the effect it could have on your car will be more than slight.

Most steel belted radials will give you the strength and protection of steel.

But the kind of ride you get depends on which steel belted radial you buy.

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water. *Elaphe obsoleta spiloides.* Tried unsuccessfully to knock it into canoe. Finally climbed tree but snake had gone into hole in limb. . . .

26 June. Sleep on nest where loggerhead laid eggs Cumberland Island, to protect eggs from feral hogs. Return later find that hog has eaten eggs. Shoot hog. . . .

27 August. Oconee River. Saw *Natrix* wrestling with a catfish in water. *Natrix* was trying to pull fish out on bank. Snake about 2½ feet. Fish 8 inches. Snake finally won. Didn't have heart to collect snake as he was so proud of fish and wouldn't let go even when touched. Camped by railroad bridge. Many trains. Found catfish on set hook, smoked him for supper. . . .

The rods of the vertebrate eye provide scotopic vision—sight in dim light. Nocturnal animals that also go out in daylight need slit eyes to protect the rods. Crocodiles. Seals. Rattlesnakes. Cottonmouths.

13 June. North Georgia. Oh, most glorious night. The fireflies are truly in competition with the stars! At the tops of the ridges it is impossible to tell them apart. As of old, I wished for a human companion. On the banks of a road, a round worm was glowing, giving off light. What a wonderful thing it is. It allows us to see in the darkness.

Above the desk, tacked to a wall, was the skin of a bobcat—D.O.R. two miles west of Baxley, Highway 341. "I was excited out of my mind when we found him," Carol said. "He was the best D.O.R. ever. It was late afternoon. January. He was stiff, but less than a day old. Bobcats move mostly at night. He was unbloody, three feet long, and weighed twenty-one pounds. I was amazed how small his testicles were. I skinned him here at home. I tanned his hide—salt, alum, then neat's-foot oil. He had a thigh like a goat's—so big, so much beautiful meat. I boiled him. He tasted good—you know, the wild taste. Strong. But not as strong as a strong coon."

Zebra lifted his head, flashed his fangs, and yawned a pink yawn. This was the first time in at least a day that Zebra had moved. Carol said the yawn meant he was hungry. Zebra had had his most recent meal seven weeks before. Carol went over to the gerbil bin to select a meal for Zebra. "Snakes just don't eat that much," she said, shaking her head in dismay over the exploding population of gerbils. She tossed one to a cat. She picked up another one, a small one, for Zebra. "Zebra eats every month or two," she went on. "That's all he needs. He doesn't do anything. He just sits there." She lifted the lid of Zebra's jar and dropped the gerbil inside. The gerbil stood still, among the dry leaves, looking. Zebra did not move. "I'm going to let him go soon. He's been a

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The patented winding crown: It screws down onto the case to form as firm a seal as the submarine hatch after which it was patterned.

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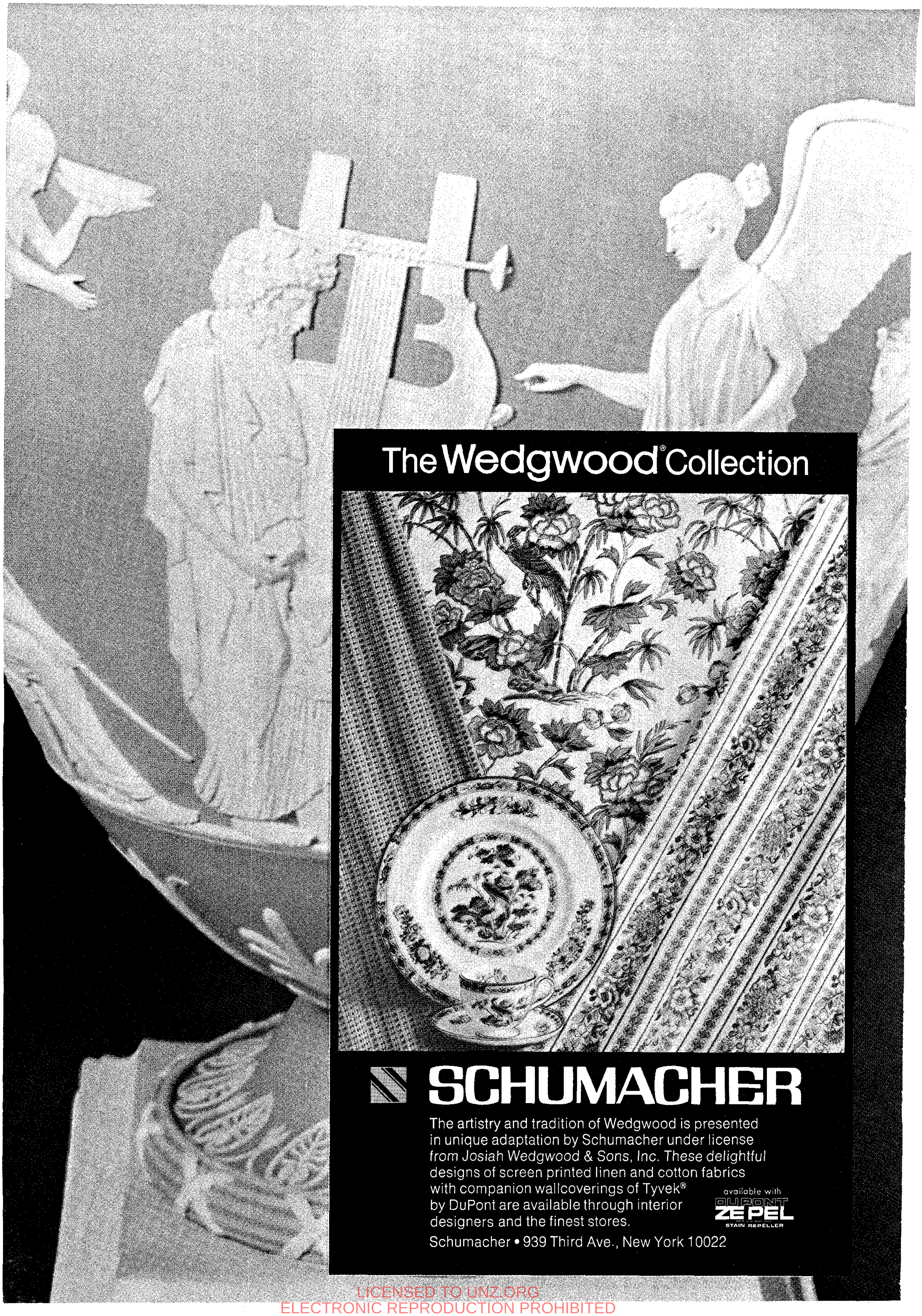

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good friend. He really has. You sometimes forget they're deadly, you know. I've had my hand down inside the jar, cleaning it out, and suddenly realized, with cold sweat, that he's poisonous. Ordinarily, when you see a rattlesnake you are on guard immediately. But with him in the house all the time I tend to forget how deadly he is. The younger the snake, the more concentrated the venom."

The gerbil began to walk around the bottom of the big glass jar. Zebra, whose body was arranged in a loose coil, gave no sign that he was aware of the gerbil's presence. Under a leaf, over a rock, sniffing, the gerbil explored the periphery of Zebra's domain. Eventually, the gerbil stepped up onto Zebra's back. Still Zebra did not move. Zebra had been known to refuse a meal, and perhaps that would happen now. The gerbil walked along the snake's back, stepped down, and continued along the boundary of the base of the jar, still exploring. Another leaf, another stone, the strike came when the gerbil was perhaps eight inches from Zebra's head. The strike was so fast, the strike and the recovery, that it could not really be followed by the eye. Zebra lanced across the distance, hit the gerbil in the heart, and, all in the same instant, was back where he had started, same loose coil, head resting just where it had been resting before. The gerbil took three steps forward and fell dead, so dead it did not even quiver, tail out straight behind.

Sam had once told me how clumsy he thought rattlesnakes were, advising me never to walk through a palmetto stand third in a line, because a rattlesnake, said Sam, takes aim at the first person, strikes at the second, and hits the third. After watching Zebra, though, I decided to go tenth in line, if at all. Carol seemed thoughtful. "I've had copperheads," she said. "But I'm not really that much on snakes. I'm always worrying that someday I'll come home and find the jar turned over and several dead cats lying around on the floor." That night, on the floor in my sleeping bag, I began to doze off and then imagined rolling over and knocking Zebra out of his jar. The same thought came to me when I started to doze off again. I spent most of the night with my chin in my hands, watching him through the glass.

There was a baby hawk in a box in the kitchen, and early in the morning he began to scream. Nothing was going to quiet him except food. Carol got up, took a rabbit out of the refrigerator, and cut it up with a pair of scissors. It

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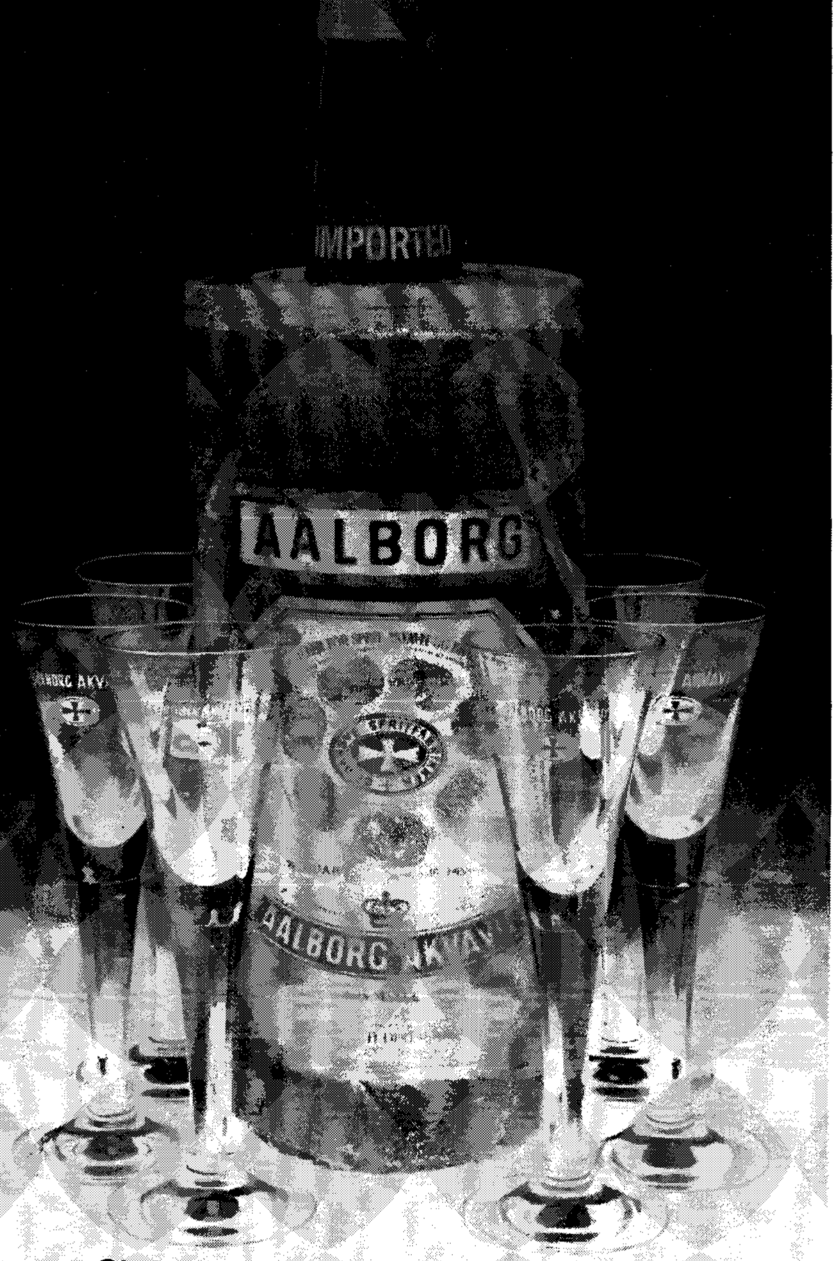

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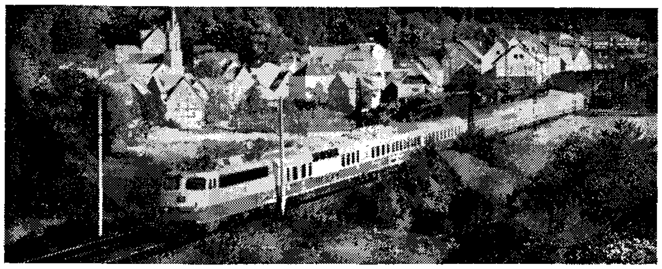

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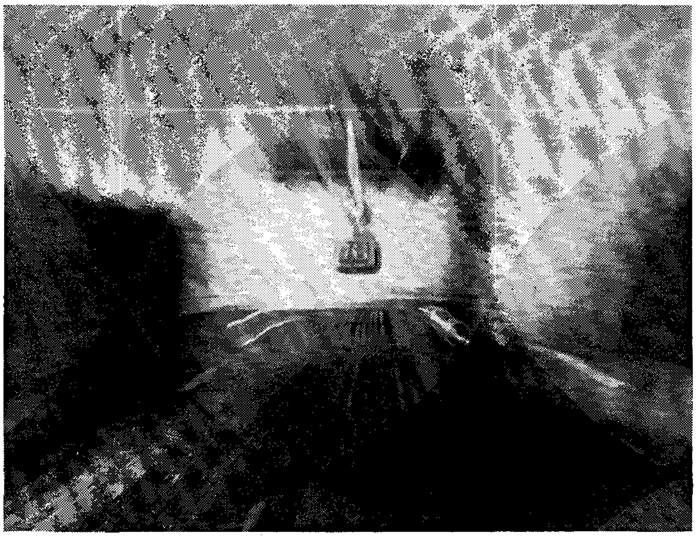
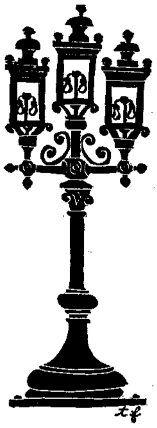


had been a rabbit D.O.R. The rabbit was twice the size of the hawk, but the hawk ate most of the rabbit. There followed silence, bought and paid for. In the freezer, Carol had frogs' legs, trout, bream, nighthawk, possum, squirrel, quail, turtle, and what she called trash fish. The trash fish were for Garbage Belly. The destiny of the other items was indistinct. They were for the consumption of the various occupants of the house, the whole food chain—bird, amphibian, beast and beetle, reptile, arachnid, man. A sign over the kitchen sink said "EAT MORE POSSUM," black on Chinese red.

In the bedroom was a deerskin. "I saw blood on the trail," Carol said. "I knew a deer wouldn't go uphill shot, so I went down. I found it. It wasn't a spike buck, it was a slickhead. It had been poached. I poached it from the poacher." On the walls were watercolors and oils she had done of natural scenes, and three blown-up photographs of Johnny Cash. A half-finished papier-mâché head of Johnny Cash was in her bedroom as well, and other pieces of her sculpture, including "Earth Stars," a relief of mushrooms. Carol looked reverently at the photographs and said that whenever she had had depressing and difficult times she had turned to Johnny Cash, to the reassurances in the timbre of his voice, to the philosophy in his lyrics, to his approach to life. She said he had more than once pulled her through.



Carol grew up in Rochester, New York, until she was twelve, after that in Atlanta. Her father, Earl Ruckdeschel, worked for Eastman Kodak and managed the Atlanta processing plant. She was an only child. Animals were *non grata* at home, so she went to them. "You have to turn to something. There was a lot of comfort out there in those woods. Wild creatures were my brothers and sisters. That is why I'm more interested in mammals than anything else. They're warm-blooded. Fish are cold-blooded. You can't snuggle up with a fish." Her parents mortally feared snakes, but she never did. Her father once made her a snake stick. Her mother told her, many times a month and year, that it was not ladylike to be interested in snakes and toads. Carol went to Northside High in Atlanta. After high school, for five years, she worked at odd jobs—she fixed car radios, she wandered. Then she went to Georgia State University, studied biology, and married a biologist there. He was an authority on river swamps, an ecologist—a tall, prognathous, slow-speaking scientific man. His subspecialty was cottonmouths. He had found an island in the Gulf that had a cottonmouth under every palmetto, and he lived for a time among them. He weighed and measured them one by one. He was a lot older than Carol. She had taken his course in vertebrate zoology. The marriage did not really come apart. It evaporated. Carol kept going on field trips with him, and she stayed on at Georgia State as a biological researcher. The little house she moved into could not have been better: low rent, no class, high privacy, woods, a creek. And it was all her own. A cemetery was across the street. She could sleep there if she wanted to get out of the house. On Mother's Day, or whenever else she needed flowers, she collected bouquets from among the graves. From time to time, she wandered away. She had a white pickup truck and a German shepherd. His name was Catfish, and he was "all mouth and no brains." Carol and Catfish slept on a bale of hay in the back of the truck, and they went all over, from the mountains to the sea. They fished in the mountains, hunted in the sand hills, set traps in the Okefenokee Swamp. She began collecting specimens for the Georgia State University research collection. Most she found dead on the road. Occasionally, she brought new specimens into the collection, filling in gaps, but mainly she replenished exhausted supplies—worn-out pelts and skulls. There was always a need. An animal's skin has a better chance against a Goodyear tire than it does against the paws of a college student. She had no exclusive specialty. She wanted to do everything. Any plant or creature, dead or alive, attracted her eye.

She volunteered, as well, for service with the Georgia Natural Areas Council, a small office of the state government that had been established to take an inventory of wild places in Georgia worth preserving, proclaiming, and defending. While she travelled around Georgia picking up usable D.O.R.s for the university, she appraised the landscape for the state, detouring now and again into river swamps to check the range of frogs. Sam Candler, who also worked for the Natural Areas Council, generally went with her. Rarely, they flew in his plane. For the most part, they were on the

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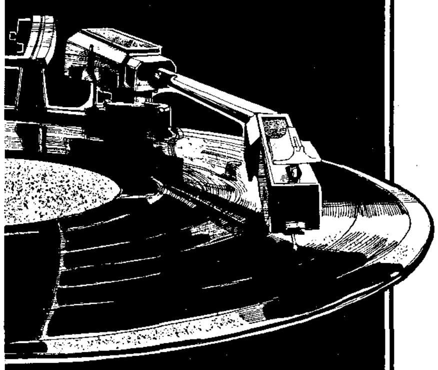

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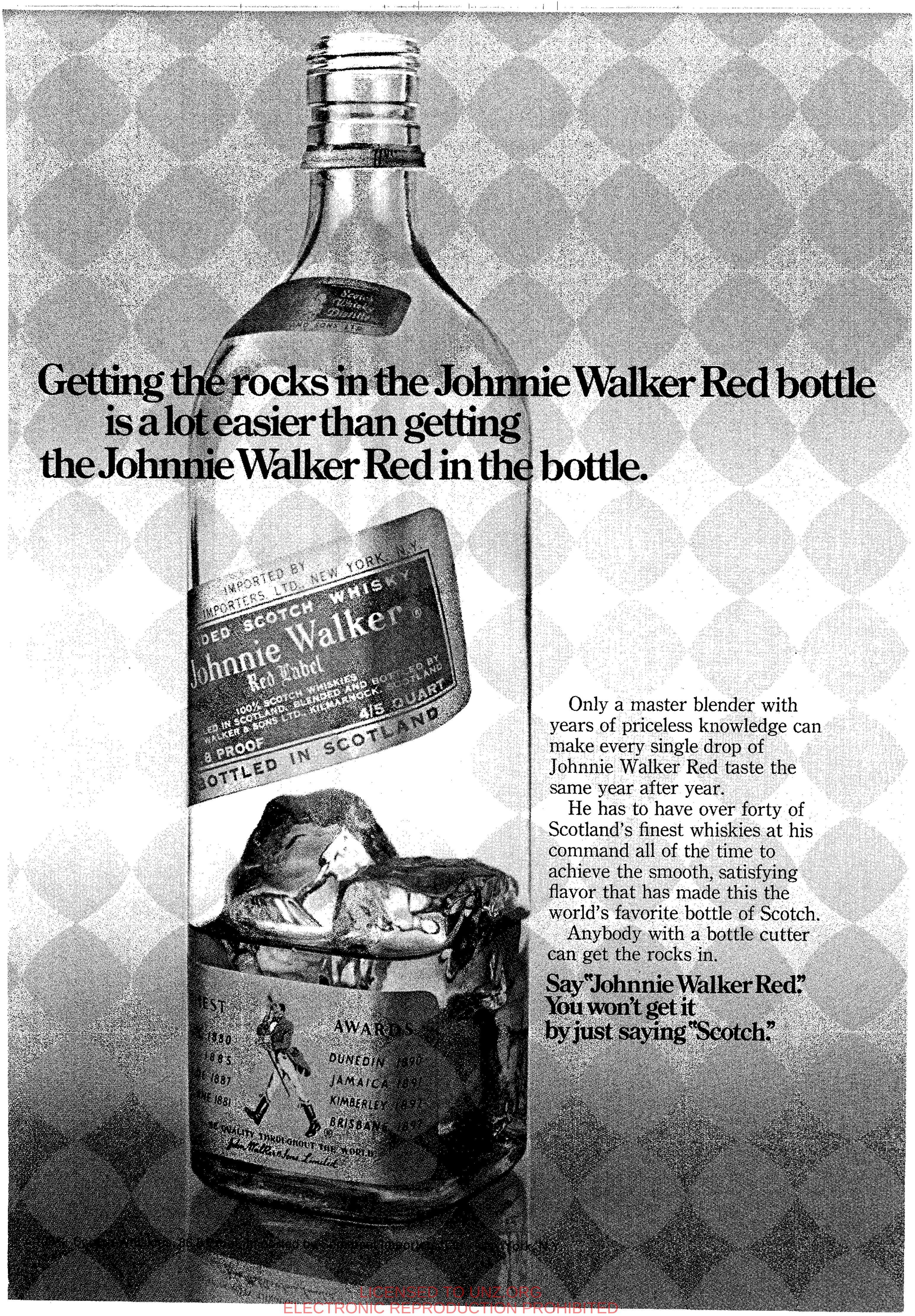
road. Sam had a farm in Coweta County. He had also spent much of his life in the seclusion of Cumberland Island, off the Georgia coast. He was a great-grandson of the pharmacist who developed and at one time wholly owned the Coca-Cola Company, so he could have been a rampant lion in social Atlanta, but he would have preferred to wade blindfolded through an alligator swamp with chunks of horsemeat trussed to his legs. He wanted to live, as he put it, "close to the earth." He knew wilderness, he had been in it so much, and his own outlook on the world seemed to have been formed and directed by his observations of the creatures that ranged in wild places, some human, some not. Sam had no formal zoological or ecological training. What he brought to his work was mainly a sense of what he wanted for the region where he had lived his life. He had grown up around Atlanta, had gone to Druid Hills Grammar School and to Emory University and on into the Air Force. He had lived ever since on the island and the farm. His wife and their four children seemed to share with him a lack of interest in urban events. The Natural Areas Council had been effective. It had the weight of the government behind it. Georgia was as advanced in this respect as, say, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, and New Jersey, where important conservancy work was also being accomplished on the state-government level, and far more advanced than most other states. There was much to evaluate. Georgia was, after all, the largest state east of the Mississippi River, and a great deal of it was still wild. Georgia forests, mountains, swamps, islands, and rivers—a long list of sites of special interest or value—had become Registered Natural Areas. Sam and Carol had done the basic work—exploring the state, following leads, assessing terrain, considering vegetation and wildlife, choosing sites, and persuading owners to register lands for preservation.

Sam had been a friend of mine for some years, and when he wrote to say that he was now travelling around the state collecting skulls and pelts, eating rattlesnakes, preserving natural areas, and charting the ranges of river frogs, I could not wait until I could go down there and see. I had to wait more than a year, though, while finishing up some work. I live in Princeton, New Jersey, so I flew from Newark when the day came, and I nearly missed the plane. Automobiles that morning were backed up at least a mile from the Newark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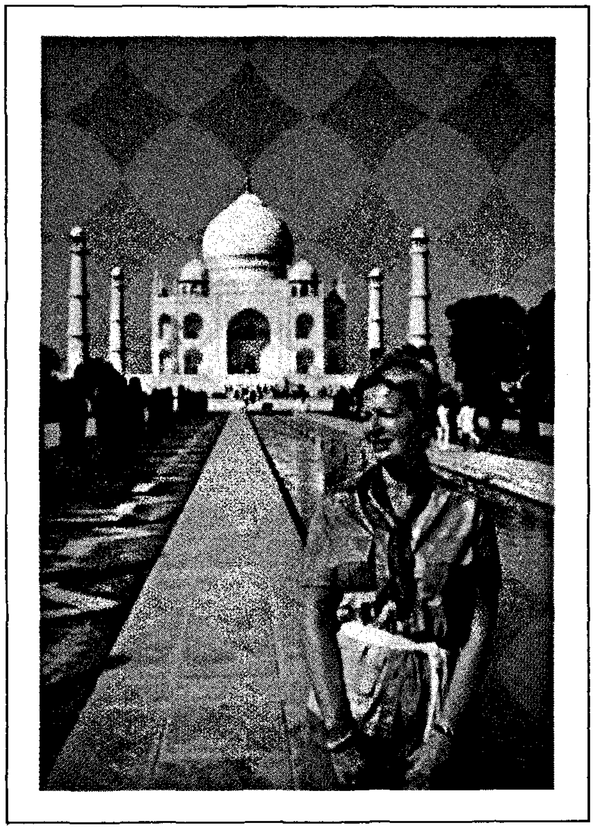

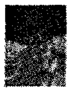

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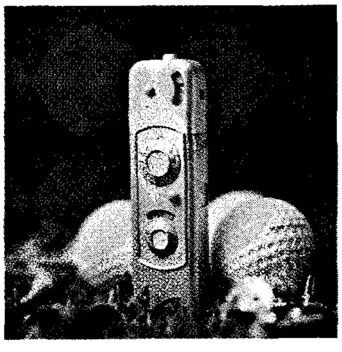

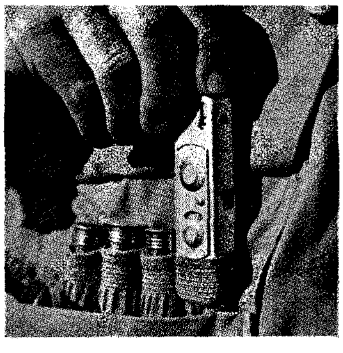

Airport tollbooths (fourteen tollbooths, fourteen lanes), and the jam was just as thick on the paid side as it was on the unpaid side—thousands and thousands of murmuring cars, moving nowhere, nowhere to move, shaking, vibrating, stinking, rattling, *Homo sapiens* D.O.R. I got out of my car and left it there, left it, shamefully, with a high-school student who was accepting money to drive it home, and began to make my way overland to the terminal. I climbed up on bumpers and over corrugated fences and ducked under huge green signs. I went around tractor trailers and in front of buses. Fortunately, Sam had told me to bring a backpack. Carrying a suitcase through that milieu would have been like carrying a suitcase up the Matterhorn. Occasionally, I lost direction, and once I had to crawl under a mastodonic truck, but I did get through, and I ran down the cattle-pen corridors of the airport and, with a minute to go, up the steps and into the plane—relieved beyond measure to be out of that ruck and off to high ground and sweet air, taking my chances on the food. Sam and Carol met me, and we went straight to the mountains, stopping all the way for D.O.R.s. That night, we ate a weasel.

IN a valley in north Georgia, Carol had a cabin that was made of peeled logs, had a stone fireplace, and stood beside a cold stream. We stayed there on the first night of a journey that eventually meandered through eleven hundred miles of the state—a great loop, down out of the river gorges and ravine forests of the mountains, across the granitic piedmont and over the sand hills and the red hills to the river swamps and pine flatwoods of the coastal plain. Sam had a canoe on the top of the car. We slept in swamps and beside a lake and streams. Made, in part, in the name of the government, it was a journey that tended to mock the idea of a state—as an unnatural subdivision of the globe, as a metaphor of the human ego sketched on paper and framed in straight lines and in riparian boundaries behind an unalterable coast. Georgia. A state? Really a core sample of a continent, a plug in the melon, a piece of North America. Pull it out and wildcats would spill off the high edges. Alligators off the low ones. The terrain was crisscrossed with geological boundaries, mammalian boundaries, amphibian boundaries—the range of the river frogs. The range of the wildcat was the wildcat's natural state, overlaying segments of tens of thousands of other

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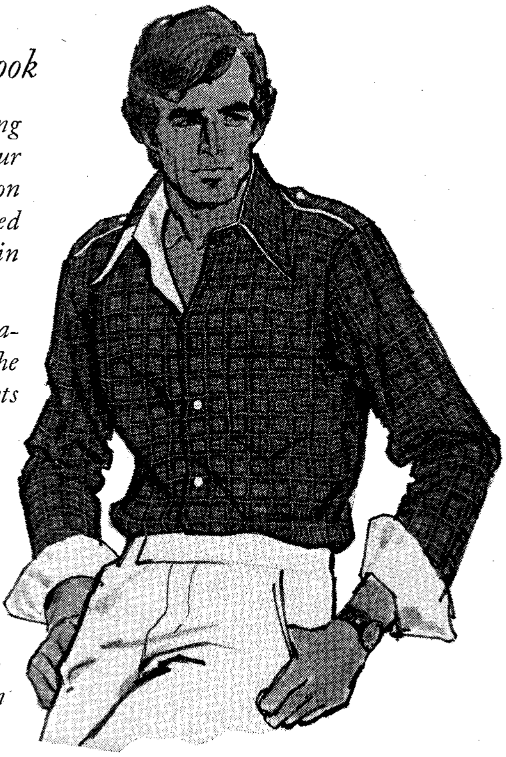

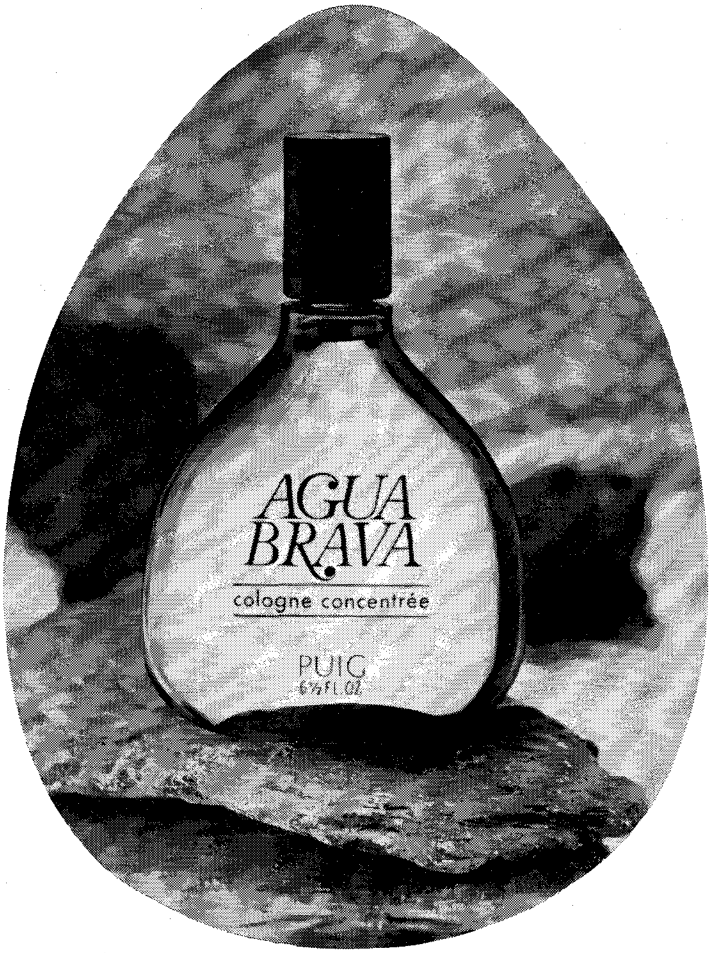

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states, one of which was Georgia. The State of Georgia. Governor Jimmy Carter in the mansion in Atlanta.

The first thing Sam and Carol wanted to assess on this trip was a sphagnum bog in Rabun County, off the north side of the Rabun Bald (4,696 feet). The place seemed marginal to me, full of muck and trout lilies, with swamp pinks in blossom under fringe trees and smooth alders, but Sam and Carol thought it ought to be registered, and they sought out the owner, a heavy woman, greatly slow of speech, with a Sears, Roebuck tape measure around her neck. She stood under a big white pine by the concrete front porch of her shingled house on a flinty mountain farm. Sam outlined the value of registering a natural area for preservation beyond one's years. She looked at him with no expression and said, "We treasure the bog." He gave her an application. ("Being aware of the high responsibility to the State that goes with the ownership and use of a property which has outstanding value in illustrating the natural history of Georgia, we morally agree to continue to protect and use this site for purposes consistent with the preservation of its natural integrity.") Perhaps she could consider it with her husband and his brothers and nephews when they came home. One day soon, he would stop back to talk again. She said, "We likes to hunt arrowheads. We treasure the bog."

The D.O.R.s that first day included a fan belt Sam took for a blacksnake—jammed on his brakes, backed up to see—and a banana peel that Carol identified, at first glimpse, as a jumping mouse. Eager was the word for them. They were so much on the hunt. "It is rare for specimens to be collected this way," Carol said. "Most people are too lazy. Or they're hung up on just frogs or just salamanders, or whatever, and they don't care about other things. Watching for D.O.R.s makes travelling a lot more interesting. I mean, can you imagine just *going* down the road?"

We went around a bend in a mountain highway and the road presented Carol with the find of the day. "D.O.R.!" she said. "That was a good one. That was a *good* one! Sam, hurry back. That was a weasel!"

Sam hurried back. It was no banana peel. It was exactly what Carol said it was: *Mustela frenata*, the long-tailed weasel, dead on the road. It was fresh-killed, and—from the point of view of Georgia State University—in fine condition. Carol was so excited she jumped.

The weasel was a handsome thing, minklike, his long body a tube roughly ten by two, his neck long and slender. His fur was white and yellow on the underside and dark brown on his back. "What a magnificent animal!" Carol said. "And hard as hell to trap. Smell his musk. The scent glands are back here by the tail." While backing up after seeing him, she had hoped against hope that he would be a least weasel—smallest of all carnivores. She had never seen one. The least weasel diets almost exclusively on tiny, selected mice. This one would have eaten almost anything warm, up to and including a rabbit twice his size. Carol put him in an iced cooler that was on the back seat. The cooler was not airtight. Musk permeated the interior of the car. It was not disturbing. It was merely powerful. Carol said they had once collected a skunk D.O.R. They had put it in a plastic bag within a plastic bag within four additional plastic bags. The perfume still came through.

Carol's valley resisted visitors. It was seven miles from a paved road. It was rimmed with mountains. It was the coldest valley in Georgia. A trout stream cascaded out of the south end. Ridges pressed in from east and west. The north was interrupted by a fifty-five-hundred-foot mountain called Standing Indian. Standing Indian stood in North Carolina, showing Georgia where to stop. The valley was prize enough. Its floor was flat and green with pastureland and shoots of new corn. Its brooks were clear. Now, in May, there would be frost across the fields in the morning, heavy and bright, but blossoms were appearing on the dogwoods and leaves on the big hardwoods—only so far up the mountains, though; it was still winter on Standing Indian, stick-figure forests to the top. Sam had flown over this whole area, minutely, in his Cessna—Mt. Oglethorpe to the Chattooga River, Black Rock Mountain to the Brasstown Bald. He said there was no valley in Georgia like this one in beauty or remoteness. It was about two miles long and a half mile wide. Its year-round population was twelve. Someone else, somewhere else, would have called it by another name, but not here. Lyrical in its effrontery to fact, the name of the valley was Tate City. On our way in, we stopped to see Arthur and Mammy Young, its senior residents. Their house, until recently, had had so many preserves stacked on boards among the rafters that the roof sagged. Their outhouse straddled a stream. Their house, made of logs,

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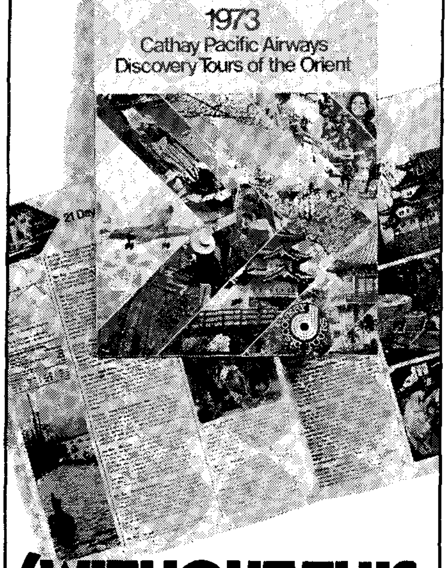

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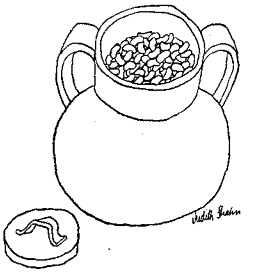
burned to the ground one day when they were in town, eighteen miles away. Now they lived in a cinder-block hut with a pickup truck outside, fragments of machinery lying on the ground, hound dogs barking. The Youngs were approaching old age, apparently with opposite metabolisms, he sinewy, she more than ample, after sixty years of cathead biscuits. Inside, Arthur rolled himself a cigarette and sat down to smoke it beside his wood-burning stove. Near him was a fiddle. Sam said that Arthur was a champion fiddler. Arthur went on smoking and did not reach for the fiddle. He exchanged news with Carol. Christ looked down on us from pictures on each wall. The room had two kerosene lanterns, and its windows were patched with tape. "I always wished I had power, so I could iron," Mammy said. "When I had kids. Now I don't care." Dusk was near and Carol wanted time in the light, so we left soon and went on up the valley, a mile or so, to her log cabin.

A wooden deck reached out from the cabin on stilts toward the stream. The place had been cut out of woods—hemlock, ironwood, oak, alder, dogwood, rhododendron. A golden birch was standing in a hole in the center of the deck. Carol got out the weasel and set him, paws up, on the deck. Sam unpacked his things and set a bottle of The Glenlivet near the weasel, with three silver cups. I added a bottle of Talisker. Sam was no bourbon colonel. He liked pure Highland malt Scotch whisky. Carol measured the weasel. She traced him on paper and fondled his ears. His skull and his skin would go into the university's research collection. She broke a double-edged Gillette blade in half the long way. "Weasels are hard to come by, hard to scent, hard to bait," she said. "We've tried to trap a least weasel. We don't even have one. I hate to catch animals, though. With D.O.R.s, I feel great. We've got the specimen and we're making use of it. The skull is the most important thing. The study skin shows the color pattern."

With a simple slice, she brought out a testicle; she placed it on a sheet of paper and measured it. Three-quarters of an inch. Slicing smoothly through the weasel's fur, she began to remove the pelt. Surely, she worked the skin away from the long neck. The flesh inside the pelt looked like a segment of veal tenderloin. "I lived on squirrel last winter," she said. "Every time you'd come to a turn in the road, there was another squirrel. I stopped buying meat. I haven't bought any meat in a year, except for some tongue. I do love tongue." While she talked, the blade moved in light, definite touches. "Isn't *he* in perfect shape?" she said. "He was hardly touched. You really lose your orientation when you start skinning an animal that's been run over by a Mack truck." From time to time, she stopped for a taste of The Glenlivet, her hand, brown from sun and flecked with patches of the weasel's blood, reaching for the silver cup. "You've got to be careful where you buy meat anyway. They inject some animals with an enzyme, a meat tenderizer, before they kill them. *That* isn't any good for you." Where the going was difficult, she moistened the skin with water. At last it came away entire, like a rubber glove. She now had the weasel disassembled, laid out on the deck in cleanly dissected parts. "I used to love to take clocks apart," she said. "To see how they were built. This is the same thing. I like plants and animals and their relationship to the land and us. I like the vertebrates especially." The weasel's tailbone was still in the skin. She tugged at it with her teeth. Pausing for a sip, she said that sometimes you just had to use your mouth in her line of work, as once when she was catching cricket frogs. She had a frog in each hand and saw another frog, so she put one frog into her mouth while she caught the third. Gradually, the weasel's tailbone came free. She held it in her hand and admired it. "Some bones are real neat," she said. "In the heart of a deer, there's a bone. And not between the ventricles, where you'd expect it. Some animals have bones in their penises—raccoons, for example, and weasels." She removed the bone from the weasel's penis. It was long, proportionately speaking, with a hook at the penetrating end. It was called a baculum, she said, which meant "rod" in Latin. She would save it. Its dimensions were one way to tell the weasel's age. Baculums are also involved in keying differences in species. Sam said he kept a raccoon's baculum in his wallet because it made a great toothpick. He got out his wallet and displayed his great toothpick. Carol turned the pelt inside out and folded the forepaws in an X, standard proce-



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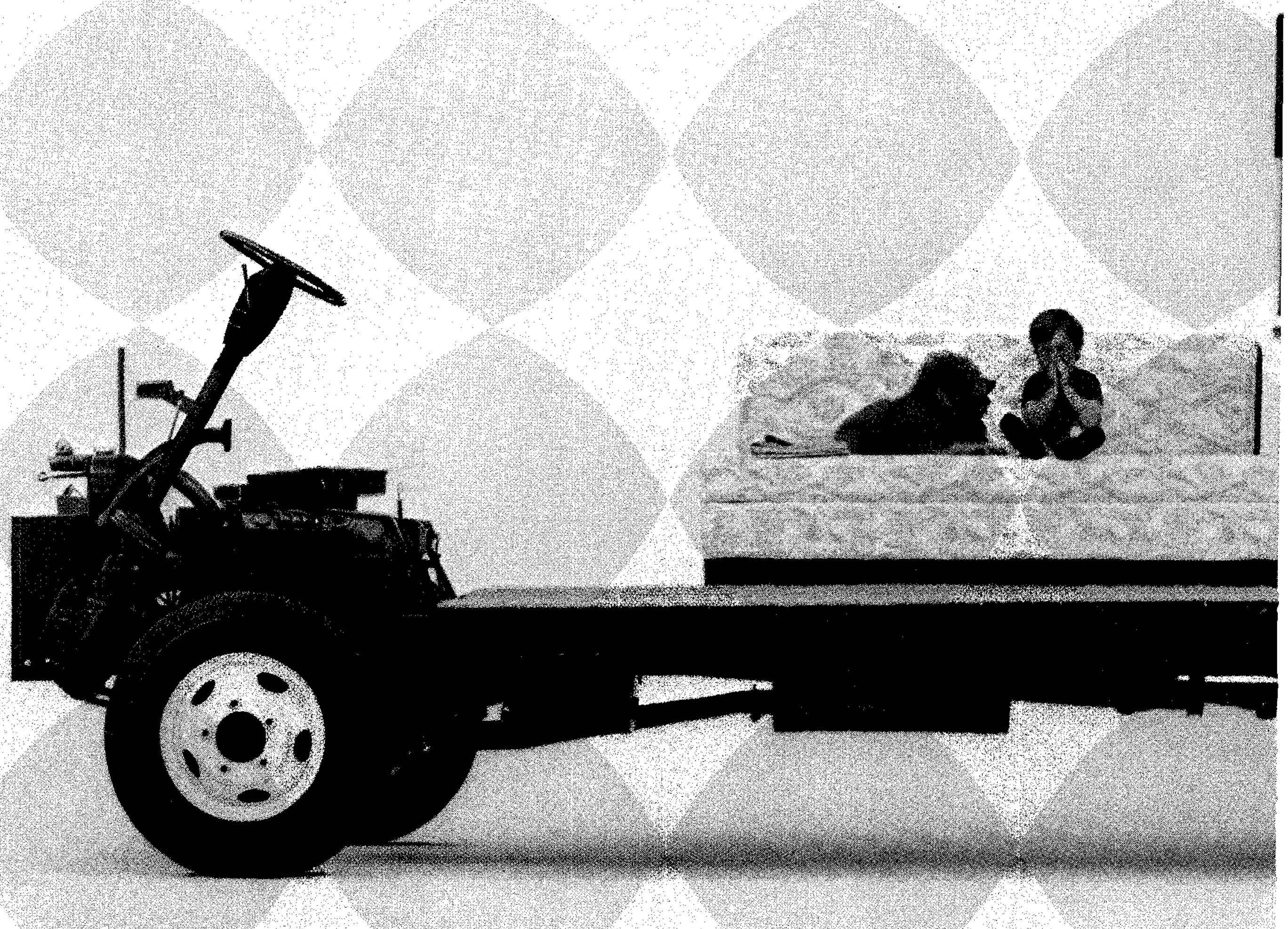

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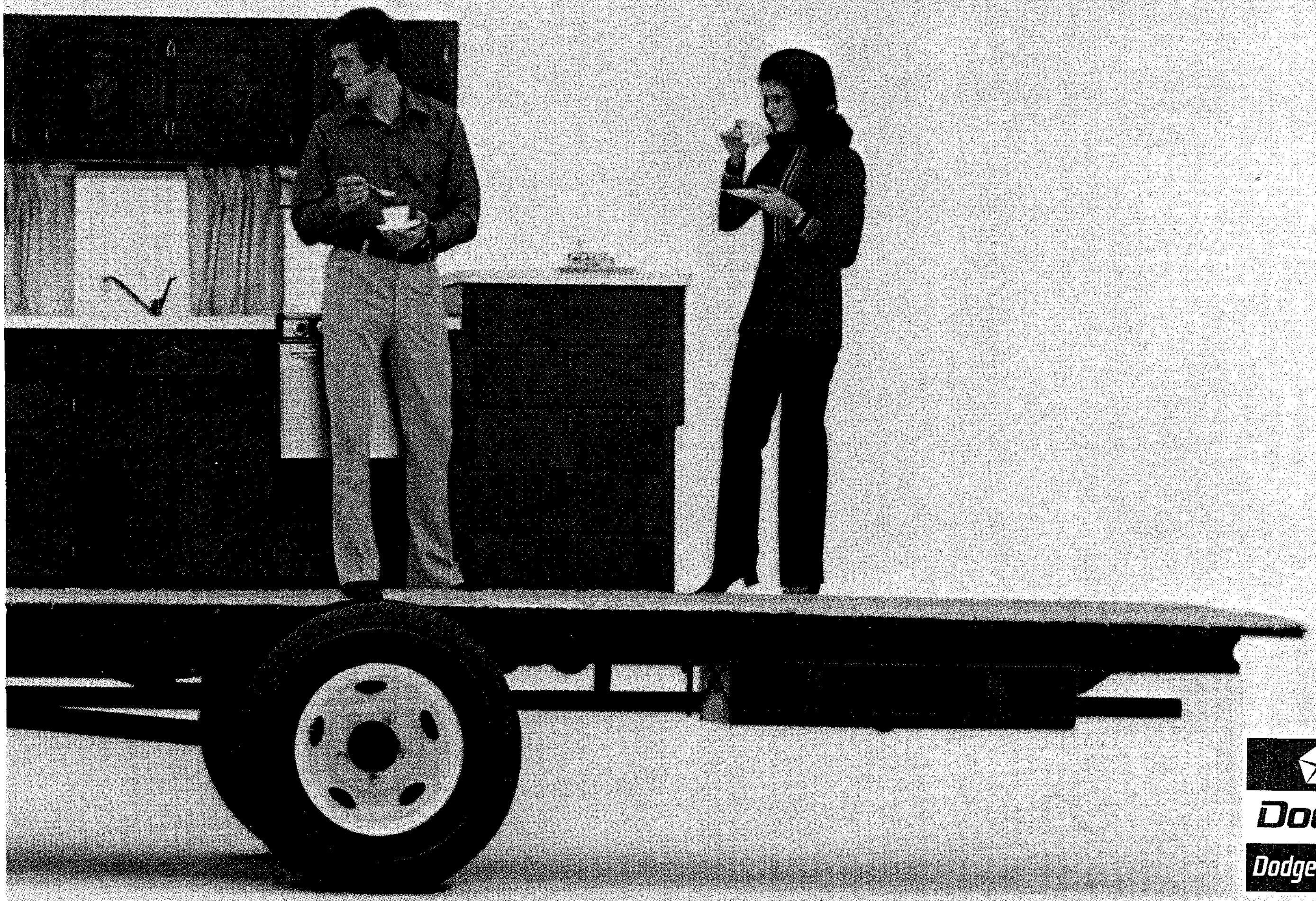

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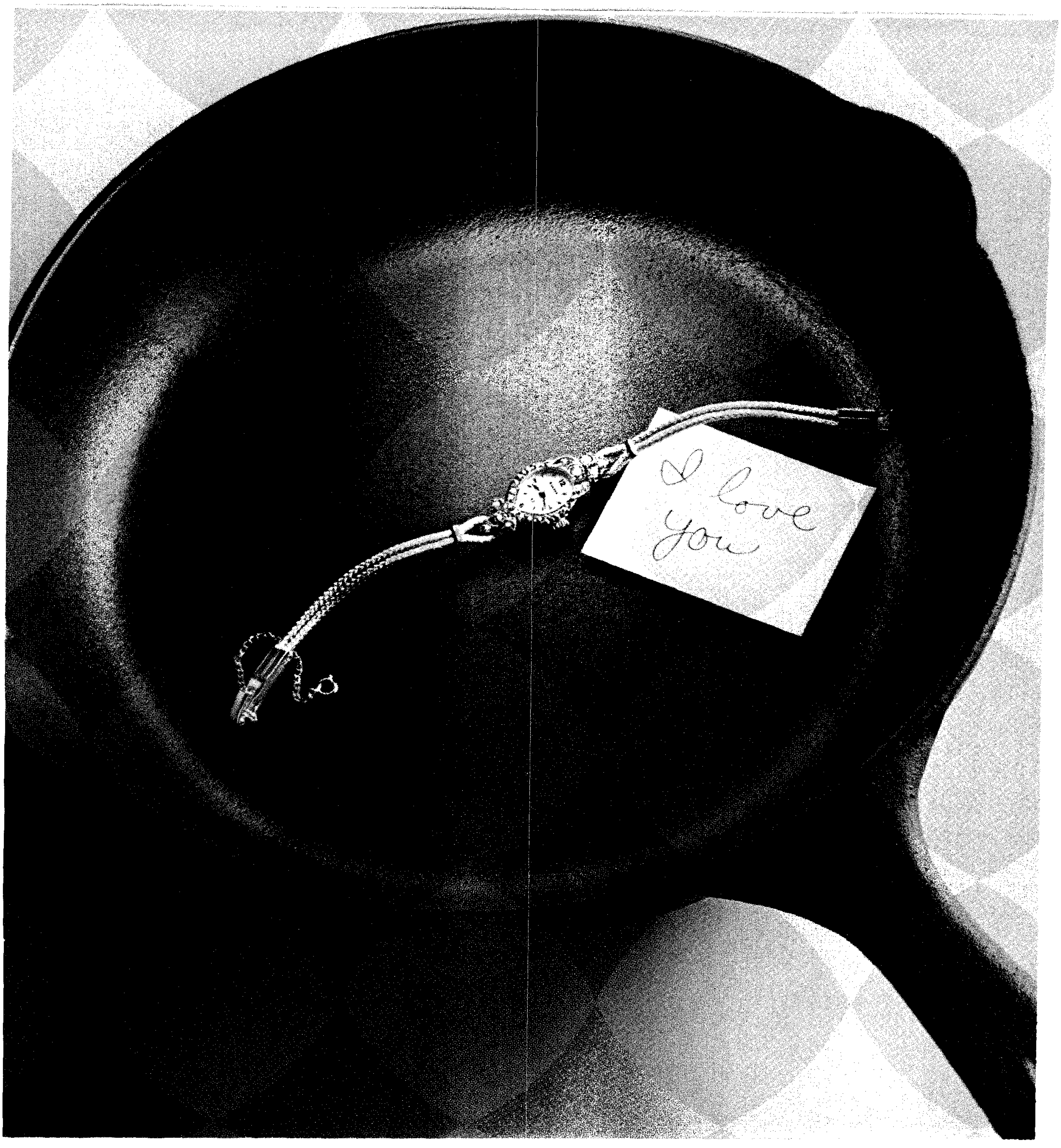

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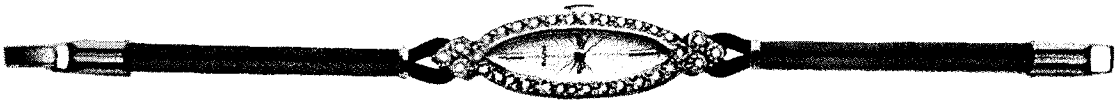

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dure with a study skin. She covered it with a deep layer of salt and packed it away.

The dusk was deep then. Carol had finished working almost in the dark. The air was cold. It was on its way to thirty. Sam had a fire going, inside, already disintegrating into coals. The smell of burning oak was sweet. We went into the cabin. Carol put the weasel on the tines of a long fork and roasted it over the coals.

"How do you like your weasel?" Sam asked me.

"Extremely well done," I said.

Carol sniffed the aroma of the roast. "It has a wild odor," she said. "You *know* it's not cow. The first time I had bear, people said, 'Cut the fat off. That's where the bad taste is.' I did, and the bear tasted just like cow. The next bear, I left the fat on."

The taste of the weasel was strong and not unpleasant. It lingered in the mouth after dinner. The meat was fibrous and dark. "It just goes to show you how good everything is," said Carol. "People who only eat cows, pigs, sheep, chickens—boy, have those people got blinders on! Is that tunnelization! There's one poisonous mammal in the United States: the short-tailed shrew. And you can even eat that."

Sam built up the fire.

"How can you be sure that something is not too old?" I asked.

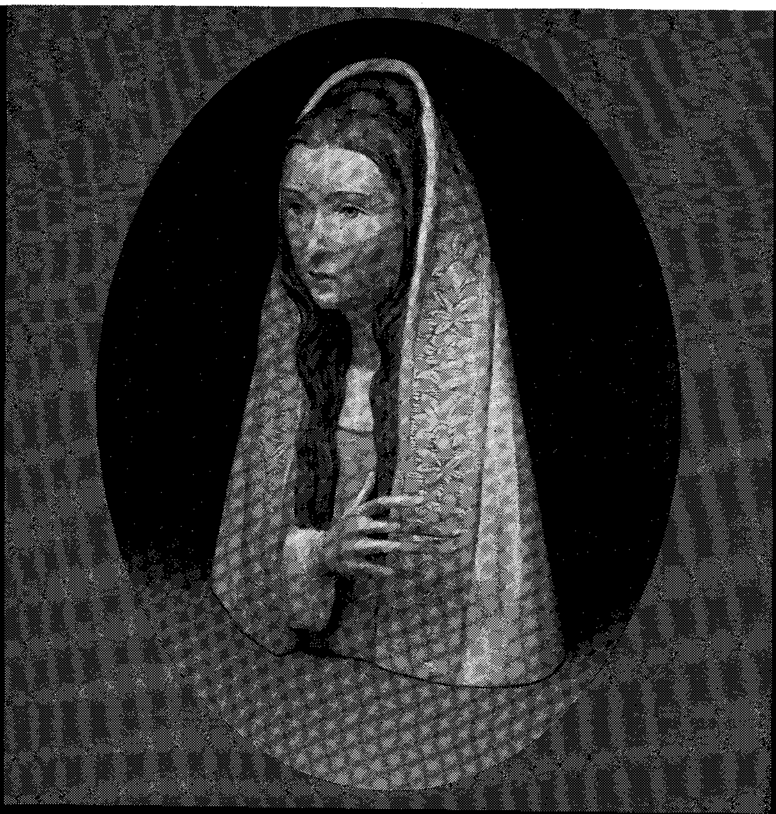
"My God, if you can't tell if it's bad, what's the difference?" said Carol.

Sam said, "If it tastes good, don't knock it."

"People don't make sense," Carol said. "They hunt squirrels, but they wouldn't consider eating a squirrel killed on the road. Only once have I ever had competition for a D.O.R. A man wanted a squirrel for his black servant, and we had a set-to in the road."

There were double-deck bunks in the corners of the room. The corners were cold. We pulled three mattresses off the bunks and put them down side by side before the fire. We unrolled our three sleeping bags. It had been a big day; we were tired, and slept without stirring. Sam dreamed in the night that he was eating his own beard.

WITH a load of honey and cathead biscuits, gifts of Mammy Young, we went down out of the valley in the morning, mile after mile on a dirt road that ran beside and frequently crossed the outlet stream, which



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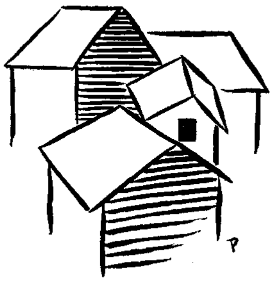
was the beginnings of the Tallulah River. Some twenty miles on down, the river had cut a gorge, in hard quartzite, six hundred feet deep. Warner Brothers had chosen the gorge as the site for the filming of a scene from James Dickey's novel, "Deliverance." This mountain land in general was being referred to around the state as " 'Deliverance' country." The novel seemed to have been the most elaborate literary event in Georgia since "Gone with the Wind." "Deliverance" was so talked about that people had, for conversational convenience, labelled its every part ("the owl scene," "the guitar scene"). It was a gothic novel, a metaphysical terror novel, the structural center of which involved four men going through the rapids of a mountain river in canoes. They were attacked. The action climax occurred when one of the canoemen scaled the wall of a fantastically sheer gorge to establish an ambush and kill a mountain man. He killed him with a bow and arrow. Carol and Sam, like half the people in Atlanta and a couple of dozen in Hollywood, called this "the climb-out scene," and they took me to see where Warners would shoot. The six-hundred-foot gorge was a wonder indeed, clefting narrowly and giddily down through the quartzite to the bed of the river that had done the cutting. Remarkably, though, no river was there. A few still pools. A trickle of water. Graffiti adorned the rock walls beside the pools. There was a dam nearby, and, in 1913, the river had been detoured through a hydropower tunnel. Steel towers stood on opposite lips of the chasm, supported by guy wires. A cable connected the towers. They had been built for performances of wire walkers, the Flying Wallendas. Nearby was the Cliffhanger Café. A sign said, "Enjoy Coca-Cola. See it here, free. Tallulah Gorge. 1200 feet deep." The Georgia Natural Areas Council looked on. Too late to register that one. The eye of the Warner Brothers camera would, however, register just what it wanted to select and see, and it would move up that wall in an unfailing evocation of wilderness. I was awed by the power of Dickey. In writing his novel, he had assembled " 'Deliverance' country" from such fragments, restored and heightened in the chambers of his imagination. The canoes in his novel dived at steep angles down breathtaking cataracts and shot like javelins through white torrents among blockading monoliths. If a canoe were ten inches long and had men in it three inches high, they might find such conditions in a trout stream, steeply inclined, with cataracts and plunge pools and rushing bright water falling over ledges and splaying through gardens of rock. Dickey must have imagined something like that and then enlarged the picture until the trout stream became a gothic nightmare for men in full-size canoes. A geologically maturer, less V-shaped stream would not have served. No actual river anywhere could have served his artistic purpose—not the Snake, not the Upper Hudson, not even the Colorado—and least of all a river in Georgia, whose wild Chattooga, best of the state's white-water rivers, has modest rapids: a bouncing run, much pleasure, no particular danger. The people of the "Deliverance" mountains were malevolent, opaque, and sinister. Arthur and Mammy Young.



There were records of the presence of isolated cottonmouths on Dry Fork Creek, in wild, forested piedmont country east of Athens. Dry Fork Creek, a tributary of a tributary of the Savannah River, was about halfway between Vesta and Rayle, the beginning and the end of nowhere. We searched the woods along the creek. It would not have been at all unusual had we found the highland moccasin (the copperhead) there, for this was his terrain—*Agkistrodon contortrix contortrix*. What we were looking for, though, was the water moccasin (the cottonmouth), inexplicably out of his range. Cottonmouths belong in the coastal plain, in the rice fields, in the slow-moving rivers—*Agkistrodon piscivorus piscivorus*. Seeing a cottonmouth in a place like this would be a rare experience, and Carol fairly leaped into the woods. For my part, I regretted that I lacked aluminum boots. Carol was wearing green tennis shoes. Sam's feet were covered with moccasins. Carol rolled every log. She lifted anything that could have sheltered a newt, let alone a snake. By the stream, she ran her eye over every flat rock and projecting branch. Always disappointed, she quickly moved on. Sam sauntered beside her. The flood plain was beautiful under big sycamores, water oaks, maples: light filtering down in motes, wet leaves on the ground, cold water moving quietly in the stream. But the variety of tracks

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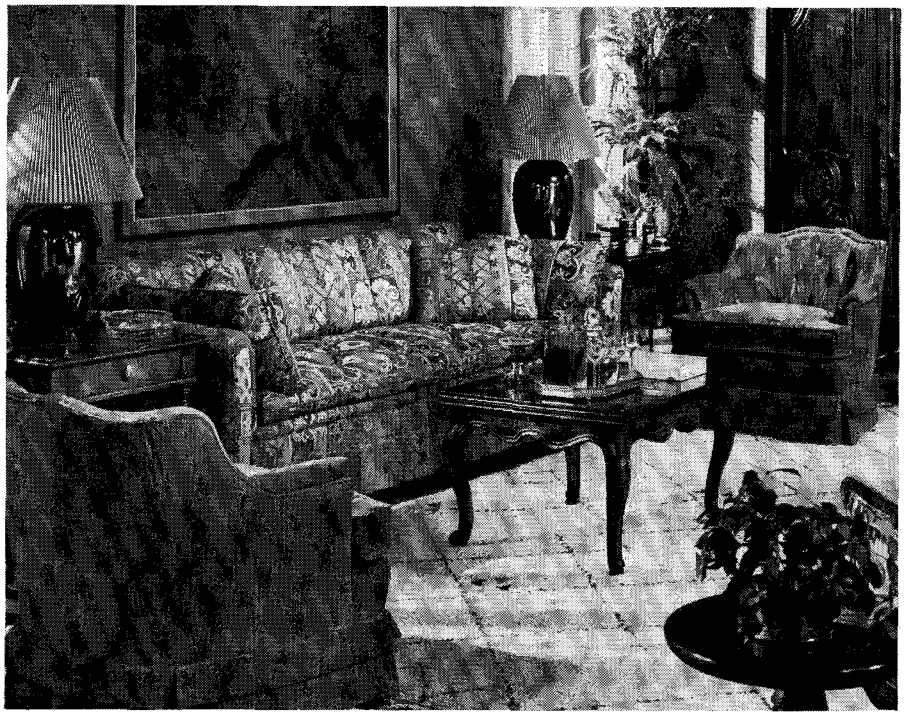

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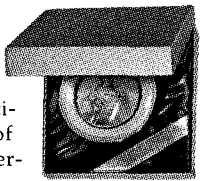

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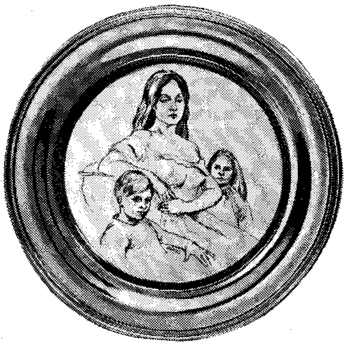

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she found was disturbingly incomplete. "There, on that sandbar—those are possum tracks. Possums and coons go together, but that's just possum right there, no way about it. And that is not right. There shouldn't be a bar like that with no coon tracks on it, even if the water goes up and down every night. Possums can live anywhere. Coons can't. Coon tracks signify a healthy place. I don't much like this place. It's been cut over. There are no big dead trees." One big dead tree with a cottonmouth under it would have changed that, would have glorified Dry Fork Creek for Carol, coons or no coons—*piscivorus piscivorus* caught poaching, out of his territory, off the edge of his map, beyond his range. I felt her disappointment and was sorry the snakes were not there. "Don't be disappointed," she said. "When we go down the Cemocheckobee, cottonmouths will show us the way."

Buffalo disappeared from Georgia in early Colonial time. William Bartram noted this when he visited the colony and wrote "Travels in Georgia and Florida, 1773-74." Bartram, from Philadelphia, was the first naturalist to describe in detail the American subtropics. After his book reached London, sedentary English poets cribbed from his descriptions (Wordsworth, for example, and Coleridge). Ten miles south of Dry Fork Creek, Sam, Carol, and I crossed Bartram's path. In Bartram's words, "We came into an open Forest of Pines, Scrub white Oaks, Black Jacks, Plumb, Hicory, Grapes Vines, Rising a sort of Ridge, come to a flat levill Plain, and at the upper side of this, levell at the foot of the hills of the great Ridge, is the great Buffiloe Lick, which are vast Pits, licked in the Clay, formerly by the Buffiloes, and now kept smoothe and open by Cattle, deer, and horses, that resort here constantly to lick the clay, which is a greesey Marle of various colours, Red, Yellow & white, & has a sweetish taste, but nothing saltish that I could perceive." Bartram was describing what is now Philomath, Georgia 30659—a one-street town consisting of thirty houses and a buffalo lick. Philomath was established, early in the nineteenth century, as a seat of learning—hence the name. The town was the address of an academy whose students, in time, vanished like the buffalo. Now it was a place of pre-eminent silence under big oaks, and as we glided into town we were the only thing that moved. Ninety blacks, fifty whites lived there, but no one was out in the midday shade. The almost

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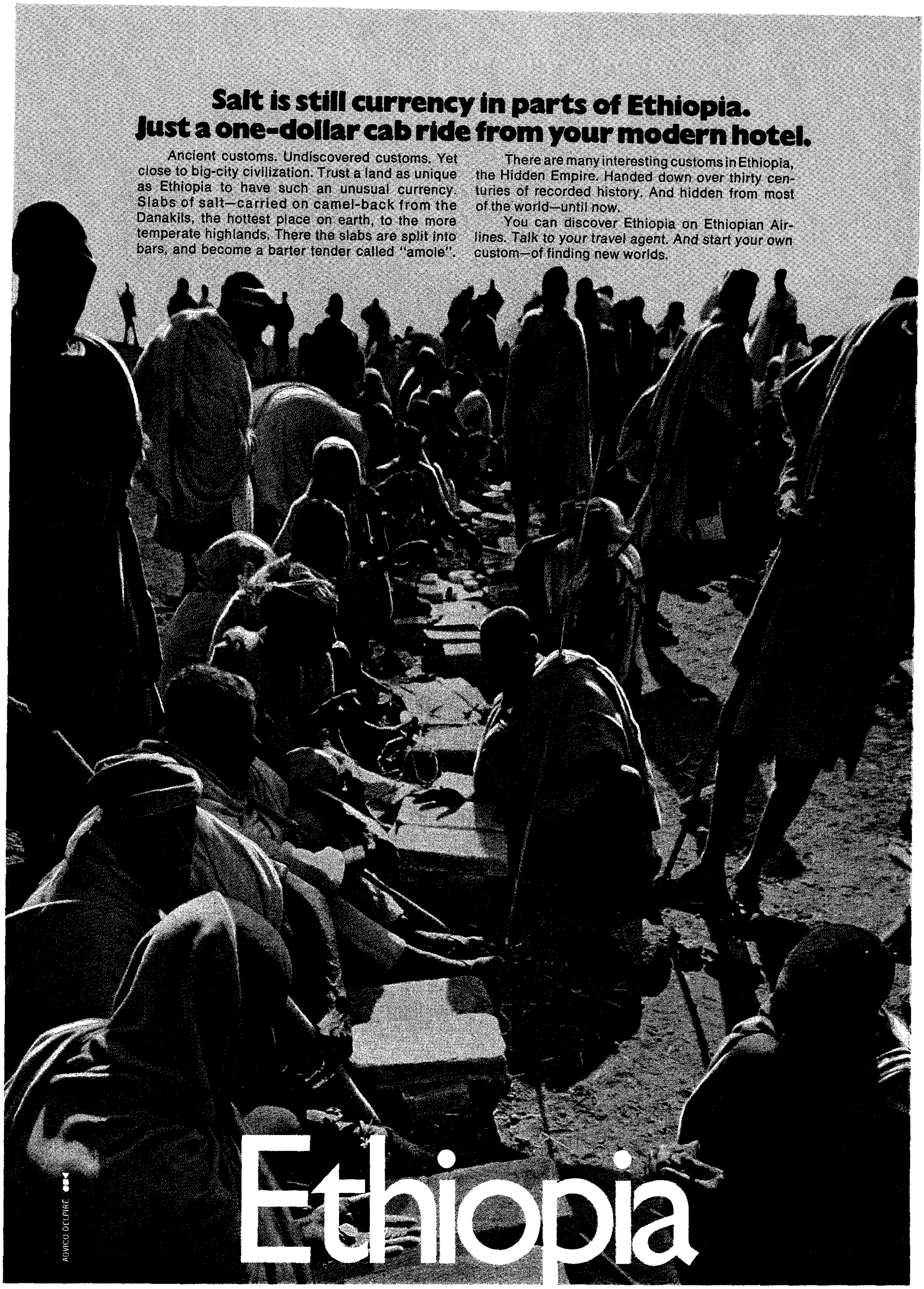

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The Key to the Hidden Empire

idling engine was the only sound. In an L-shaped elegant clapboard house, built in 1795, lived Dorothy Daniel Wright. Sam and Carol, having read Bartram's description and having determined that the buffalo lick was still intact, wanted to see it and, they hoped, to register it as a Georgia Natural Area. Miss Wright was the person to see. It was her lick. She was in her upper sixties. Her hair was white and swept upward, and crowned with a braided gold bun. Her welcome was warm. She showed us the lick. Cattle and deer had licked it slick all through her girlhood, she said. Now it was covered with grass, some hawthorn and sumac, and dominated by an immense, outreaching laurel oak. Carol squatted flat-footed, knees high, and dug with her hands for various colors of clay. She ate some blue clay, and handed pieces to me and Sam. It was sweet, bland, alkaline, slightly chewy. "My first thought was 'soapy,' " she said. "I expected it to get stronger, but it didn't. The final thought was 'sweetness.' " She put a bit more in her mouth and ate it contemplatively. There was, apparently, no sodium chloride in this ground. Phosphate, sodium, and calcium are what the buffalo licked. Where did they get their salt? "Twelve miles away there was salt," Miss Wright said. "Twelve miles is nothin' to a buffalo roamin' around. Between the two licks, they got all the minerals they needed for their bovine metabolism." Miss Wright had taught biology and chemistry in various high schools for forty-three years. She was eager to register the Great Buffalo Lick Natural Area, which had once been a boundary-line landmark separating the Georgia colony from the territory of the Creeks and Cherokees. She took us home to a lunch of salad and saltines. Into the salad went mushrooms, violets, and trout lilies that Carol had gathered in the mountains the day before.

Leaving Philomath, heading south, Sam commented how easy and pleasant that experience had been and how tense such encounters could sometimes be. He talked about a redneck peanut farmer in south Georgia, owner of a potential Natural Area. This redneck had taken one look at Sam's beard and had seemed ready to kill him then and there.

"What is a redneck, Sam?"

"You know what a redneck is, you little Yankee bastard."

"I want to hear your definition."

"A redneck is a fat slob in a pickup truck with a rifle across the back. He hates 'niggers.' He would rather have

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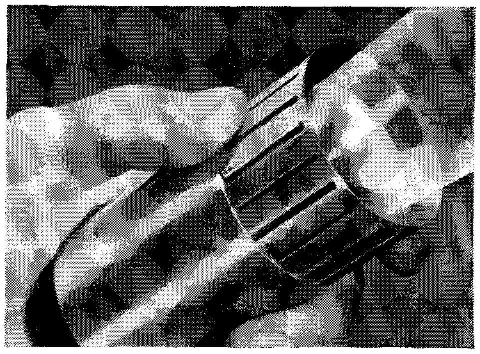

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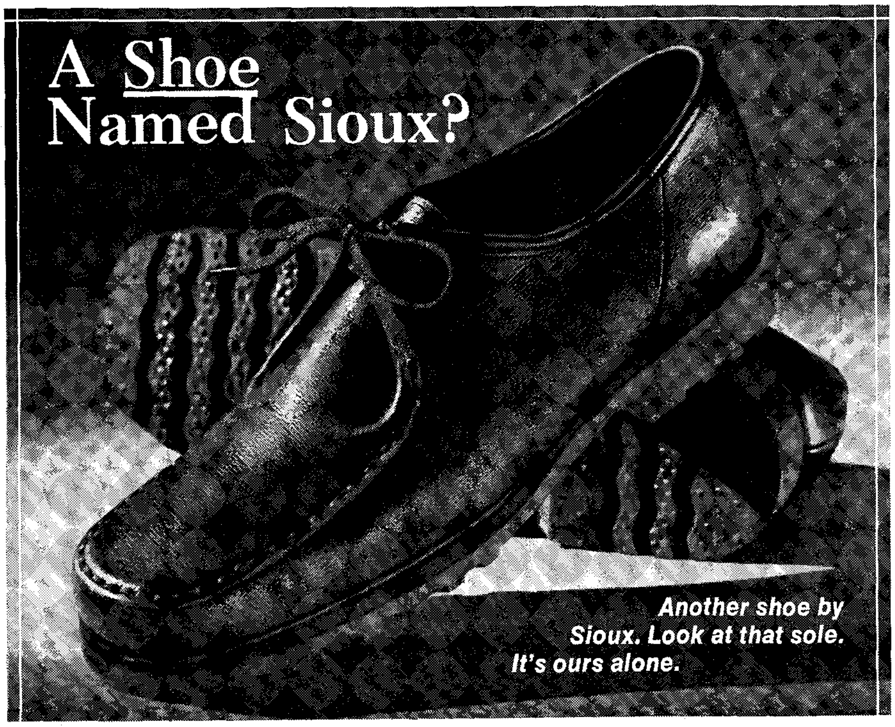

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his kids ignorant than go to school with colored. I guess I don't like rednecks. I guess I've known some."

"Some of my best friends are rednecks," Carol said.

D.O.R. blacksnake, five miles south of Irwinton—old and bloated. "I'll just get it off the road, so its body won't be further humiliated," Carol said. Across a fence, a big sow was grunting. Carol carried the snake to the fence. She said, "Here, piggy-poo, look what I've got for you." She tossed the snake across the fence. The sow bit off the snake's head and ate it like an apple.

"Interesting," Carol said, "that we can feed a rotten snake to something we in turn will eat."

I said I would rather eat the buffalo lick.

Carol said, "I'll tell you the truth, I've had better clay."

We were out of the piedmont and down on the coastal plain, into the north of south Georgia. The roadside ads were riddled with bullet holes. "PREPARE TO MEET JESUS CHRIST THE LORD." "WE WANT TO WIPE OUT CANCER IN YOUR LIFETIME." "WE CANNOT ACCEPT TIRES THAT HAVE BEEN CAPPED AS TRADE-INS."

Johnny Cash was back. Indians were now his theme. He was singing about a dam that was going to flood Seneca land, although the Senecas had been promised title to their land "as long as the moon shall rise." Cash's voice was deeper than ever. He sounded as if he were smoking a peace pipe through an oboe. Carol hugged herself. "As long . . . as the moon . . . shall rise . . . As long . . . as the rivers . . . flow."

"DON'T LOSE YOUR SOUL BY THE MARK OF THE BEAST."

We ate muskrat that night in a campsite on flat ground beside Big Sandy Creek, in Wilkinson County, innermost Georgia—muskrat with beans, chili powder, onions, tomatoes, and kelp. "I have one terrible handicap," Carol said. "I cannot follow a recipe." The muskrat, though, was very good. Carol had parboiled it for twenty minutes and then put it through a meat grinder, medium grind. Firewood was scarce, because the area was much used by fishermen who were prone to build fires and fish all night. Carol went up a tall spruce pine, and when she was forty feet or so above the ground she began to break off dead limbs and throw them down. She had to throw them like spears to clear the living branches of the tree. Pine burns oily, but that would not matter tonight. The muskrat was in a pot. Sam and I built up the fire. He pitched a tent.

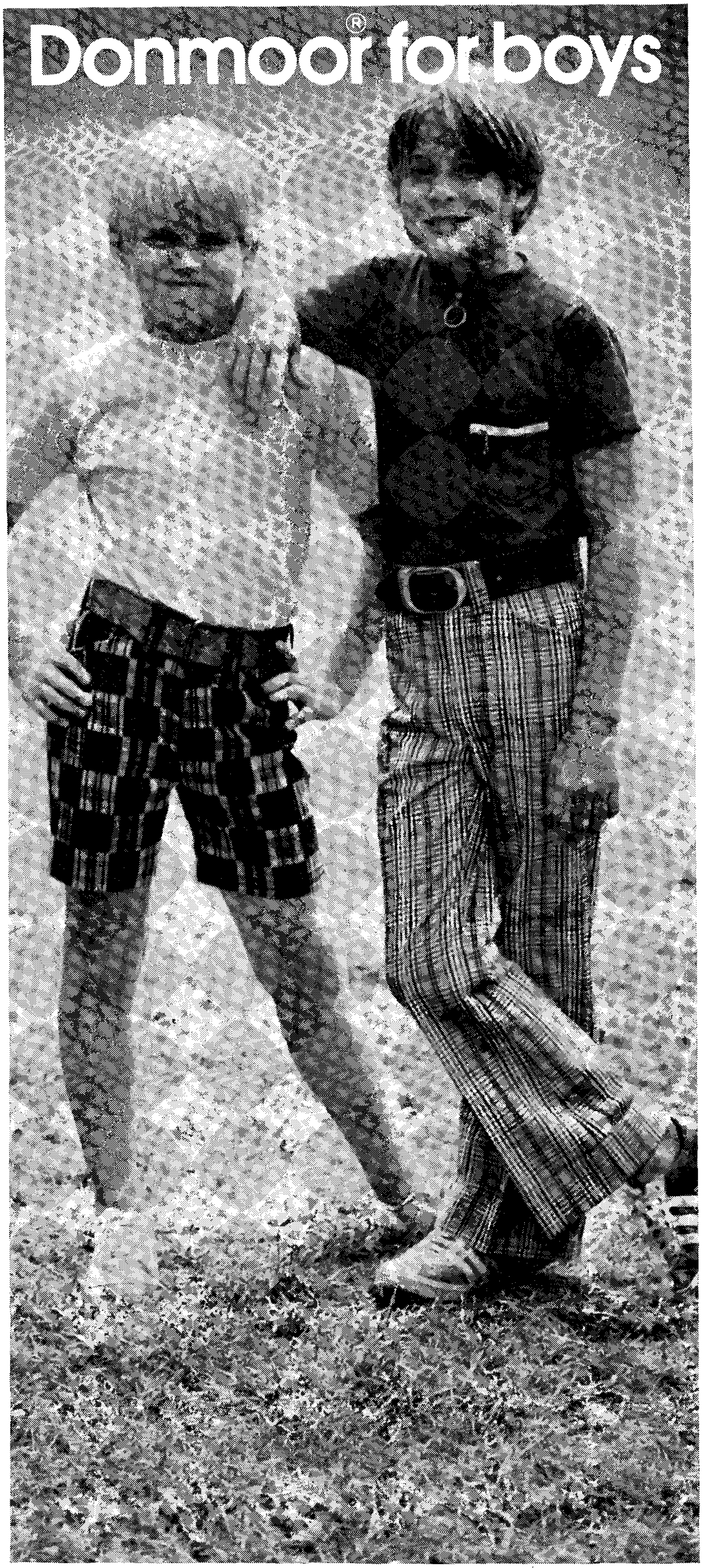
To pass time before dinner, I put the canoe into the river and paddled slowly downstream. Carol called to me from the tree, "Watch for snakes. They'll be overhead, in the limbs of trees." She was not warning me; she was trying to raise the pleasure of the ride. "If you don't see the snake, you can tell by the splash," she went on. "A frog splash is a concentrated splash. A snake splash is a long splat." Gliding, watching, I went a quarter of a mile without a splash or a splat. It was dusk. The water was growing dark. I heard the hoot of a barred owl. Going back against the current, I worked up an appetite for muskrat.

After dinner, in moonlight, Sam and Carol and I got into the canoe and went up the river. A bend to the left, a bend to the right, and we penetrated the intense darkness of a river swamp that seemed to reach out unendingly. We could only guess at its dimensions. Upland swamps occur in areas between streams. River swamps are in the flood plains of rivers, and nearly all the streams in the Georgia coastal plain have them. They can be as much as six miles wide, and when the swamps of two or more big rivers connect, the result can be a vast and separate world. The darkness in there was so rich it felt warm. It was not total, for bars and slats of moonlight occasionally came through, touched a root or a patch of water. Essentially, however, everything was black: black water, black vegetation—water-standing maples, cypress—black on black. Columnar trunks were all around us, and we knew the channel only by the feel of the current, which sometimes seemed to be coming through from more than one direction. Here the black water sucked and bubbled, roiled by, splashed through the roots of the trees. Farther on, it was silent again. Silent ourselves, we pushed on into the black. Carol moved a flashlight beam among the roots of trees. She held the flashlight to her nose, because the eye can see much more if the line of sight is closely parallel to the beam. She inspected minutely the knobby waterlines of the trees. Something like a sonic boom cracked in our ears. "Jesus, what was that?"

"Beaver."

The next two slaps were even louder than the first. Carol ignored the beaver, and continued to move the light. It stopped. Out there in the obsidian was a single blue eye.

"A blue single eye is a spider," she said. "Two eyes is a frog. Two eyes



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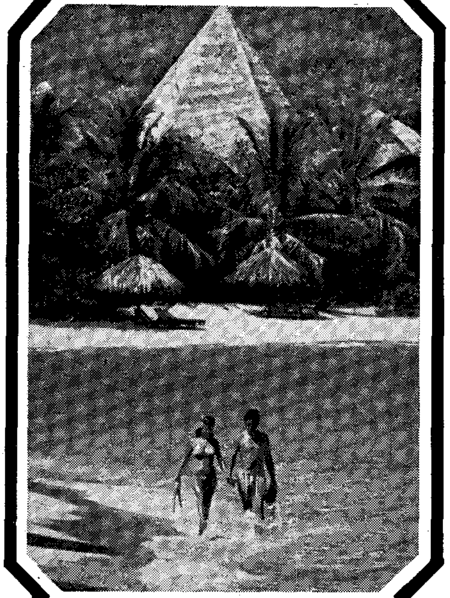

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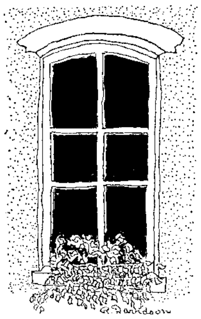
almost touching is a snake. An alligator's eyes are blood red."

Two tiny coins now came up in her light. "Move in there," she said. "I want that one."

With a throw of her hand, she snatched up a frog. It was a leopard frog, and she let him go. He was much within his range. Carol was looking for river frogs, pig frogs, carpenter frogs, whose range peripheries we were stalking. She saw another pair of eyes. The canoe moved in. Her hand swept out unseen and made a perfect tackle, thighs to knees. This was a bronze frog, home on the range. Another pair of eyes, another catch, another disappointment—a bullfrog. Now another shattering slap on the water. Another. The beaver slapped only when the canoe was moving upstream. The frog chorus, filling the background, varied in pitch and intensity, rose and fell. Repeatedly came the hoot of the barred owl.



Sam dipped a cup and had a drink. "I feel better about drinking water out of swamps than out of most rivers," he said. "It's filtered. No one ever says a good word for a swamp. The whole feeling up to now has been 'Fill it in—it's too wet to plow, too dry to fish.' Most people stay out of swamps. I love them. I like the water, the reptiles, the amphibians. There is so much life in a swamp. The sounds are so different. Frogs, owls, birds, beavers. Birds sound different in swamps."

"You see a coon in here and you realize it's his whole world," Carol said.

"It's a beautiful home with thousands of creatures," Sam said.

With all this ecological intoxication, I thought they were going to fall out of the canoe.

"Life came out of the swamps," Sam said. "And now swamps are among the last truly wild places left."

We went back downstream. Tobacco smoke was in the air over the river. Occasionally, on the bank, we saw an orange-red glow, momentarily illuminating a black face. Fishing lines, slanting into the stream, were visible against the light of small fires. The canoe moved soundlessly by, and on into the darkness. "The groids sure love to fish," Sam murmured. The moon was low. It was midnight.

NOW, at noon, a hundred miles or so to the southeast and by another stream, we were sitting on the big felled oak, pouring out the last of the wine, with Chap Causey moving toward us a foot at a time in his American dragline crane. He swung a pair of mats around behind him and backed up a bit more, and as he went on gutting the streambed the oak began to tremble. It must have weighed two or three tons, but it was trembling and felt like an earthquake—time to move. Carol picked up a piece of dry otter scat. She bounced it in the palm of her hand and looked upcurrent at the unaltered stream and downcurrent into the new ditch. She said, "You can talk about coons' being able to go off into the woods and eat nuts and berries, because they're omnivores. But not this otter. He's finished." She broke open the scat. Inside it were fishbones and hair—hair of a mouse or hair of a young rabbit. There were fish otoliths as well, two of them, like small stones. She flung it all into the stream. "He's done for," she said, and waved goodbye to Chap Causey.

On down the dirt road from the stream-channelization project, we saw ahead a D.O.R.

"Looks like a bad one," Carol said.

Sam stopped. "Yes, it's a bad one," he said. "Canebrake. Do you want to eat him?"

Carol leaned over and looked. "He's too old. Throw him out of the road, the poor darlin'. What gets me is that some bastard is proud of having run over him. When I die, I don't want to be humiliated like that."

Sam threw the rattlesnake out of the road. Then we headed southwest through underdeveloped country, almost innocent of towns—Alma, Douglas, Adel, Moultrie, a hundred miles from Alma to Moultrie.

D.O.R. king snake, blue jay, sparrow hawk, wood thrush, raccoon, catbird, cotton rat. The poor darlin's. Threw them out of the road.

A.O.R. hobo—man with a dog. "Oh, there's a good guy," Carol said as we passed him. "He has a dog and a bedroll. What else do you need?"

D.O.R. opossum. Cook County. Three miles east of Adel. Carol spoke admiringly of the creature flexibility of the opossum. Among the oldest of mammals, the possum goes all the way back to Cretaceous time, she said, and, like people, it has never specialized, in a biological sense. "You can specialize yourself out of existence. Drain the home of the otter. The otter dies. The opossum, though, can walk away from

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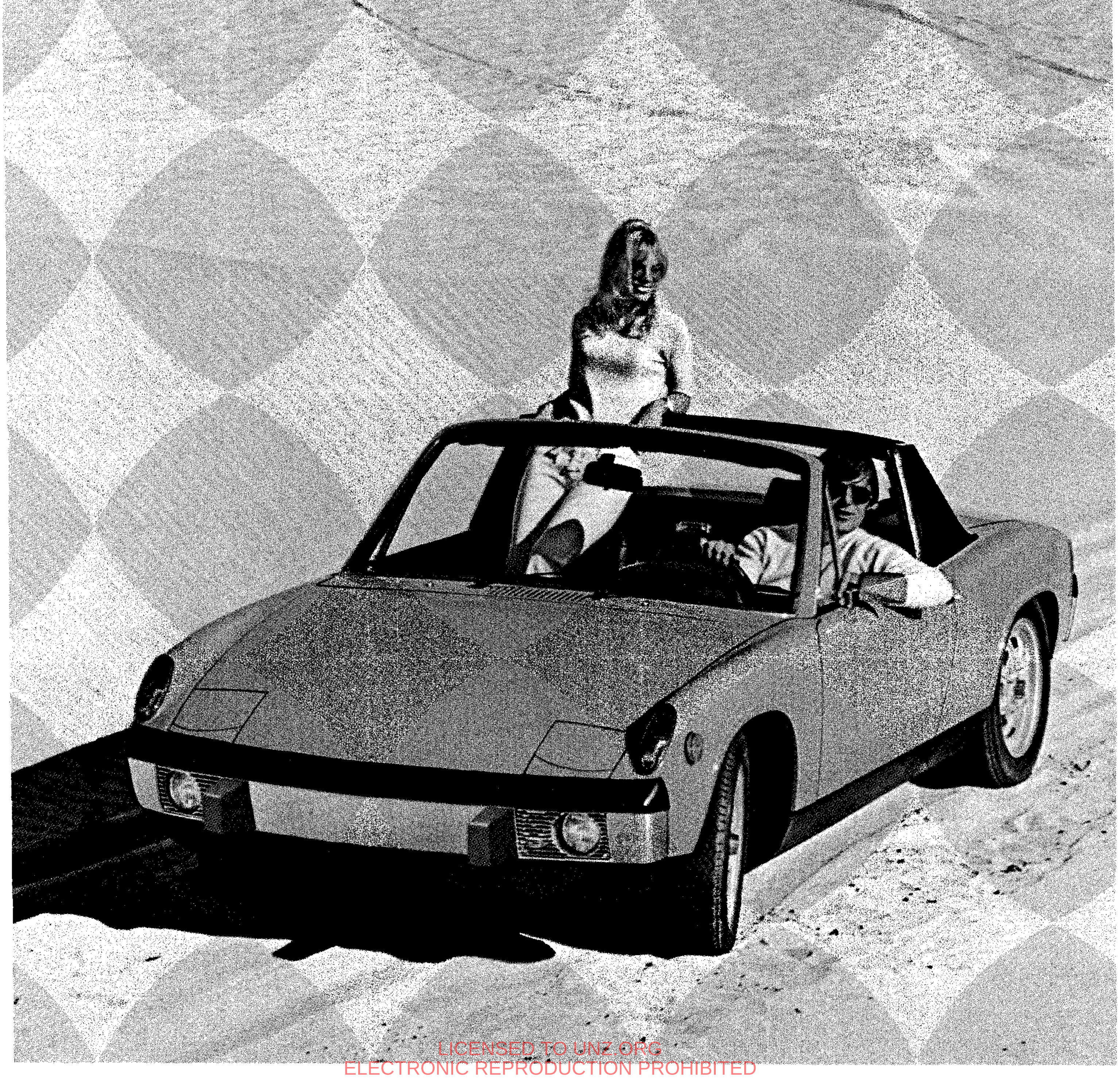

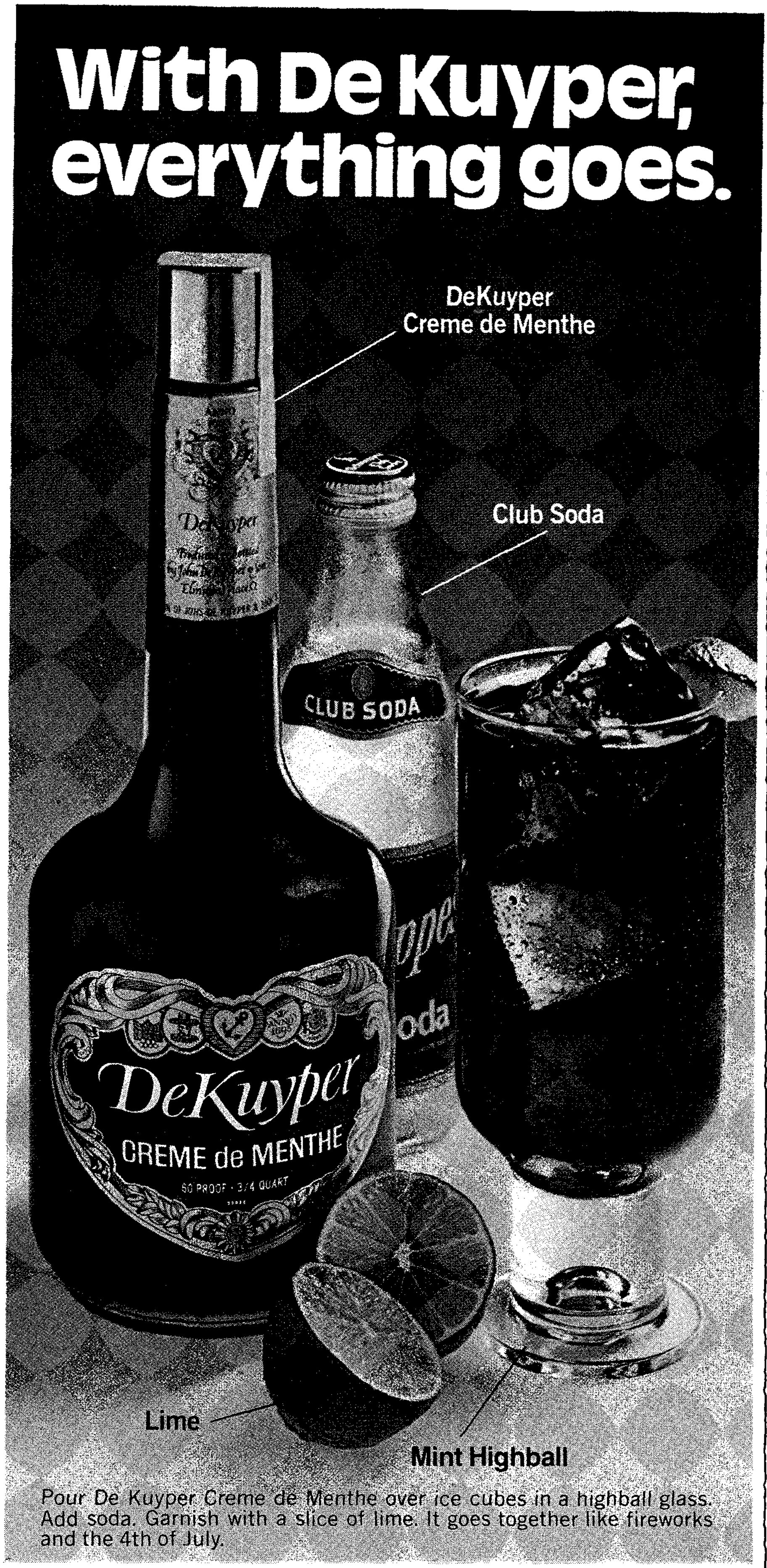

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an ecological disaster. So much for that. Try something else. He eats anything. He lives almost anywhere. That's why the possum is not extinct. That's why the possum has been so successful." One place this particular possum was never going to walk away from was Georgia Highway 76. Technology, for him the ultimate ecological disaster, had clouted him at seventy miles an hour.

Between Moultrie and Doerun, in the watershed of the Ochlockonee, was a lake in a pine grove surrounded by fifty acres of pitcher plants. They belonged to a couple named Barber, from Moultrie, who had read about the Natural Areas Council and had offered their pitcher plants to posterity. Sam and Carol, posterity, would accept. This was the largest colony of pitcher plants any of us was ever likely to see. Bright-green leaves, ruddy blooms, they glistened in the sun and nodded in the breeze and reached out from the lakeshore like tulips from a Dutch canal. Barber cut one off at the base and held up a leaf—folded upon itself like a narrow goblet, half full of water. The interior was lined with bristles, pointing downward. In the water were dozens of winged creatures, some still moving, most not. Barber had interrupted a handsome meal. His pitcher plants, in aggregate, could probably eat a ton of bugs a day. Sam said he sure was pleased to be able to make the pitcher plants a Georgia Natural Area. Carol saw a tiny water snake. She picked it up. It coiled in her hand and snapped at her. She talked gently to it until it settled down. "Are you going to be good now?" she said. She opened her hand, and the snake sat there, placidly, on her palm. The Barbers did not seem charmed. They said nothing and did not move. Carol set down the snake. It departed, and so did the Barbers. They went back to Moultrie in their air-conditioned car, leaving us their lake, their pines, their pitcher plants.

We jumped into the lake with a bar of soap and scrubbed ourselves up for dinner. In places, the lake was warm from the sun and in places cold from springs. We set up the tent and built a fire. The breeze was cool in the evening in the pines. Carol's stomach growled like a mastiff. She said that when she was hungry she could make her stomach growl on cue. It growled again. She had a tape recorder in the car. Sam got it and recorded the growls, which seemed marketable. He said they could scare away burglars. We fried beefsteaks and turtle steaks under a gibbous moon. We buried the fossils of pleasure: three cow bones and

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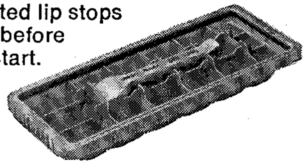

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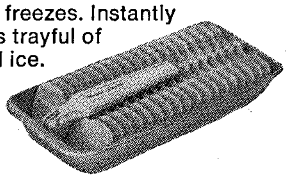

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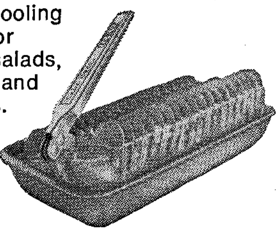

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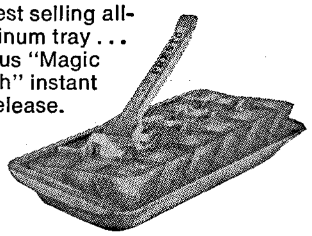

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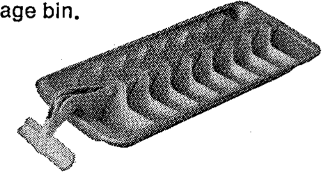

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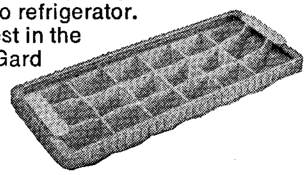

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a bottle that had held The Glenlivet. Frogs were hooting. There were no owls. We slept like bears.

At six in the morning, we got into the canoe and moved slowly around the lake. Sam cast for bass. He could flick his lure seventy feet and drop it on a pine needle. He could lay it under stumps with the delicacy of an eyedropper, or drive it, if he wanted to, halfway down the lake. He caught two bass. One wrapped itself hopelessly into a big waterlogged multiple branch. We pulled the branch up out of the water. The bass had himself woven into it like a bird in a cage. Under blue sky and star-burst clusters of longleaf pine—pitcher plants far as you could see, the lake blue and cool—we cooked the bass in butter and ate it with fried turtle eggs. Then we fried salt-risen bread in the bass butter with more turtle eggs and poured Tate City honey over the bread. Chicory coffee with milk and honey. Fish-crackling off the bottom of the pan.

The yolk of a turtle egg cooks readily to a soft, mushy yellow. The albumen, though, pops and bubbles and jumps around the pan, and will not congeal. No matter how blazing the heat beneath it may be, the white of the egg of the snapping turtle will not turn milky and set. It will jump like a frog and bounce and dance and skitter all over the pan until your patience snaps or the fire dies. So you give up trying to cook it. You swallow it hot and raw.

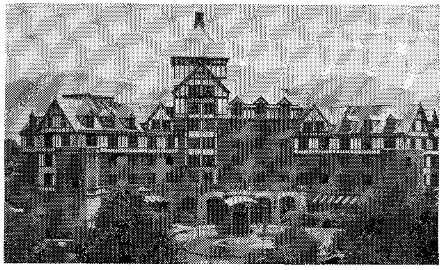
D.O.R. cat. D.O.R. dog. Near the Mitchell County line. Carol sighed, but no move was made to stop. We were heading west on 37 to check out a river that the Natural Areas Council had been told was like no other in Georgia. Florida was only forty miles away. The terrain was flat and serene between the quiet towns—Camilla, Newton, Elmodel. Cattle stood on light-green grassland under groves of dark pecans. Sometimes the road was a corridor walled with pines. Sometimes the margins opened out into farms, then closed down toward small cabins, more palisades of pine.

D.O.R. gray squirrel. "We could eat him," Carol said.

"We've got enough food," said Sam.

More pines, more pecans, more farms, a mild morning under a blue-and-white sky. Out of the sky came country music—the Carter Sisters, Johnny Cash, philosophy falling like hail: "It's not easy to be all alone, but time goes by and life goes on... for after night there comes a dawn. Yes, time goes by and life goes on."

Come Home.



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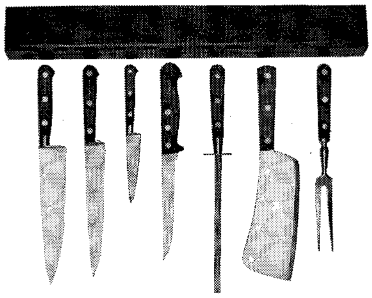

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D.O.R. fox squirrel. Baker County. He was as warm as in life, and he was in perfect shape. Kneeling in the road, Carol held out his long, feathery silver-gray tail so that it caught the sunlight. "There aren't many things prettier than that," she said. "Makes a human being sort of jealous not to have a pretty tail like that." Gently, she brushed the squirrel and daubed blood from his head. He looked alive in her hands. She put him in a plastic bag. The ice was low. We stopped at the next icehouse and bought twenty-five pounds.

D.O.R. nighthawk, fresh as the squirrel. Carol kept the hawk for a while in her lap, just to look at him. He could have been an Aztec emblem—wings half spread, head in profile, feathers patterned in blacks and browns and patches of white. Around the mouth were stiff bristles, fanned out like a radar screen, adapted for catching insects.

D.O.R. box turtle.

D.O.R. loggerhead shrike.

D.O.R. gas station. It was abandoned, its old pumps rusting; beside the pumps, a twenty-year-old Dodge with four flat tires.

D.O.R. cottonmouth. Three miles east of Bluffton. Clay County. Finding him there was exciting to Carol. We were nearing the Cemocheckobee, the river we had come to see, and the presence of one cottonmouth here on the road implied crowded colonies along the river. There was no traffic, no point in moving him immediately off the road. Carol knelt beside him. "He was getting ready to shed. He would have been a lot prettier when he had," she said. The skin was dull olive. Carol felt along the spine to a point about three-quarters of the way back and squeezed. The dead snake coiled. "That is what really frightens some people," she said. She lifted the head and turned it so that we could see, between the mouth and the nostrils, the deep pits, sensory organs, through which the striking snake had homed on his targets. Slowly, Carol opened the creature's mouth. The manuals of herpetology tell you not to do that, tell you, in fact, not to touch a dead cottonmouth, because through reflex action a dead one can strike and kill a human being. Now a fang was visible—a short brown needle projecting down from the upper jaw. "You have to be very careful not to scratch your finger on one of those," Carol said. She pressed with her fingertips behind the eyes, directly on the poison sacs, and a drop of milky fluid fell onto a stick she

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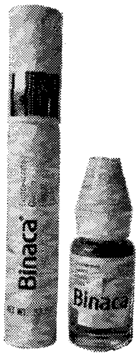
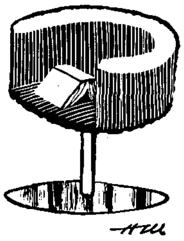


held in her other hand. Four more drops followed, forming a dome of venom. "That amount could kill you," she said, and she pressed out another drop. "Did you know that this is where they got the idea for the hypodermic syringe?" Another drop. "It has to get into the bloodstream. You could drink all you want and it wouldn't hurt you." She placed the cottonmouth off the road. Carol once milked honeysuckle until she had about two ounces, which she then drank. The fluid was so concentratedly sweet it almost made her sick.

Carol's purse fell open as we got back into the car, and out of it spilled a .22-calibre revolver in a case that looked much like a compact. Also in the purse was a Big Brother tear-gas gun, flashlight bulbs, chapstick, shampoo, suntan lotion, and several headbands. Once, when she was off in a swamp frogging and salamandering, a state trooper came upon the car and—thinking it might be an abandoned vehicle—rummaged through it. He found the purse and opened it. He discovered the pistol, the chapstick, the shampoo, et cetera, and a pink garter belt and black net stockings. He might have sent out a five-state alert, but Carol just then emerged from the swamp. She was on her way, she told him, to make a call on Kimberly-Clark executives in an attempt to get them to register some forest and riverbank land with the Natural Areas Council, and for that mission the black net stockings would be as useful as the pistol might be in a swamp or the chapstick in a blistering sun. "Yes, Ma'am."

The visit to the Kleenex people was successful, as it happened, and the result was the Griffin's Landing Registered Natural Area, fifty acres—a series of fossil beds on the Savannah River containing by the many thousands *Crassostrea gigantissima*, forty-million-year-old oysters, the largest that ever lived.



Down a dirt road, across a railroad track, and on through woods that scraped the car on both sides, Sam worked his way as far as he could toward the river's edge. We took down the canoe, and carried it to the water. The Cemocheckobee was a rejuvenated stream. Widening its valley, long ago, it had formed relaxed meanders, and now, apparently, the land was rising beneath it, and the river had speeded up and was cutting deeply into the meanders. The current was strong—nothing spectacular, nothing white, but forceful and swift. It ran beneath a jungle of overhanging trees. The river was compact and intimate. The distance from bank to bank was only about thirty feet, so there could be no getting away from the trees. "I'd venture to say we'll see our share of snakes today," Carol exulted. "Let's go! This is cottonmouth country!" Carol shoved up the sleeves of her sweatshirt over her elbows. Sam went to the car and got a snakebite kit.

I had thought I might be apprehensive about this part of the journey. I didn't see how I could help but be. Now I realized that I was having difficulty walking toward the river. "Sam," I said, "wouldn't you prefer that I paddle in the stern?" I had put in many more hours than he had in canoes on rivers, so it seemed only correct to me that Sam should sit up in the bow and fend off branches and cottonmouths while I guided the canoe from the commanding position in the rear.

"I'll go in the stern," said Sam. "Carol will go in the middle to collect snakes. You go in the bow." So much for that. It was his canoe. I got in and moved to the bow. They got in, and we shoved off.

The canoe found the current, accelerated, went downstream fifty feet, and smashed into a magnolia branch. I expected cottonmouths to strike me in both shoulders and the groin. But the magnolia proved to be snakeless. We shot on through and downriver. We could not avoid the overhanging branches. The current was too fast and there were too many of them. Once or twice a minute, we punched through the leafy twigs reaching down from a horizontal limb. But I began to settle down. There weren't any snakes, after all—not in the first mile, anyway. And things Carol was saying made a difference. She said, for example, that snakes plop off branches long before the canoe gets to them. She also said that cottonmouths rarely go out onto branches. They stay back at the river's edge and in the swamps. Snakes on branches are, in the main, as harmless as licorice. Bands of tension loosened and began to drop away. I looked ahead. At the next bend, the river was veiled in a curtain of water oak. I was actually hoping to see a snake hit the surface, but none did. We slipped through and into the clear.

This was heavy current for a river with no white water, and when we rested the river gave us a fast drift. Scenes quickly changed, within the

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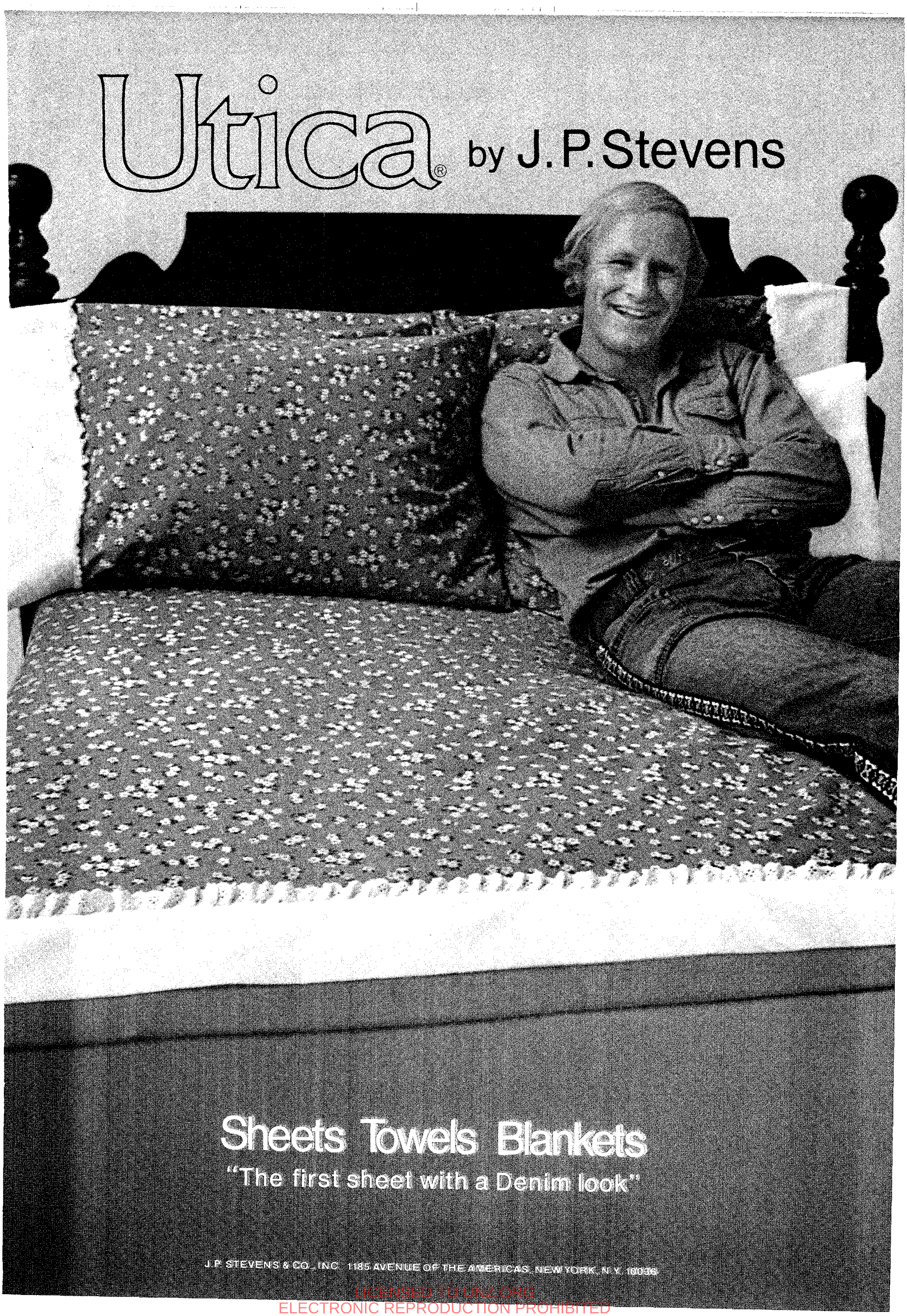
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steep banks, the incised meanders, against backgrounds of beech and laurel, white oak, spruce pine, Venus maidenhair, and resurrection fern. We came upon a young coon at the foot of a tree. He looked at us with no apparent fear. We pulled in to the bank. "Hey, there, you high-stepper, you," Carol said. "Get up that tree!" The coon put a paw on the tree and went up a foot or two and looked around. "Why aren't you afraid?" Carol went on. "Are you O.K., cooner?" The raccoon's trouble—probably—was that he had never seen a human. He was insufficiently afraid, and Carol began to worry about him. So she got out of the canoe and went after him. The coon moved up the tree fifteen feet. The tree was a slender maple. Carol started up it like a rope climber. The coon stayed where he was. Carol said, "I'm not climbing the tree to make him jump out. I'll just go high enough to let him know he ought to be afraid of people." When she got near him, the coon scrambled to the high branches, where he hung on to one and swayed. Carol stopped about twenty feet up. "Hey, coon! We're no good. Don't you know that?" she called to him. Then she slid on down. "Let that be a lesson to you!" she called from the bottom.

We moved on downstream, passing blue-tailed skinks and salamanders, animal tracks on every flat. A pair of beavers dived into the water and went around slapping the surface, firing blanks. Carol saw the mouth of their den, and she got out of the canoe, climbed the bank, and stuck her head inside. She regretted that she had not brought a flashlight with her. We moved on. We passed a banded snake sitting on a limb. He produced mild interest. Fear was gone from me. It had gone off with the flow of the river. There was a light splash to the right—as if from a slide, not a dive. No one saw what made it. "Otter," Carol said. "Pull in to the opposite bank—over there. Quickly!" We stopped the canoe, and held on to bush stems of the riverbank and waited. Nothing happened. The quiet grew. "The otter will come up and look at us," Carol said. We waited. Smooth, the river moved—never the same, always the same. No otter. "He is an extraordinarily intelligent and curious animal," Carol said. "He could go off somewhere, if he wanted to, just to breathe. But he wants to see us. He will not be able to stand it much longer. He will have to come up." Up came a face, chin on the water—dark bright

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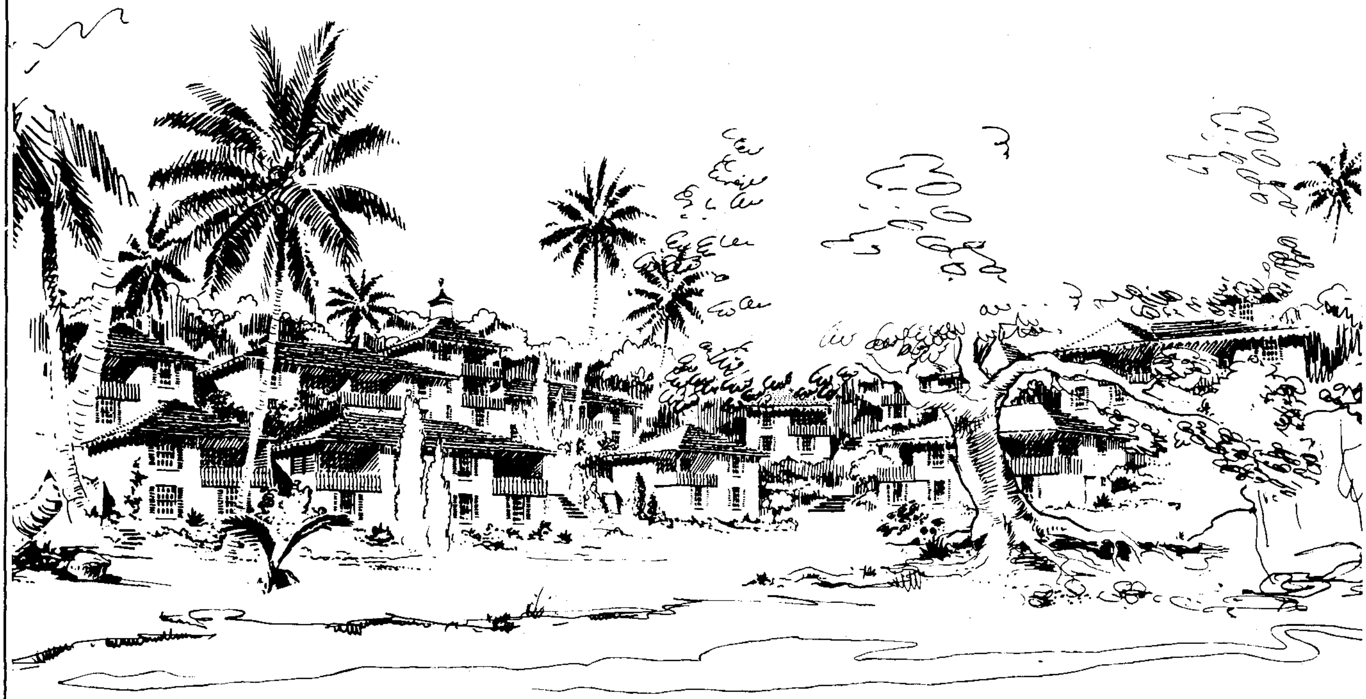

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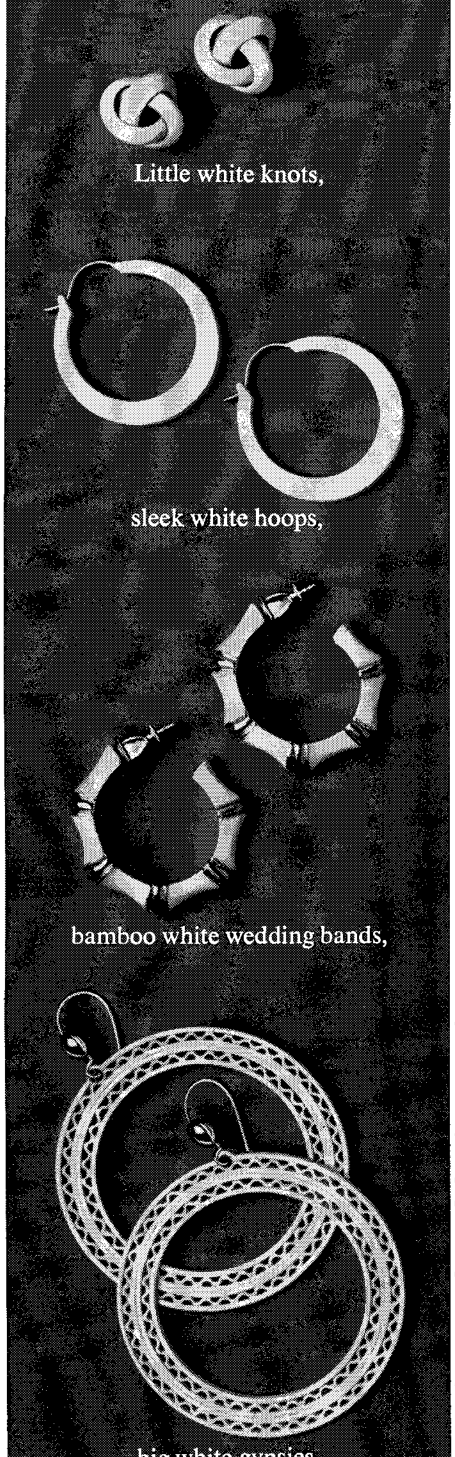

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eyes in a dark-brown head, small ears, wide snout: otter. His gaze was direct and unflinching. He looked at us until he had seen his fill; then he went back under. "Wouldn't you like to live in this creek?" Carol said. "You'd never get lonely. Wouldn't you like to play with the otter?"

A waterfall, about twelve feet high, poured into the river from the left. Two hundred yards downstream, another fall dropped into the river from the right. The feeder streams of the Cemocheckobee were not cutting down as fast as the river itself, and these hanging tributaries poured in from above, all the way down. We now moved through stands of royal fern under big sycamores and big beeches, and past another waterfall. "This is otter, beaver, coon heaven," Carol said. Her only disappointment was the unexpected scarcity of snakes. She said she had seen more than her share of "magnolia-leaf snakes" that day. Her imagination, charged with hope and anticipation, could, and frequently did, turn magnolia leaves into snakes, green upon the branches. I found myself feeling disappointed, too. Only one lousy banded snake. The day was incomplete.

Sam said the threat to this river was the lumber industry. Logging was going on in the forests on both sides, and he would try to persuade the lumbermen to register the river—and its marginal lands—before the day came when it would be too late. While he was speaking, I saw a snake on a log at the water's edge, and pointed to it, interrupting him.

"Is that a banded snake?"

"That is not a banded snake," Carol said.

"Is it a bad one?"

"It's a bad one, friend."

"Well, at last. Where have you been all day?"

He had been right there, of course, in his own shaft of sun, and the sight of a shining aluminum canoe with three figures in it was not going to cause him to move. Moving back was not in his character. He would stay where he was, or go toward something that seemed to threaten him. Whatever else he might be, he was not afraid. He was a cottonmouth, a water moccasin. Carol was closer to him than I was, and I felt no fear at all. Sam, in the stern, was closest of all, because we were backing up toward the snake. I remember thinking, as we moved closer, that I preferred that they not bring the thing into the canoe, but that was the sum of my concern; we were ten

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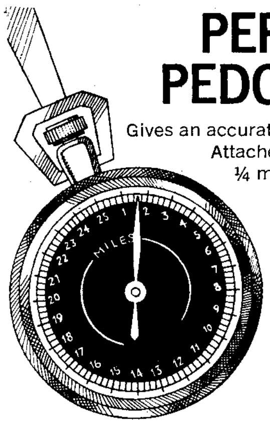

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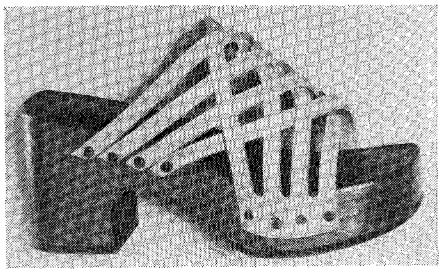

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miles downstream from where we had begun. The moccasin did not move. We were now right next to it. Sam reached toward it with his paddle.

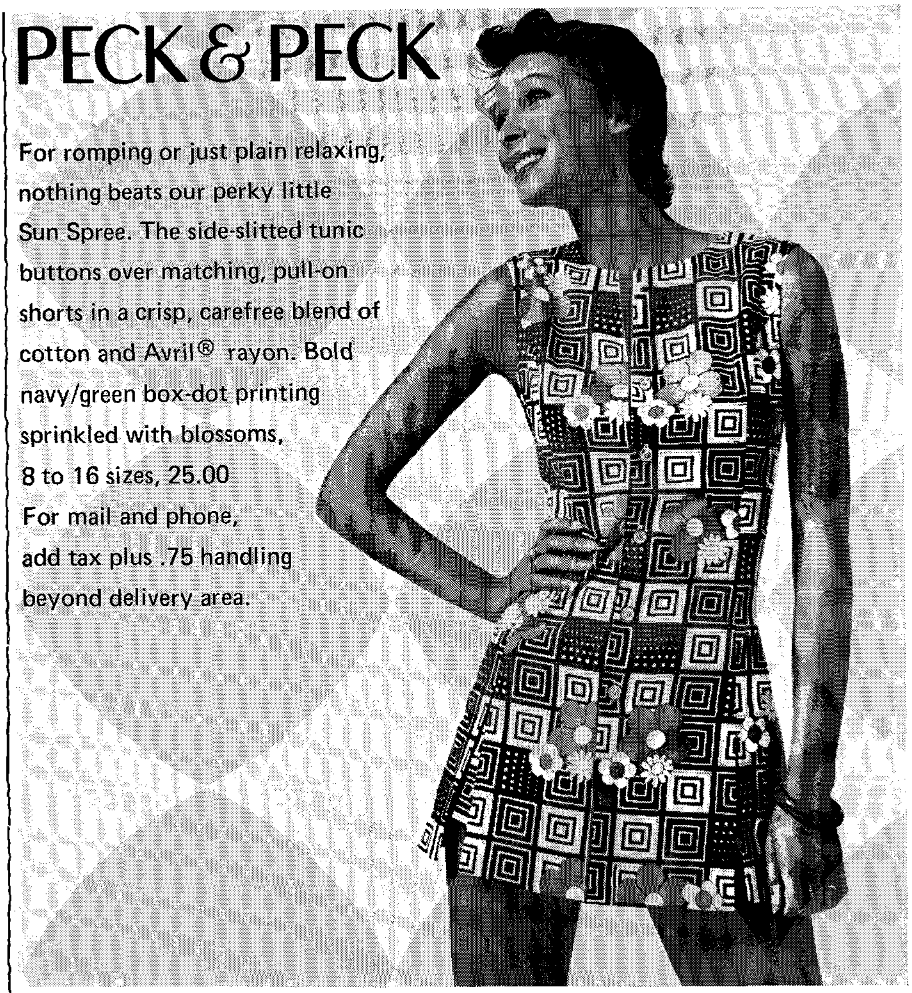
"Rough him up a little to teach him to beware of humans," Carol said. "But don't hurt him."

Under the snake Sam slipped the paddle, and worked it a bit, like a spatula, so that the snake came up onto the blade. Sam lifted the cottonmouth into the air. Sam rocked the paddle. "Come on," he said. "Come on, there. Open your mouth so John can see the cotton."

"Isn't he magnificent?" Carol said. "Set him down, Sam. He isn't going to open his mouth."

Sam returned the moccasin to the log. The canoe moved on into a gorge. The walls of the gorge were a hundred feet high.

THE Cemocheckobee was itself a feeder stream, ending in the Chattahoochee, there in southwestern Georgia, at the Alabama line. An appointment elsewhere with the Chattahoochee—a red-letter one for Sam and Carol—drew us back north. The Chattahoochee is Georgia's most prodigious river. Atlanta developed where railheads met the river. The Chattahoochee rises off the slopes of the Brasstown Bald, Georgia's highest mountain, seven miles from North Carolina, and flows to Florida, where its name changes at the frontier. It is thereafter called the Appalachicola. In all its four hundred Georgia miles, what seems most remarkable about this river is that it flows into Atlanta nearly wild. Through a series of rapids between high forested bluffs, it enters the city clear and clean. From parts of the Chattahoochee within the city of Atlanta, no structures are visible—just water, sky, and woodland. The circumstance is nostalgic, archaic, and unimaginable. It is as if an unbefouled Willamette were to flow wild into Portland—Salt into Phoenix, Missouri into Omaha, Charles into Boston, Hudson into New York, Delaware into Philadelphia, James into Richmond, Cuyahoga into Cleveland (the Cuyahoga caught fire one day, and fire engines had to come put out the blazing river). Atlanta deserves little credit for the clear Chattahoochee, though, because the Chattahoochee is killed before it leaves the city. It dies between Marietta Boulevard and South Cobb Drive, just below the Atlanta Water Intake, at the point where thirty-five million gallons of partially treated sewage and forty million gallons of raw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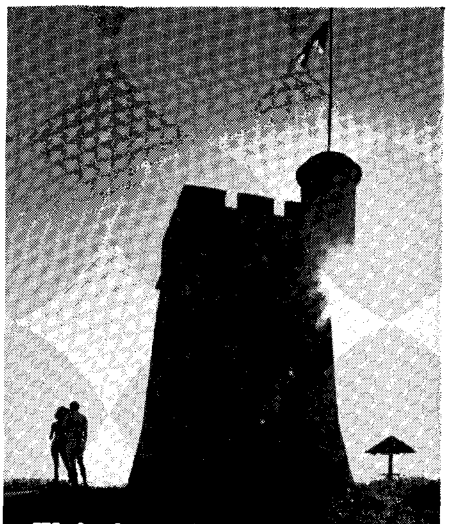
sewage are poured into the river every day. A short distance below that stand two enormous power plants, whose effluent pipes raise the temperature of the river. A seven-pound brown trout was caught recently not far above the Water Intake. It is difficult to imagine what sort of fin-rotted, five-legged, uranium-gilled, web-mouthed monster could live in the river by Georgia Power. Seen from the air (Sam showed it to me once in his plane), the spoiling of the Chattahoochee is instant, from river-water blue to sewer ochre-brown, as if a pair of colored ribbons had been sewn together there by the city.

Now a sewer line was projected to run upstream beside the river to fresh subdivisions that would bloom beyond the city's perimeter highway. The sewer would not actually be in the water, but, unless it could be tunnelled or not built at all, it would cause the clear-cutting of every tree in a sixty-foot swath many miles long. A segment of the sewer was already under construction. The Georgia Natural Areas Council was among the leadership in an effort to put down this specific project and at the same time to urge a bill through the legislature that would protect permanently the river and its overview. Sam had asked Jimmy Carter to come get into a canoe and shoot the metropolitan rapids and see for himself the value and the vulnerability of the river. Carter was willing. So, in three canoes, six of us put in under the perimeter highway, I-285, and paddled into Atlanta.

Sam had Carter in his bow. Carter might be governor of Georgia but not of Sam's canoe. Carol and I had the second canoe. In the third was a state trooper, who had a pistol on his hip that could have sunk a frigate. In the stern was James Morrison, of the federal government, the Bureau of Outdoor Recreation's man in Atlanta. He wore wet-suit bootees and rubber kneepads and seemed to be ready to go down the Colorado in an acorn.

The current was strong. The canoes moved smartly downstream. Carter was a lithe man, an athletic man in his forties—at home, obviously enough, in boats. He was wearing a tan windbreaker, khaki trousers, and white basketball shoes. He had a shock of wind-tossed sandy hair. In the course of the day, he mentioned that he had grown up in Archery, Georgia, by a swamp of the Kinchafoonee and the Choctawhatchee. He and his friend A. D. Davis, who was black, had built a twelve-foot bateau. "When it rained and we couldn't work in the fields, we



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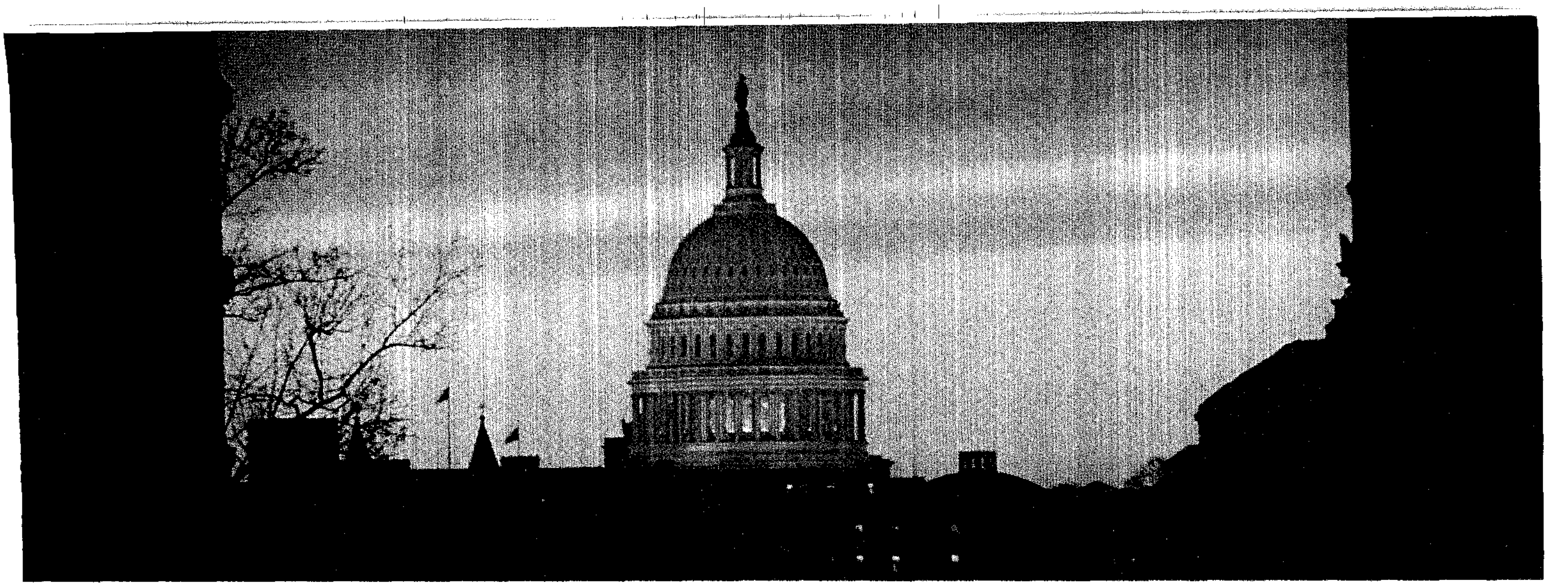

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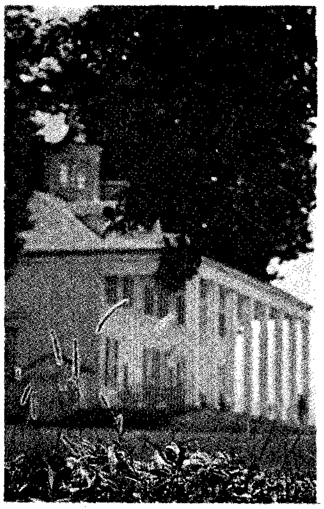

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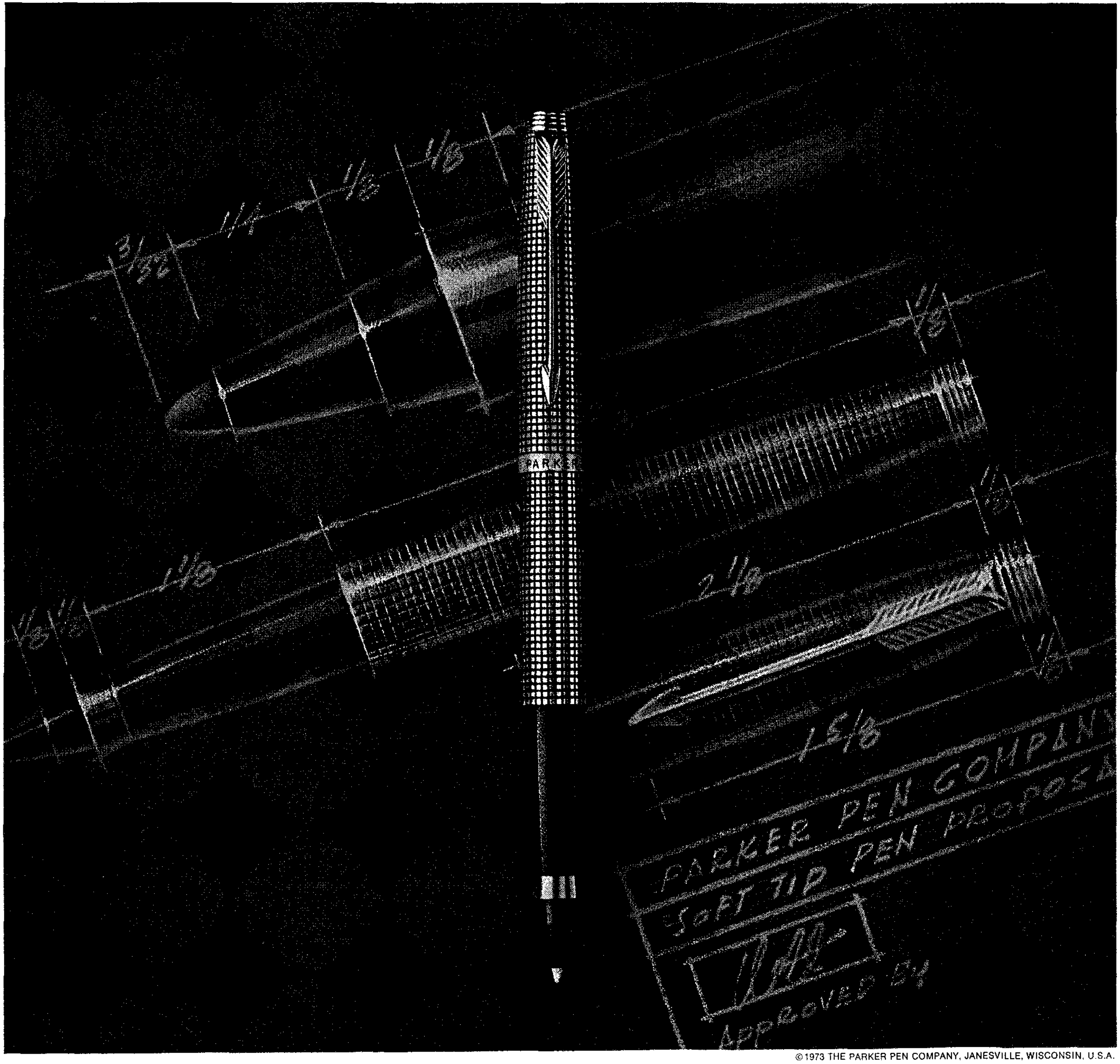

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went down to the creek and set out set hooks for catfish and eels, and we drifted downstream in the bateau hunting ducks with a shotgun. We fished for bass and redbellies, and we waded for jack. The bateau weighed eighty pounds. I could pick it up." Archery was three miles west of Plains, a crossroads with a short row of stores and less than a thousand people. Sam, Carol, and I had passed through Plains—in fifteen seconds—on our way north. An enormous red-lettered sign over the stores said, "PLAINS, GEORGIA, HOME OF JIMMY CARTER." Carter had played basketball at Plains High School, had gone on to Annapolis and into nuclear submarines, and had come back to Plains in 1953 to farm peanuts and to market them for himself and others, businesses he continued as he went on into the legislature and upward to become governor. The career of his boyhood friend had been quite different. The last Carter had heard of A. D. Davis, Davis was in jail for manslaughter.

Now, on the Chattahoochee, the Governor said, "We're lucky here in Georgia that the environment thing has risen nationally, because Georgia is less developed than some states and still has much to save." With that, he and Sam went into the largest set of rapids in the city of Atlanta. The rip was about a hundred yards long, full of Vs confusing to the choice, broad ledges, haystacks, eddies, and tumbling water. They were good rapids, noisy and alive, and strong enough to flip a canoe that might hit a rock and swing broadside.

In the shadow of a two-hundred-foot bluff, we pulled out on a small island to survey the scene. Carol said the bluff was a gneiss and was full of garnets. The Governor had binoculars. With them, he discovered a muskrat far out in the river. The muskrat was gnawing on a branch that had been stopped by a boulder. "He's sniffin' around that little old limb on top of that rock," Carter said. "Maybe he's eating the lichens off it. Look, there's another. Who owns the land here?"

"Various people," Morrison said. "Some are speculators. A lot of it is owned by Alfred Kennedy."

"Kennedy?"

"A director of the First National Bank," Carol said.

"Is he a good guy, so far as conservancy goes?"

"From what I hear, he's too busy making money."

"Sometimes it's better to slip up on people like that," Carter told her. "Rather than make an issue of it right

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away." He spoke in a low voice, almost shyly. There was a touch of melancholy in his face that disappeared, as it did frequently, when he grinned. A trillium caught his eye. He asked her what it was, and she told him. "And what's that?" he said.

"Dog hobble," Carol said. "*Leucothoë*. Look here." She pointed at the ground. "A coon track."

The canoes moved on, and the next stop was a visit with a fisherman who was casting from the bank. He was middle-aged and weathered, a classical, prototype fisherman, many years on the river. He was wreathed in smiles at sight of the Governor. I looked hard at Sam, but nothing in his face indicated that he had planted the man there. The fisherman, Ron Sturdevant, showed the Governor a Kodacolor print of a twenty-three-inch rainbow he had recently caught right here under this bluff. "I guess I'm glad I met you," Sturdevant said. "I'm glad you're taking this trip. I'm worried about the river."

"I hope we can keep it this way," Carter said.

We climbed from the river through a deep wood of oaks and big pines to a cave in which families of Cherokees had once lived. It was about a hundred feet up. The view swept the river, no structures visible. "Who owns this place?"

Sam said, "Alfred Kennedy."

"And he hasn't even slept here," said Carol.

"Have you slept here, Carol?" the Governor asked her.

"Many times," she told him. "With a dog named Catfish."

Morrison said, "There's gold here, around the Indian cave. It's never been mined."

"That would be a good way to keep this place undisturbed," Carter said. "To announce that there was gold up here."

Back on the river, he used his binoculars while Sam paddled. He saw four more muskrats and an automobile, upside down in the water, near the far bank. He also saw a turtle.

"What kind is it?" Carol asked him.

"If I knew what kind it was, I could tell you." He handed the binoculars across to her, too late.

"I've been down through here and seen fifteen turtles with bullet holes in their shells," Carol told him.

"What kind?" Carter said.

"Cooters and sliders."

There was a racket of engines. Out of nowhere came two motorcyclists riding *in* the river. A mile or so later,

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we took out, beside an iron bridge. Carol said she had washed her hair any number of times under that bridge.

The Governor invited us home for lunch. The mansion was new—a million-dollar neo-Palladian Xanadu, formal as a wedding cake, and exquisitely landscaped. Carol and Sam and I were ropy from a thousand miles of mountains, rivers, and swamps. None of us had changed clothes in nearly a week, but we would soon be eating grilled cheese sandwiches at a twenty-foot table under a crystal chandelier. The Governor, for that matter, did not look laundered anymore—mud on his trousers, mud on his basketball shoes. We parked in back of the mansion. A backboard, hoop, and net were mounted there. A ball sat on the pavement. Before going in, we shot baskets for a while.

"The river is just great," the Governor said, laying one in. "And it ought to be kept the way it is. It's almost heartbreaking to feel that the river is in danger of destruction. I guess I'll write a letter to all the landowners and say, 'If you'll use some self-restraint, it'll decrease the amount of legal restraint put on you in the future.' I don't think people want to incur the permanent wrath of the governor or the legislature."

"I've tried to talk to property owners," Carol said. "To get them to register their land with the Natural Areas Council. But they wouldn't even talk to me."

The Governor said, "To be blunt about it, Carol, why would they?"

The Governor had the ball and was dribbling in place, as if contemplating a property owner in front of him, one-on-one. He went to the basket, shot, and missed. Carol got the rebound and fed the ball to Sam. He shot. He missed, too.

—JOHN MCPHEE

•

Firemen extinguished the flames with a chemical powder. Operators of tape perforators and a computer that aids in the setting of type fled the smoke.—*Milwaukee Journal.*

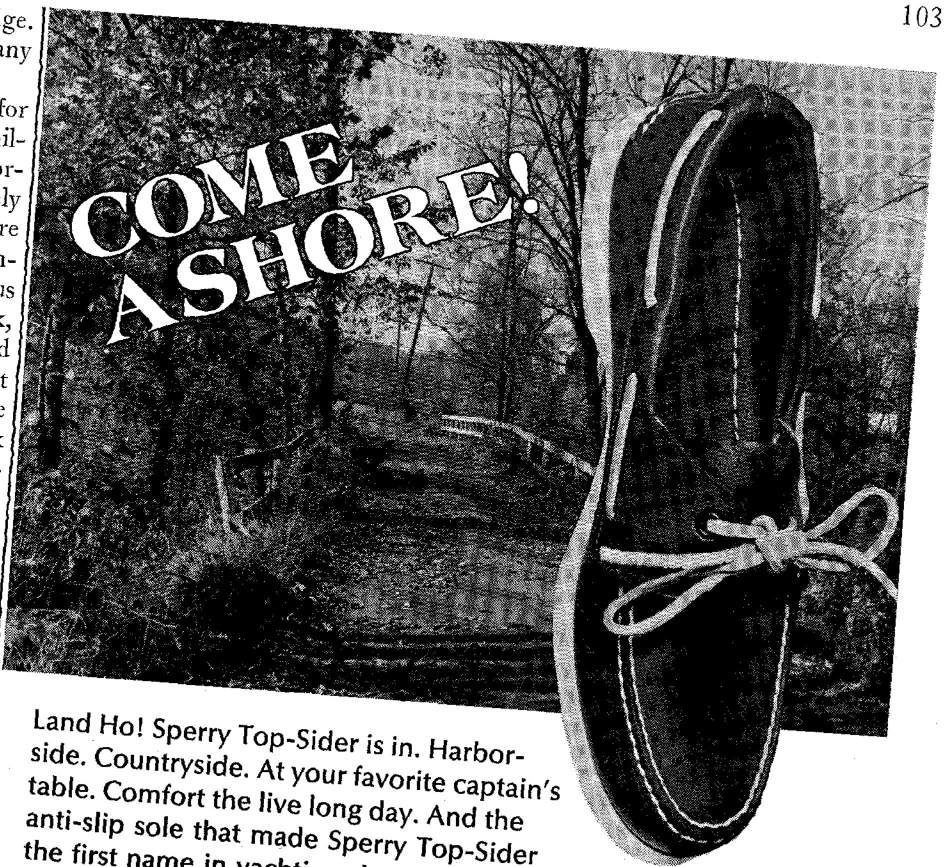
You should have seen that thing scamper!

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[From the Post]

CARACAS (AP)—The film "Last Tango in Paris" has been banned in Venezuela, but a United Artists spokesman said authorities did not see the film before hearing it.



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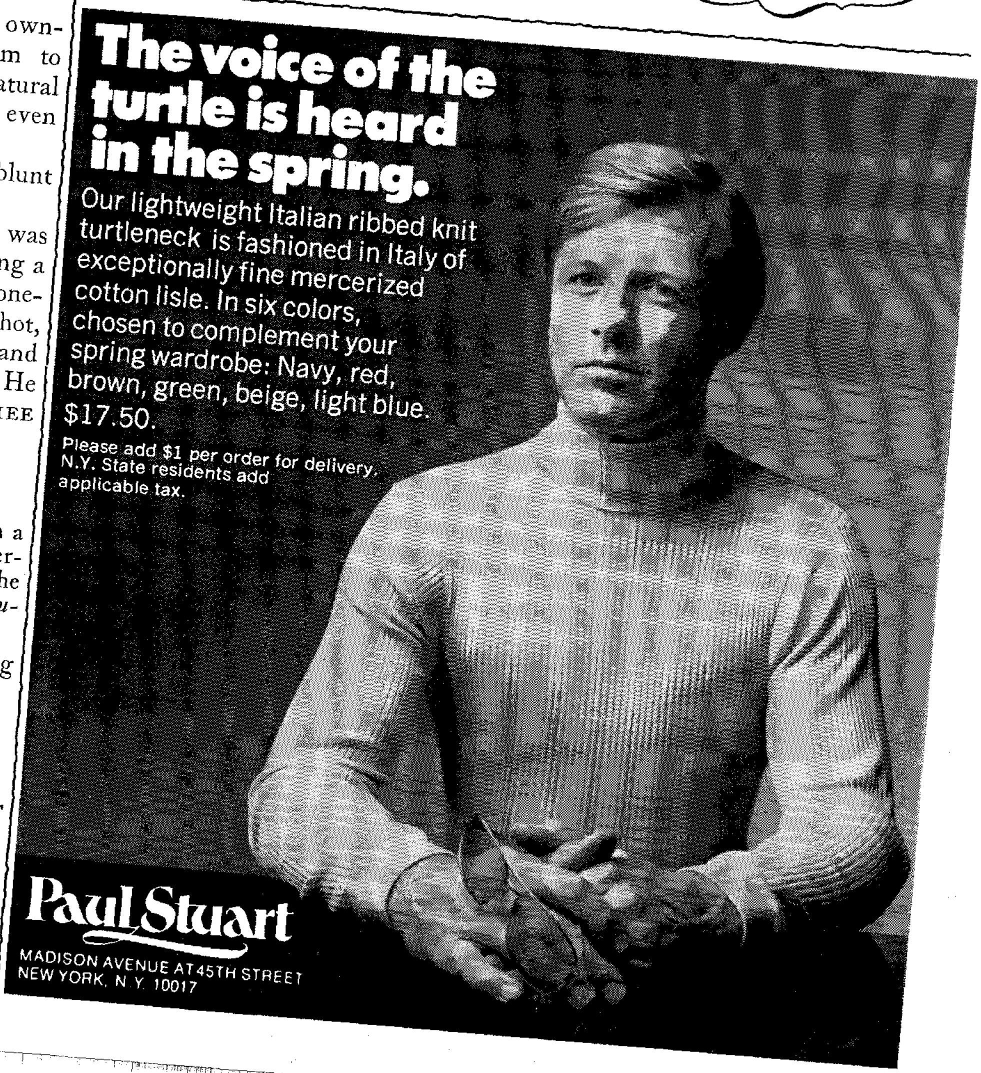
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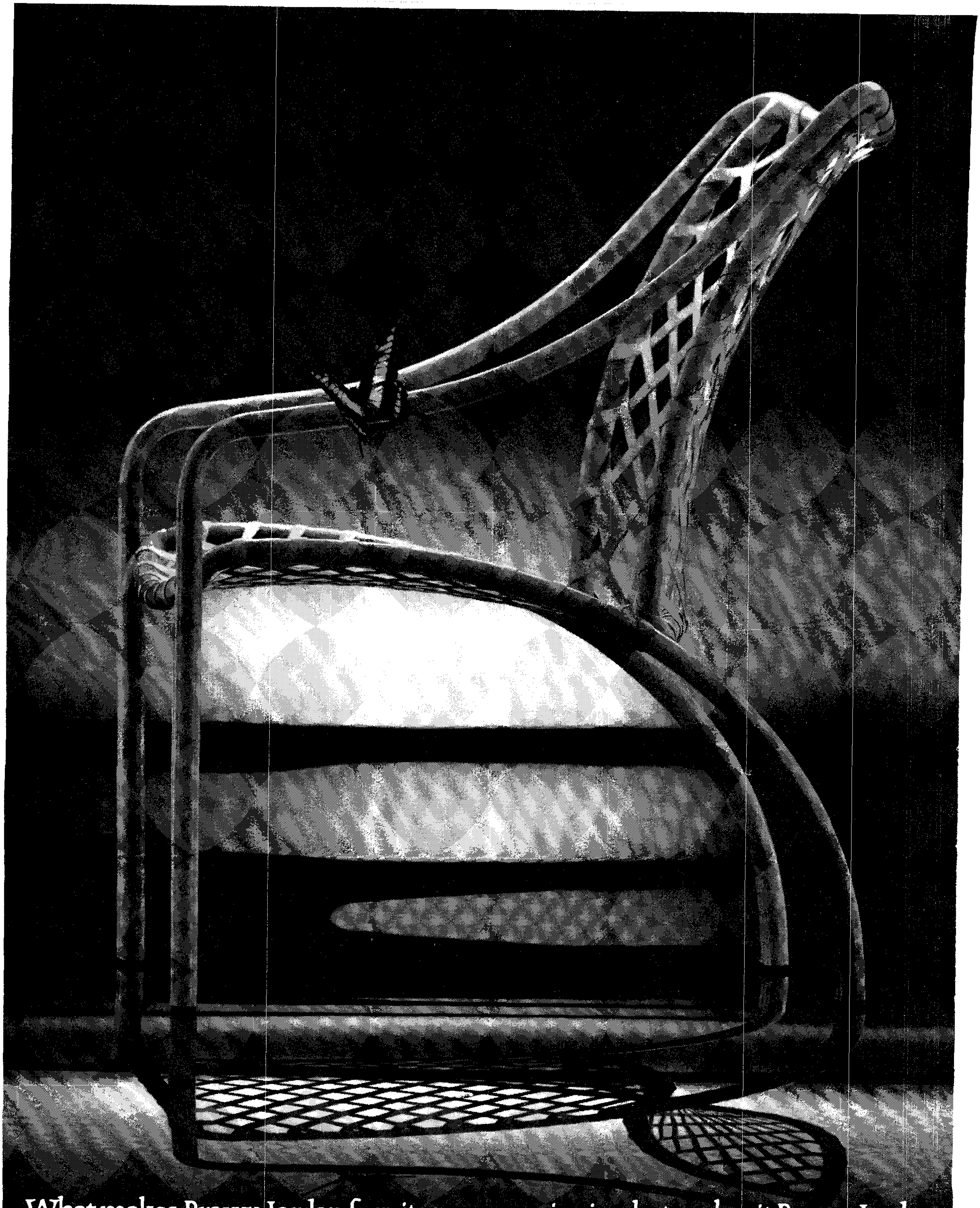

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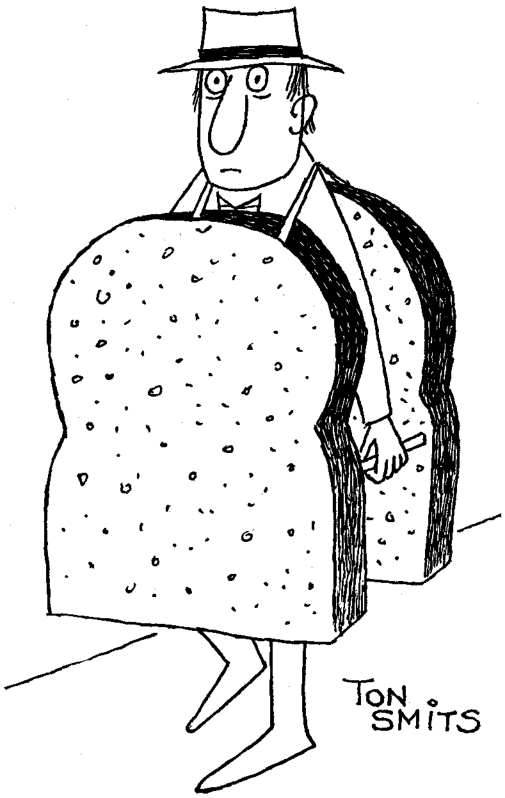
THE THEATRE

OFF BROADWAY

THE orphan of David Rabe's "The Orphan," at the Public, is Orestes, and the play is an attempt—not entirely successful—to apply the events of the Oresteia to certain events in America today. The time of the first act is the ancient past, of the second the immediate past and the present. At the beginning, most of the company enters in the costumes of ancient Greeks, save for a girl in bluejeans and a woman in a modern black evening dress carrying a microphone. The woman is the Speaker, and she is in and out as narrator and commentator—the Chorus—all evening; the girl is one of the Manson "family." The play crosses this sort of time bridge constantly, always stressing the (far too facile) similarities between the mythic past and the recent past and present—between the Greek siege of Troy and the American invasion of Vietnam; between the Greek priest who, reading the signs in chicken bones and stones, insisted on the sacrifice of Iphigenia and the American experts who insisted on the bombing of the Vietnamese; between the ritual murder of Iphigenia and the ritual murder of Sharon Tate, to name only a few. The play is also about the never-ending chain of killing and vengeance. In the final episode, Orestes, wearing dungarees and a T-shirt with the head of his ancestor Tantalus embossed on it, is persuaded by Apollo to murder both Aegisthus and his mother, whom he barely knew, in order to avenge their slaying of his father, whom he never met. Apollo, in his sporadic appearances, is always the advocate of evil or mischief on both sides of the time bridge; it is he, for instance, who passes out the hallucinatory mushrooms to the Manson bunch.

Philosophically, the play is disappointing. Heaven knows it is possible to be overwhelmed by the Greek dramatists, but it does seem a mistake to reshape their subject matter into a handy "relevance" to current events. It is also sad to see Mr. Rabe, a playwright with a genius for the specific—as he proved in his wonderful "The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel" and, to a somewhat lesser extent, in his "Sticks and Bones"—moving toward the general and the abstract. Nevertheless, as directed by Jeff Bleckner, the play, for all its misguided complexity, is quite a theatrical accomplishment, at times puzzling or annoying but never boring, never glum, never false in feeling, and with many flashes of wit. Taken individually, the scenes, the characters, and the lines are for the most part very well written. There are two Clytemnestras, the first being the anguished mother of Iphigenia, and the second—the self-described "animal"—being the voluptuous mistress of Aegisthus and the murderer of Agamemnon. Whatever the merits of the idea, Marcia Jean Kurtz and Rae Allen are well cast in the roles. The most moving scene is the sacrifice of Iphigenia, when the girl, knowing she is going to be killed, pleads with her father for some sort of reassurance; her line "I know you're busy" is unforgettable as delivered by young Laurie Heineman. Much of the humor is entrusted to pompous, portly Aegisthus—timorous killer in the first act and all-purpose tycoon in the second—and, as portrayed by John Harkins, he could not be in better hands. Mariclare Costello is frighteningly credible as the girl of the Manson tribe, and W. B. Brydon, as Agamemnon, is, as usual, very impressive. I also admired Tom Aldredge, as the Greek priest, and Peter Maloney, as a kind of present-day messenger. The setting, by Santo Loquasto, is a beauty—a large disc of what looks like baked clay tipped toward the auditorium, with platforms and balconies reaching almost to the ceiling. Peter Link wrote the lively music.



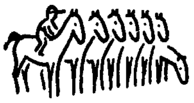
THE Manhattan Theatre Club, on Seventy-third Street, just west of First Avenue, was once a Czechoslovakian restaurant and is now a theatre complex—and one of the most active and agreeable in town. Various plays run for a weekend or two or three in various auditoriums in the building. Over the past several weeks, I've seen Maxim Gorky's "The Zykovs," which I'd never even heard of, with James Broderick and an exceptionally strong company (as these enterprises go Off Off Broadway); productions of Jeff Wanshel's "auto-destruct" and Edward M. Cohen's "The Complaint Department Closes at Five," both of which were first done at the O'Neill Theatre Center, in Waterford, Connecticut; and the "Little Mahagonny," which originated at the Yale Repertory Theatre, in New Haven. A festival of some twenty plays by as many of the better known Off Broadway playwrights will open at the club on May 16th and run through June 10th. Lynne Meadow, the artistic director, is responsible for all these bookings.

THE production of "Le Médecin Malgré Lui," by Le Jeune Théâtre National, an enchanting group of young French actors from Paris, made a perfect evening for those of us who like our comedy deft, sharp, and low. Every time the audience laughed, I thought of all the audiences over the past three hundred years and more who had laughed in exactly that way at exactly that line or piece of funny business. The acting and the setting and costumes were entirely worthy of Molière. Le Jeune Théâtre company, now gone, spent only a week at the American Place.

—EDITH OLIVER

THE RACE TRACK

Eagle Bird



LAST week in these notes, I said it was a foregone conclusion that Secretariat would win the Wood Memorial Stakes if the eagle bird didn't come up on the roulette wheel and surprise everybody. Well, the eagle bird came up, and Angle Light, who would have been at least 20–1 if he had been running alone instead of coupled in the betting with Secretariat, his stablemate, led from start to finish at Aqueduct on Saturday to win by a head from Sham. Secretariat was third, four lengths behind them. The race, in which eight three-year-olds ran, was almost a procession for the greater part of the mile and a furlong, and it left this observer, for one, precious little the wiser, except for being reminded of the unpredictability of horses. Angle Light—a bay colt by Quadrangle, who won the Wood in 1964, out of a mare named Pilot Light—isn't within ten pounds of Secretariat in my book, but he's fast (he ran a mile in 1:35⅗ early in the meeting, and won by ten lengths), and when Vasquez, who rode him, shot out of the starting gate I thought he was off to soften up Sham. (And no doubt he was.) Instead, the pace he set was what a horseman I know calls buggy-horse time; the quarter was run in 0:24⅗, the half in 0:48⅕, six furlongs in 1:12⅕, the mile in 1:36⅘, and the route in 1:49⅘. Velasquez, who rode Sham, slowed down for some reason on the turn for home, perhaps to save his mount for an expected challenge from Secretariat. When he turned on the gas, it was a little too late, but he was wearing Angle Light down at the end. I doubt if either Vasquez or Velasquez knew how slow they were going. Anyhow, Angle Light, who is owned by Edwin Whittaker, a Toronto electronics man, sailed in for his first victory in a stakes race, and a purse of $68,940.

Frankly, I was more impressed with Sham's appearance—he's a picture—than with his form, but then horses coming from California, as he did recently, seldom run well in their first start here. He's a horse quite unlike Secretariat (heroic, you might say), and he's bigger, and I'd guess he weighs a lot more. In fact, he looks worth the $200,000 that Sigmund Sommer gave for him. His trainer, Pancho Martin, had also entered Som-

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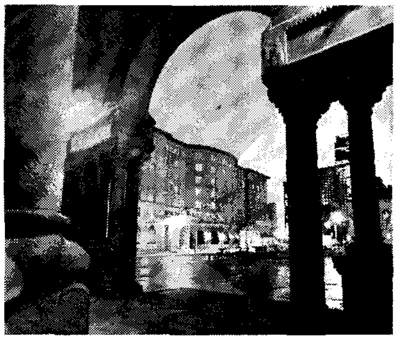

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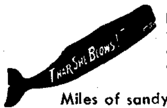

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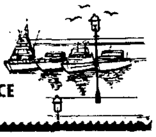

mer's Knightly Dawn and Beautiful Music in the Wood, but he scratched both before post time. With him, he said, it was Sham against Secretariat. By the way, the first stakes race Martin won in New York was the Wood—with Manassa Mauler, in 1959. If you remember, Manassa Mauler beat the Meadow Stable's First Landing, the favorite, and paid a $129.50 mutuel.

As for Secretariat, he looked as magnificent as ever in the paddock, and was greeted with a cheer from the crowd as he left the parade ring for the track. He got away slowly, as usual, and was next to last going around the clubhouse turn. He has always been slow to settle into his stride, and, this time, when he did, he didn't pick up his field at the half-mile ground. He was passing horses in the stretch all right, but he made third place by only half a length. After the race, Turcotte, who rode him, said, "He just didn't have the punch today. I felt he wasn't himself." Which, I think, explains everything. After all, even the best horses are entitled now and then to a bad race. They're flesh and blood, and should be treated as such.

Forty-three thousand people came to the Big A on Saturday, many of them primarily to see Secretariat, and, thanks to his being an entry with Angle Light, they didn't lose a bet on him but collected thirty cents on the dollar, which is better than tearing up your tickets. Incidentally, Aqueduct had two five-million-dollar days last week. On Friday, the tote handle was $5,023,718, and on Saturday it was $5,055,041.

Linda's Chief, one of the stars of the Santa Anita meeting, who beat Sham in the San Felipe Handicap and then lost to him in the Santa Anita Derby, won the California Derby at Golden Gate Fields last weekend. Ridden by Baeza, and 1–5 in the betting, he won by less than a length from Easy Ern. Vietmine was third. Linda's Chief won't go for the Kentucky Derby, but there will be plenty of others. Would you be surprised if there were twenty starters? I wouldn't.

—Audax Minor

•

Harrisburg, Pa., April 4 (UPI)—The House, by a vote of 118 to 69, approved yesterday an amendment to outlaw pre-marital and extra-marital sex in Pennsylvania. A final House vote is expected next week on the bill, which makes malicious mischief in caves a misdemeanor.—*The Times.*

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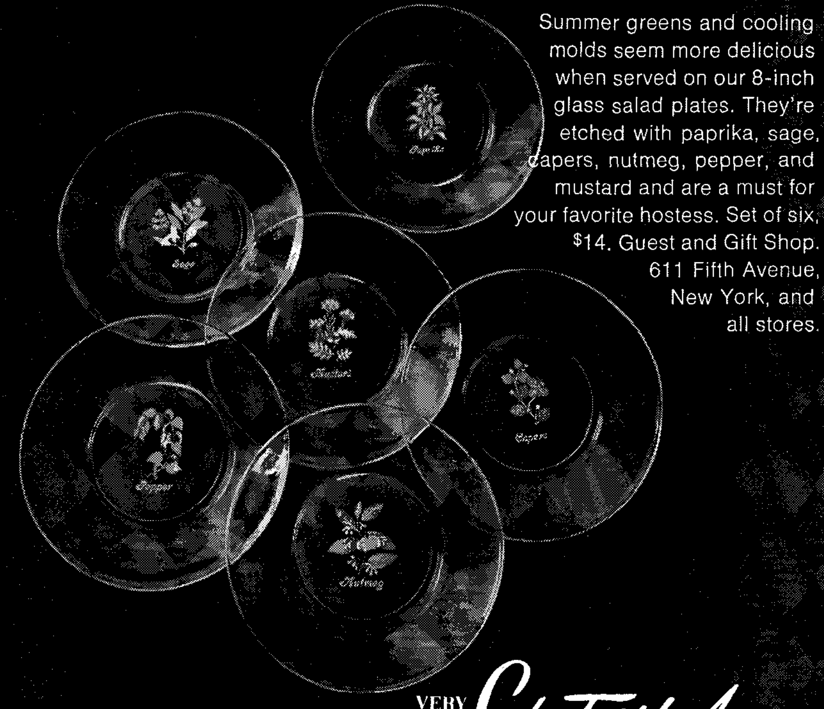
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THE SPORTING SCENE

TOUR D'ARGENT

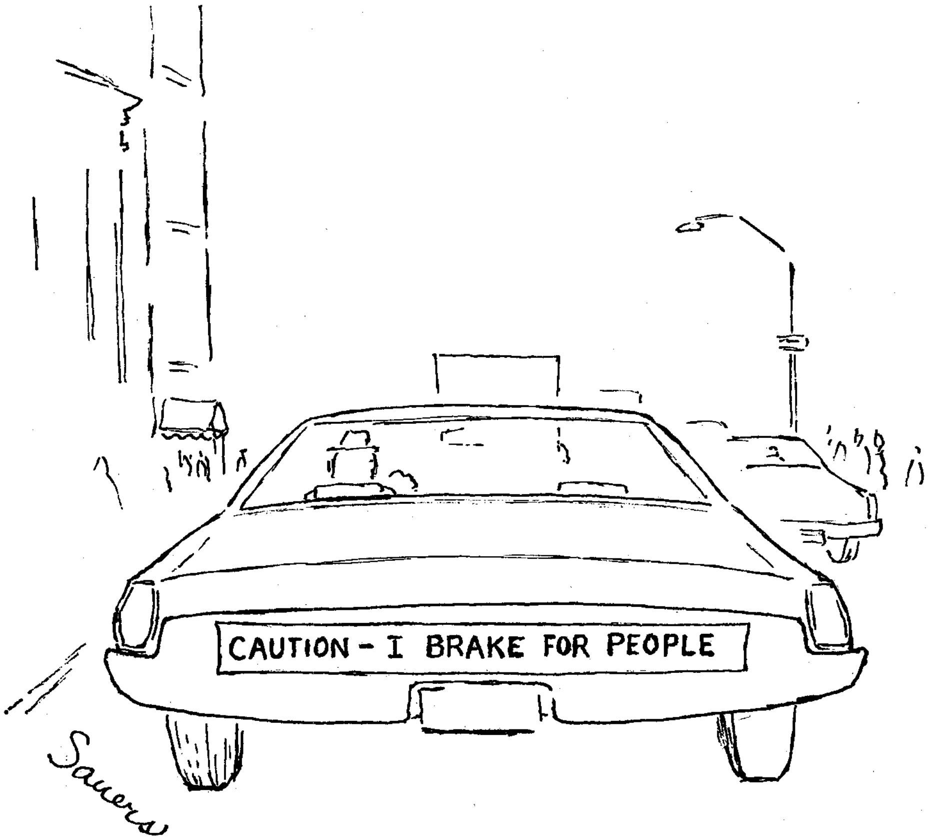
BACK in 1960, Sam Snead, after teaming with Arnold Palmer to win the Canada (now the World) Cup match at the famous Portmarnock course, near Dublin, adamantly refused to play in the centenary edition of the British Open, the world's oldest championship, which was scheduled to take place the very next week at St. Andrews. Always known for his deep respect for hard currency, Snead explained that whereas the British Open was worth only around ten thousand dollars, the fifty-thousand-dollar Buick Open was coming up around the same time at the Warwick Hills course in Grand Blanc, Michigan, and he simply could not pass up a Golconda like that. Snead returned home and finished in a tie for ninth, but he made only a few hundred dollars less than Palmer did by finishing a single stroke behind the winner of the British Open.

Today, Snead wouldn't cross the street, let alone the Atlantic, for a fifty-thousand-dollar tournament, but only thirteen years ago that kind of money had an altogether different clink and tinkle in a golfer's ear. In fact, up to 1960, with the sole exception of the extravaganzas that George S. May annually mounted at the Tam O'Shanter Club, outside Chicago, it was the very rare regular tour tournament (as distinct from the major championships) that had ever offered a purse of as much as fifty thousand dollars. May, a highly successful "business engineer," as he preferred to style himself, astounded the world of golf in 1950 when he put on a fifty-thousand-dollar World Championship—by far the richest tournament in the game's history. He gradually raised the purse until by 1957 it had reached $101,200.

May's tournaments were such odd, offbeat affairs that most sports scholars, in assessing the amazing fiscal growth of the American golf tour, are inclined to ignore them, and to regard 1961 as the watershed year. While most of the purses on the 1961 winter and fall tours averaged about twenty thousand dollars and those on the spring and summer tours only about ten thousand more, the first rumblings of the boom could be clearly heard: five of the weekly tournaments that year offered fifty thousand dollars or more in prize money. By 1964, there were twenty-six fifty-thousand-dollar tournaments on "the tour," as the professional circuit is commonly referred to. By 1967—the year the Westchester Classic put up two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, to become the richest tournament in history—there were thirty-one tournaments with prize money of a hundred thousand or more. Three years later, the hundred-thousand-dollar tournament was passé. No fewer than twenty 1970 tournaments were pegged at a hundred and fifty thousand or more, seven of them had already hit the two-hundred-thousand-dollar mark, and the total prize money had passed six million. This year, it has passed eight and a half million. The total includes, along with the regular tour events, the three tournaments that constitute the Caribbean Tour and the twenty-five tournaments on the so-called Second Tour, which have been set up to lend a helping hand to the touring golfers who fail to qualify for the main event that particular week. Even in this era of breakneck inflation, these are figures that arrest one's imagination. Consequently, it did not come as too much of a surprise to anybody when it was announced, in January, that a new record high in prize money for a single tournament will be set this November: in the hundred-and-forty-four-hole World Open, scheduled for Pinehurst that month, the field will be shooting at half a million dollars. The million-dollar tournament, the very idea of which used to seem as fantastic as a black tulip or a clean city, is probably just around the corner.

Over the past five years, especially, the question that everyone has been asking is: Where does all this prize money come from? There are three main sources, according to the Tournament Players Division of the Professional Golfers Association, which has operated the tour since it—the T.P.D.—came into existence, four years ago, as the solution to the protracted power struggle between the professional golfers (the tournament players) and the golf professionals (the club pros, who make up the bulk of the membership of the P.G.A.). To begin with, a good chunk of the money comes from television. Under the terms of a package deal with the networks arrived at by Joseph C. Dey, Jr., the commissioner of the T.P.D., a tournament that is televised receives as its share of the package a sum equal to approximately twenty-five per cent of its prize money, and a non-televised T.P.D. tournament receives a sum roughly equal to sixteen per cent of its prize money. The only exceptions to this rule, it should be noted, are a few of the older tournaments, which had negotiated individual contracts with the networks before the T.P.D. came on the scene.

Another important source of revenue is gate receipts. Until eight or nine years ago, a turnout of two or three thousand spectators used to be con-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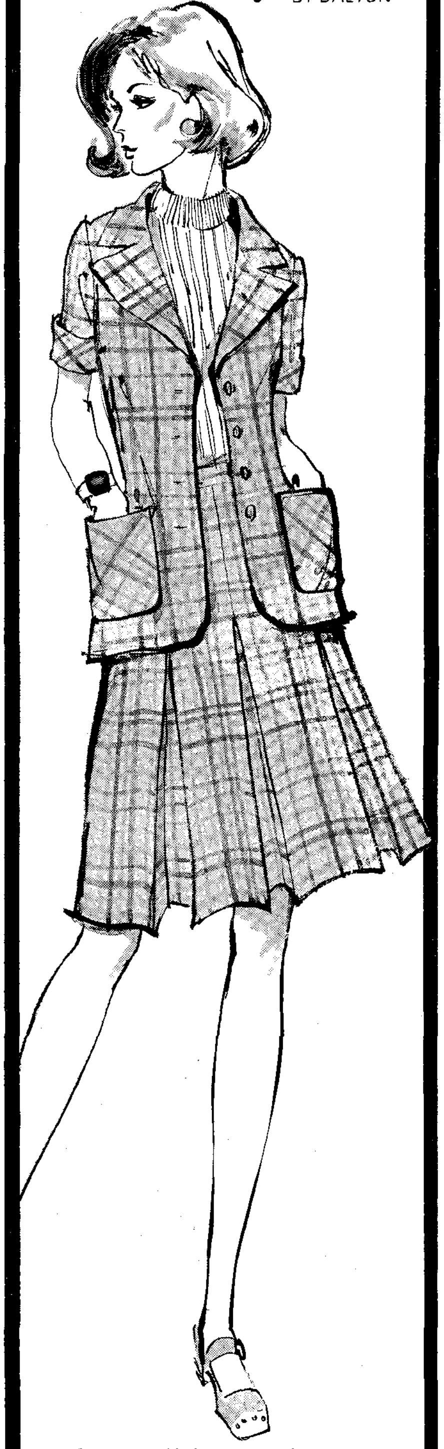

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sidered a respectable day's attendance at an average tour event, but now, thanks to the increased interest in golf generated by television, a crowd of ten thousand is nothing special, and in good weather as many as twenty thousand fans will be on hand for the Saturday and Sunday rounds of such glamorous events as "the Crosby" and "the Hope." Tickets are not cheap. A "season ticket"—which is good for the whole week, including the practice rounds and the pro-amateur competition on the day before the start of the tournament—will generally come to around twenty dollars, and a single ticket for the third or fourth day can run as high as eight dollars. The pro-amateur events themselves—in which one pro and three amateurs (who are allowed handicap strokes) play as a foursome—can be a highly lucrative source of income for the organization sponsoring a tournament, particularly if a few top stars from the movies or television are on hand. For some unfathomable reason, a good many people who couldn't care less about watching Lee Trevino or Jack Nicklaus in action are transported clear out of this world by the sight of Robert Goulet topping a 4-wood eighty yards down the fairway, or of Phil Harris hitting the heart of the green in one with a brave chip from the fringe. The pro-amateur has shown itself to be a sensational new form of entertainment for our celebrity-worshipping nation—a spectacular improvement on the old Hollywood première at Grauman's Chinese, since more people can get closer to more stars for a longer time and when the wind is right actually overhear their badinage. As a matter of fact, at the Dean Martin Tucson Open last January the top attendance for any one day came not during the tournament proper but on the day of the pro-am, when twenty-five thousand people spilled over the course at the Tucson National. However, that is beside the point. The basic reason pro-ams are big money-makers for a tournament is that the average club golfer loves to play in them: Who knows? He may end up in the same foursome as Dino or Arnie! For this privilege, he is delighted to pay whatever entrance fee is required. At the average tournament, this may be only four or five hundred dollars, but it can go higher. At the Bob Hope Desert Classic, where the pro-am lasts four days, the fee this winter was fifteen hundred dollars for a golfer who was not a member of one of the five clubs that serve as hosts for the tournament; for a club member it was only

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six hundred. (This year, a full complement of four hundred and thirty-two amateurs participated in the Hope. Multiply that figure by a thousand dollars—about the average fee per amateur—and you can see why this lavish tournament has been able not only to meet its expenses annually but to show such a splendid profit that it has donated $2,571,937 to charity between 1960 and 1972, including $1,645,528 toward the establishment of the Eisenhower Medical Center, near Palm Springs.)

As you can see, if a tournament is efficiently run—and most tournaments are today—it figures to do very well financially. Two things help immeasurably: a stretch of good weather and the presence of some of the game's big names. The T.P.D.'s contract with a sponsor stipulates only that it will supply "a representative field," but, of course, a representative field with Nicklaus, Trevino, and Palmer in it is preferable on many counts to a representative field without them. Incidentally, each player who is a member of the T.P.D. is committed to play in a minimum of fifteen tournaments each year. Last year, Nicklaus, picking his spots, played in only nineteen. He still earned $320,542 in prize money.

THIS year, for the first time in over a decade, I was able to get out and take a good look at the winter tour. For me, the winter tour has always been *the* tour. After all, when the warm weather comes, and everybody in just about every section of the country can go out and play golf, the pro tour loses some of the fascination it had in January, February, and March, when the caravan was making its annual trek from the West Coast across to Florida and then up to Augusta, Georgia, for the Masters—the climax of the winter tour and, coincidentally, the start of the spring tour. (In the years before the Masters made its début, in 1934, the winter tour—which dates from 1921, when it consisted of three rickety events—ended at Pinehurst with the famous North and South Open.) This year, before I went out in mid-February to take in the concluding days of the Bob Hope Desert Classic and the preparatory days of the Andy Williams San Diego Open, I was wondering if I would find that the huge amount of money now in professional golf had changed the flavor and feel of the tour in a fundamental way. My conclusion was that it has. Everybody—the players, the galleries, the sponsors, the men from the media, and

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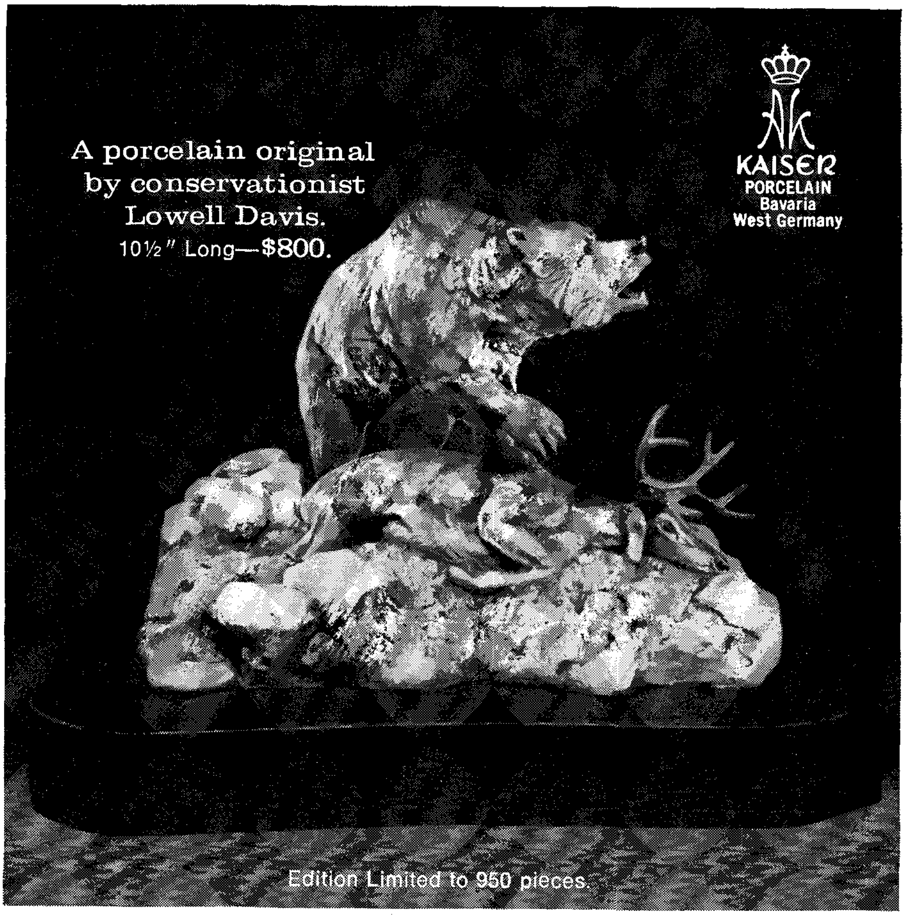

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the assorted camp followers—seemed to have his mind on money, first, second, and third. This isn't a situation unique to golf, but most of the other sports that the public follows closely are team sports, in which money becomes the dominant topic of conversation only at contract-signing time, whereas the very structure of golf, with its weekly tournaments and its weekly lists of how much the top money-winners have accumulated, has the effect of emphasizing that phase of the game all out of proportion. Up to a point, though, I should imagine that this is just one of those "generational" things that keep repeating themselves—*up to a point*. The other day, for example, I was flabbergasted to come across the following passage in an article that Jimmy Demaret wrote in the late nineteen-fifties:

> In the years right after the war, the atmosphere of the tour changed noticeably. It became much more serious—possibly because the prize money had then risen to the point where the minimum purse for a tournament was ten thousand dollars.

One of my reasons for ringing in this excerpt is that while I was out looking over the brave new world of the 1973 tour my thoughts kept returning to the nineteen-fifties, when I visited the winter tour almost every year and got to know it quite well. Although around two hundred and fifty pros were out following the sun then—only about fifty fewer than at present—in the old days the nomads seemed to make up a much friendlier community. Demaret, who had spent some time on the tour since 1932 and had come to be regarded as its official doyen, used to go out of his way to get acquainted with the still unknown young men who had just joined the tour, and to play as many practice rounds with them as he could. He had a nickname for almost everyone. Dick Mayer, for example, he called Blue, and when he was asked why, he'd explain, "No particular reason. I just think it suits him." (In much the same way, Harvie Ward, who was the equivalent of Demaret in the amateur ranks at that time, took to calling Bob Gardner, the Walker Cup player, Max, because Gardner looked just the way Ward felt that a fellow named Max should look.) In their fever to come on like real pros, the kids on the tour in the nineteen-fifties took to copying Demaret's *outré* style of dress. Every self-respecting young pro had at least five alpaca sweaters—the cardigan model with those big billowing sleeves—along with half a dozen pairs of two-tone and three-tone golf shoes,

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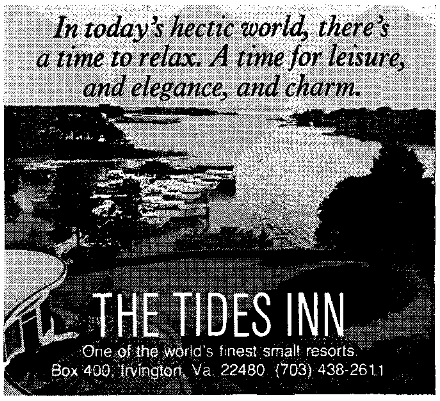
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featuring such novel combinations as red buck, orange alligator, and a reversed tongue of black patent leather. With clothes constituting such a large part of their *amour-propre*, the touring pros outfitted their autos with a metal rod spanning the back seat and hung their wardrobes on it when they drove from one tournament to the next. Everybody drove except Dr. Cary Middlecoff. The Doc was playing so well and making so much money that he saved his energy for the big events, flying in and flying out. Whatever they were driving, the pros drove terribly fast. I well remember the first time I ever drove with a man who *averaged* better than eighty miles an hour: it was when I made the eight-hundred-mile trip from Tucson to San Antonio—one of the longest jumps between consecutive tournaments—with George Bayer, one of the stars of that period. As we were hitting ninety while we crossed the flat, dreary countryside a little west of the Pecos, a tire blew out, but Bayer was such a wonderful driver that I had no idea anything had happened until he slowed the car down and brought it over to the side of the road. While we were changing tires, I remember, Gene Littler and his wife, Shirley, rolled by in the trailer they travelled in that season. I also remember that Stan Dudas, a pro from Pennsylvania who has played the winter tour for years, stopped to ask if we needed any help. Stan was then a legend on the tour, because of the way he had handled a difficult situation that arose on that same long drive between Tucson and San Antonio. Knowing that the pros would be tearing down the highway the day after the tournament finished at Tucson, many small towns along the route set up speed traps and levied steep fines on offenders. One year when Dudas was travelling by himself, he was nabbed in just such a trap and hauled before the local justice of the peace, who informed him that he could either pay a fine of eighty-five dollars or spend two days in jail. Outraged by the size of the fine, Dudas said he'd rather go to jail, and requested permission to get some things from his car. "Your toilet articles, I suppose," said the magistrate. "Them, too," said Dudas. "But I was thinking particularly of my sand wedge. I've been playing it lousy." Dudas spent his two days in jail working on his wedge.

The Littlers were not the only ones who travelled by trailer then. In the 1955 season, for instance, there must have been seven or eight other couples who did, including the Bud Holschers,

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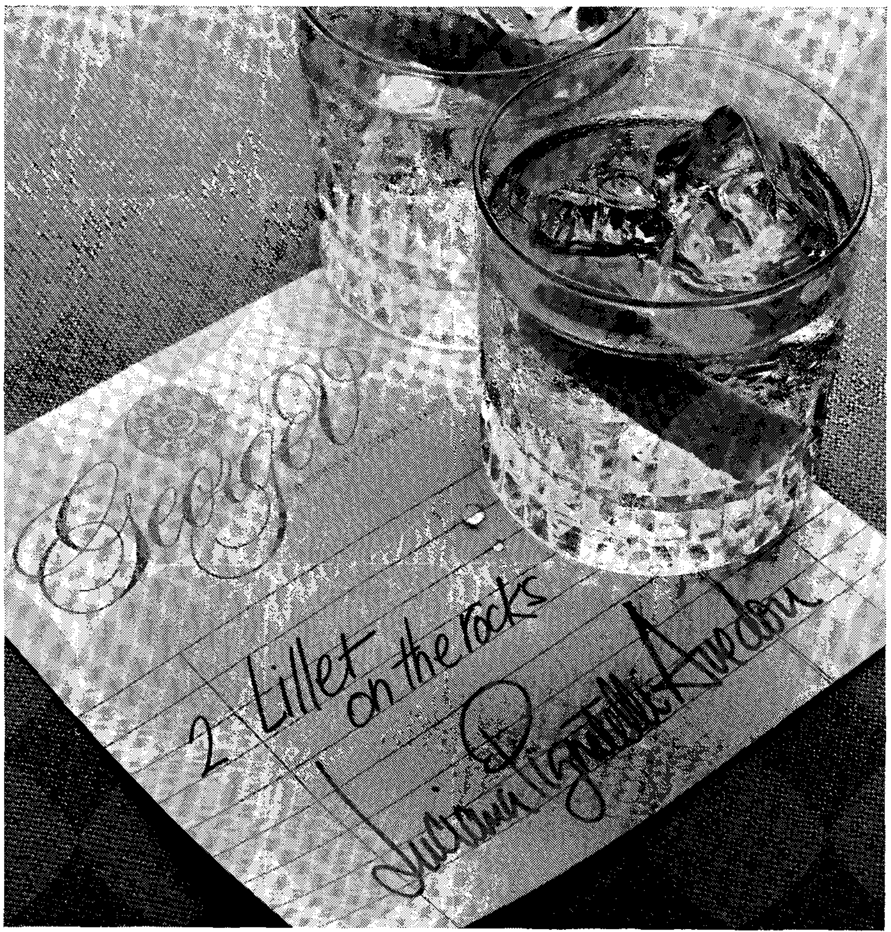

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the Dick Mayers, the Felice Torzas, and those newcomers to the tour, the Arnold Palmers. One of the obvious attractions of this style of life was that it cost so little, for it was vital to keep expenses down when a sixth-place finish earned you only five hundred dollars in the average tournament. Even at best, expenses on the tour were not low. For the pro who was travelling by himself they came to about a hundred and seventy-five dollars a week; for the pro travelling with his wife they came to perhaps fifty dollars more. The trailer fad, however, lasted only a year or two. Piloting such a heavy, bulky vehicle tended to stiffen a golfer's arms and to generally wear him down. Besides, with the prize money slowly starting to rise, there was no longer any need to cut corners quite so drastically. The sensible thing to do now was to stop at one of the motels, complete with dining room and swimming pool, that were starting to spring up in numbers across the country. These motels had the effect of making life on the tour much pleasanter, especially for those golfers who travelled with their wives and preschool-age children. Certain families who found each other congenial stayed at the same motel at every tournament stop—year after year, sometimes. The wives worked it out each day which ones would walk the course with their husbands and which ones would look after the children. Sometimes in the evenings such a group—the nucleus of a typical one was the Billy Caspers, the Lionel Heberts, the Gene Littlers, the Art Walls, and the Doug Fords—would gather near the swimming pool for a cookout, the men tending the grill and each of the wives responsible for preparing one of the supporting dishes. From a distance, life on the tour looked absolutely idyllic, and up close it was pretty darn nice, too, but it wasn't nearly as lucrative as most outsiders imagined. Only about six tournament golfers piled up a really good income on the circuit each season. Only another six, or perhaps eight, broke even, or close to it. The rest, unless they had extremely generous backers, drifted away from the tour sooner or later and settled for the less romantic but more stable life of a club professional.

One of my most vivid memories of the old tour was the dreadful courses on which some of the tournaments were held, for the P.G.A. could seldom work out deals with the private clubs that had the best courses. The first two winter tournaments I attended were played on the two worst courses

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I have ever seen used for a fairly important event—the El Rio Country Club, in Tucson, and the Brackenridge public course, in San Antonio. At El Rio, the practice tee was actually far superior to the course itself, but what I particularly remember about the tee was that it was there, in 1955, that I first saw Charlie Sifford. If you attended the United States Open in the postwar years, you would usually find Ted Rhodes, the best black golfer in America, in the field, but you rarely saw a black golfer on tour. For one thing, until 1962, Section 1 of Article III of the P.G.A. Constitution stated boldly that only "professional golfers of the Caucasian Race" were eligible for membership. To be sure, you didn't have to be a P.G.A. member to play in a tour tournament; for example, you could gain a place in the starting field by finishing near the top in the qualifying round that took place on the Tuesday before each tournament. However, since the tour events were, technically, invitational events, the host club could simply refuse to invite any golfer it wished to keep out. The way it worked until things changed, in the mid-nineteen-sixties, was that a black player would leave the tour when it headed east from Texas, and pick it up again when it got out of the Deep South. Anyway, at Tucson I noticed this stocky black golfer practicing a few yards down the line from Julius Boros. I asked Boros who he was, and learned that his name was Sifford. I still remember Boros's response when I told him I had never heard of Sifford, for it was so right. He pumped out another practice shot, and then said, in that dry, casual way of his, "Well, I can tell you this much. Charlie's a pretty good player."

It is hard to believe, but Harvey Raynor, who was the Tour Supervisor from 1951 to 1954, and Ray O'Brien, who took over for the next two years, ran that infinitely intricate operation with the aid of only a scorekeeper and one administrative assistant. Raynor returned to his old post in 1957, and as the tour grew larger, longer, and more complicated, he gradually expanded his staff. In 1960, when it had come to consist of a scorekeeper, a press officer, and two assistant tournament supervisors—Joe Black and Mark Thomas—he added a sixth man, a former baseball player from the North Fork of Long Island named Jack Tuthill. When Raynor left the tour again, in 1961, Black succeeded him, and in 1964, after a rather chaotic interreg-

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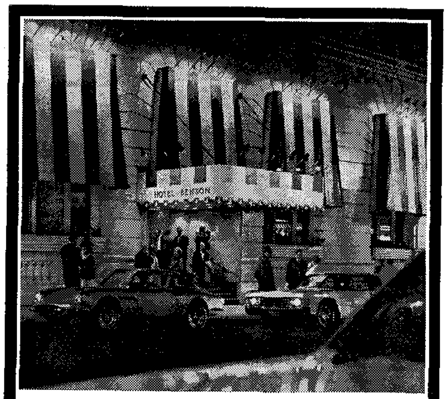
num, Tuthill was placed in charge. Today, Tuthill, with the official title of Tournament Director of the P.G.A. Tournament Players Division, is still running the tour, assisted now by a staff of nine. (Two of the more recent additions include Clyde Mangum, who was for many years the manager of the Pinehurst Country Club, and Harvey Raynor, who apparently cannot stay away from the tour.) Tuthill, a medium-sized man of forty-eight with straight dark hair, no-nonsense eyes that are continually panning the area around him, a low-key, unemphatic voice that packs unusual authority, and a soft, gliding step, has something of the look and the manner of the classic G-man. The fact of the matter is that he *was* a G-man for about two years, serving in Pittsburgh, Cleveland, and Washington. Before that, he had been, at eighteen, a medical corpsman who hit the beach at Iwo Jima with the fourth wave; then a good-field, no-hit outfielder for Eau Claire, the Boston Braves' farm team in the Class C Northern League; subsequently, a student, first at Cortland State Teachers College, in upstate New York, and then at Ithaca College, where he got a master's degree in physical education; and, finally, a claims investigator for the New York State Department of Labor. Following his two years with the F.B.I., he served as a security agent at the Republic Aviation plant, at Farmingdale, Long Island. A scratch golfer—he had learned the game as a kid, when he caddied at the North Fork Country Club—he played on the Republic Aviation team, and his golf, along with his general background, so impressed Dick Stranahan, a local pro who had spent some time on the tour, that when Stranahan heard there was an opening on the tour staff in 1960 he recommended Tuthill for the job.

Today, under Tuthill, one of those rare men who learn from experience, everything on the tour moves like clockwork. Monday is travel day for the members of the T.P.D. staff, except for two advance men, one of whom is already starting to check things out two tournaments ahead while the other, who has been at the site of the next tournament, is conducting the regular Monday qualifying round there. (Beginning last year, in order to take care of everyone with tournament aspirations, there has also been, at some events, a pre-qualifying round on the Friday before the Monday.) Then, on Tuesday, Tuthill and his staff swing into the standard operational procedure he has evolved over the years for each



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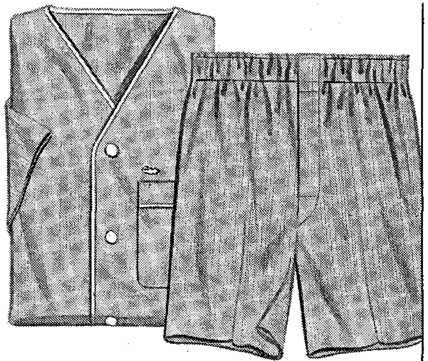

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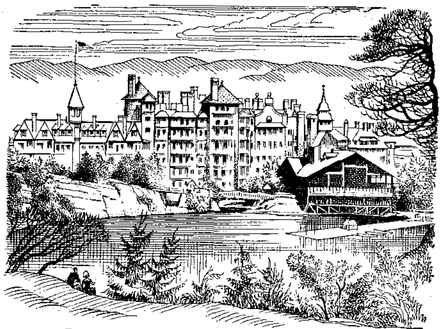

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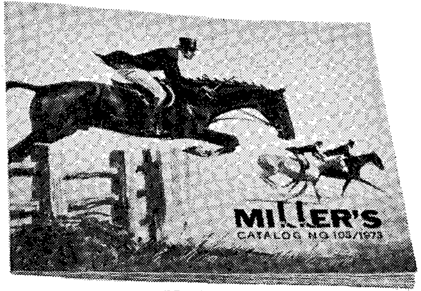

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day preceding the tournament and each day of the tournament. Regardless of what details he is attending to on Tuesday and Wednesday, he always finds time to look over the course himself, to make sure that the hazards have been properly marked and that the fairways have been roped correctly. If everything is going smoothly on Tuesday, which is a practice day for the tournament field, he will arrange to join some of the players for an afternoon round. He does this for the simple reason that he likes to play golf, but these rounds have been of incalculable value to him in the effective execution of his duties. Tuthill, you see, is a skillful enough golfer to be on the tour himself. He has a sound swing, with a fine, full body turn, and, for a man who plays just once a week, he scores extremely well, even on the long, tough courses. For example, he has had a 72 at Oakland Hills, and a 70 at Firestone from the back tees. There being few things that topnotch golfers admire as much as another topnotch golfer, their knowledge that Tuthill can really play the game accounts to a considerable degree for the deep respect in which he is held by the touring pros—this and the evidence that Tuthill has provided since he first joined the tour that he is a remarkably honest and fair man, who plays no favorites and cherishes no vendettas. During a tournament, whether he is at T.P.D. headquarters or out on the course in his golf cart, Tuthill is never without an FM walkie-talkie, which keeps him in touch with the members of his staff who are patrolling assigned sectors of the course to make certain, among other things, that a reasonably brisk rate of play is being maintained—one that will get the last threesome around in four and a half hours at the outside. While each man on the staff knows how to handle anything that comes up out on the course, when a rules decision needs to be made it is S.O.P. to summon Tuthill on the walkie-talkie. A good many of the decisions are rather routine, such as those involving a temporary immovable obstruction—in which, let us say, a player's ball has ended up behind a corner of some bleachers or a concession stand. The key point, though, is that, whatever the situation—common or exotic—every player on the tour has complete confidence in Tuthill's ability to render a just decision.

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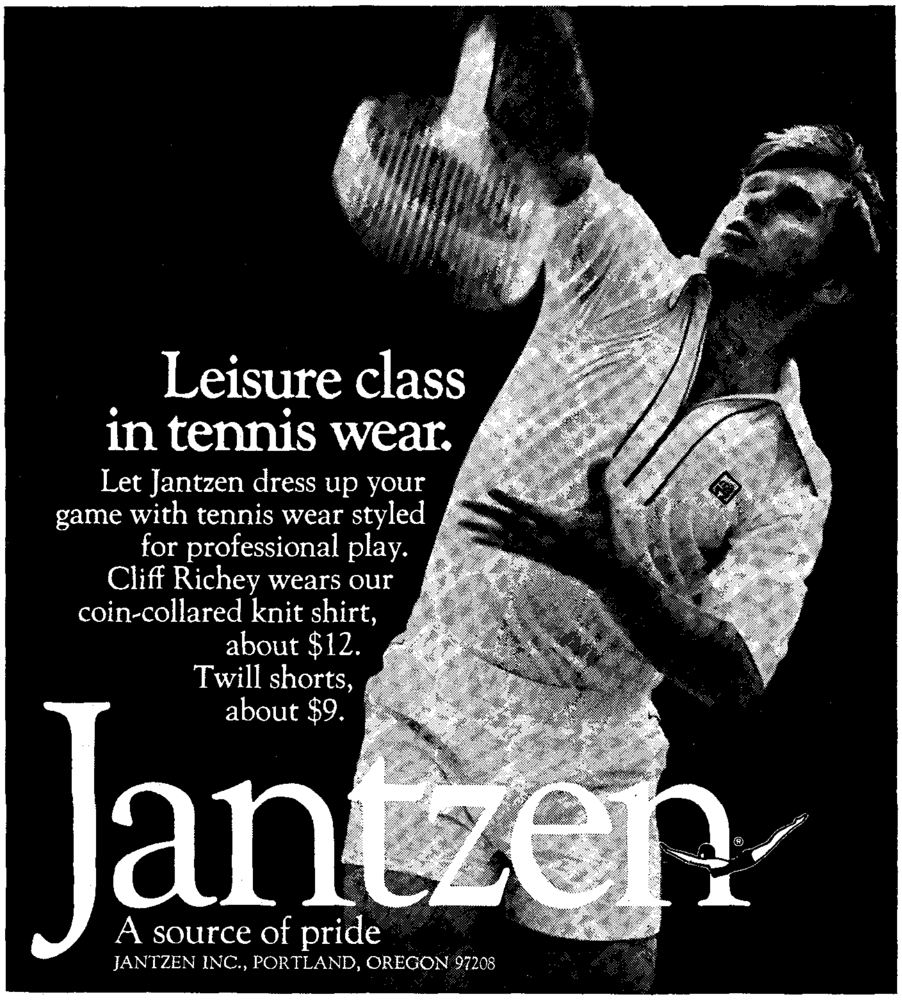

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good many golfers' wives; about eighty caddies (who work for individual players, either for a flat fee or for a somewhat smaller flat fee plus a cut of the player's winnings); about fifty representatives of golf-club, golf-ball, clothing, and other assorted manufacturers; the T.P.D. staff; and two journalists—Lincoln Werden, of the *Times*, who covers about two-thirds of the tournaments, and Bob Green, of the Associated Press, whose beat *is* the tour. Perhaps ten players who are over forty years old still travel the circuit (Arnold Palmer, Billy Casper, Gene Littler, Art Wall, Bob Rosburg, Bob Goalby, and Dan Sikes come quickly to mind), and a surprisingly large number of regulars are between thirty-five and forty, but the significant fact about the tour these days is that the proportion of young golfers—kids in their early and middle twenties—increases every year. Each freshman class of touring pros is composed of the successful graduates of Qualifying School, held the previous autumn, at which the lowest scorers are awarded Approved Tournament Player cards. This past autumn, twenty-five players, out of a record four hundred and sixty-eight applicants, gained their A.T.P. cards after a six-round examination at the Silverado Country Club, in Napa, California. The lure of the circuit for these young men is money. You can hardly blame them, for the kind of money that a golfer can win these days is incredible. To give you an idea, in 1972 Lanny Wadkins, in his *first* full season as a professional, won over a hundred and fifteen thousand dollars in prize money alone. Wadkins' accomplishments did include winning a tournament, the Sahara Invitational (first prize: twenty-seven thousand dollars), but three golfers who did not win a tournament—Tommy Aaron, Hale Irwin, and Bruce Crampton—each collected over a hundred and ten thousand in prize money. (The galloping increase in prize money in recent years has made a travesty of that old index of a golfer's ability—career earnings. Howie Johnson's winnings now surpass Ben Hogan's total of $207,779.78. Frank Beard's winnings now are close to *four times* Hogan's.) And prize money is only the tip of the iceberg. As a rule, the top five players at least triple their income through endorsements, exhibitions, and other outside activities. The next five players generally double their income, at least, and the same holds true for many players who rank among the tour's second ten. It boils down to this: with such vast sums of money to be

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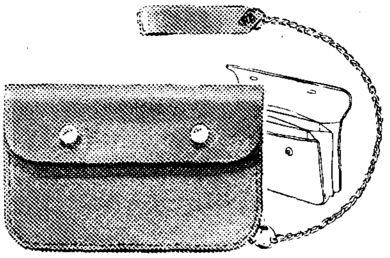

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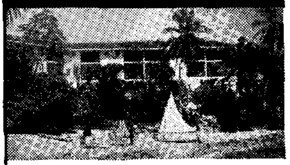

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made, the young man who can put together *five good seasons* on the tour can set himself up for life. No one understands that better than the young men themselves. Almost without exception, they have been preparing themselves for this opportunity for years—certainly the four years they attended college on golf scholarships as members of that new genus of undergraduate, the pre-pro. A good many of these young men are pleasant fellows with nice manners, but their predominant characteristic is the cool precision with which they go about everything that is tied in with being successful tournament golfers. To begin with, they live orderly lives. Eighty per cent of them are married, and their wives travel with them. The weekly expenses for a couple frequently run to over five hundred dollars, if they live in the better motels and dine at the better restaurants, which many of them do, but there's no sweat about this; long before they came out on the tour the kids with solid college-golf references had no trouble lining up backers. Compared to golfers of earlier decades, many of whom played life by ear, the new young crowd is a measured, moderate lot. Its members drive big, heavy cars, because these are the safest and most comfortable for the long hauls on the highways. With only a couple of exceptions, they drink very little, and between Wednesday night and Sunday night many of them do not drink at all. They watch their diet. They keep strict hours, associating mainly with fellows whom they knew at college or who were members of their class at Qualifying School. They practice faithfully, for they know that the quality of the courses on the tour has been improving steadily and that the day is over when a player can flourish if he is able to play only three clubs well—the driver, the wedge, and the putter. As for the quality of the tournament sites, the only public course left on the winter tour is Torrey Pines, the venue of the San Diego Open, and it is a fine, handsome oceanside layout.

In their appearance, all but a few of the young touring pros adhere to a fairly definite style. They wear their hair long, and it is usually blond or sandy brown. They favor mod clothes, such as brightly striped trousers and sports shirts with colorful small-figure patterns, but at the same time their tastes are considerably more conservative than Demaret's were. For the most part, they are big-framed, strong kids, who can fly the ball a long way, and they have a pretty good conception of

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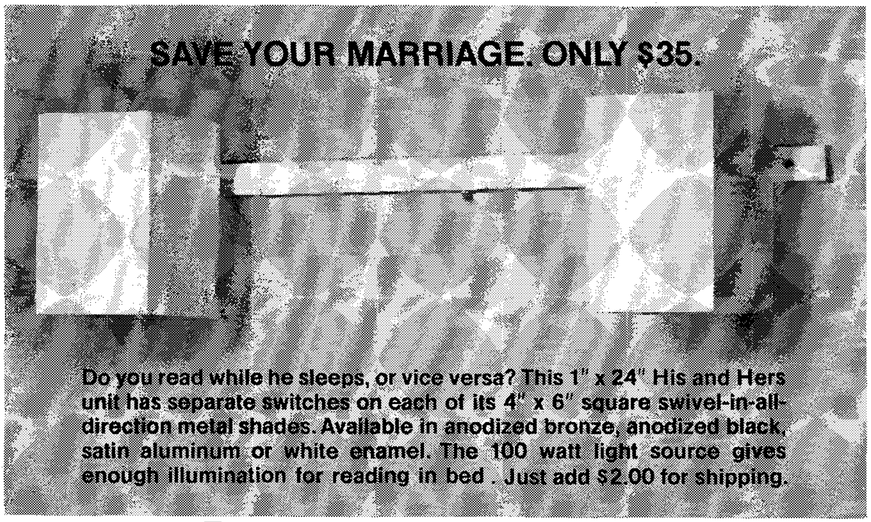
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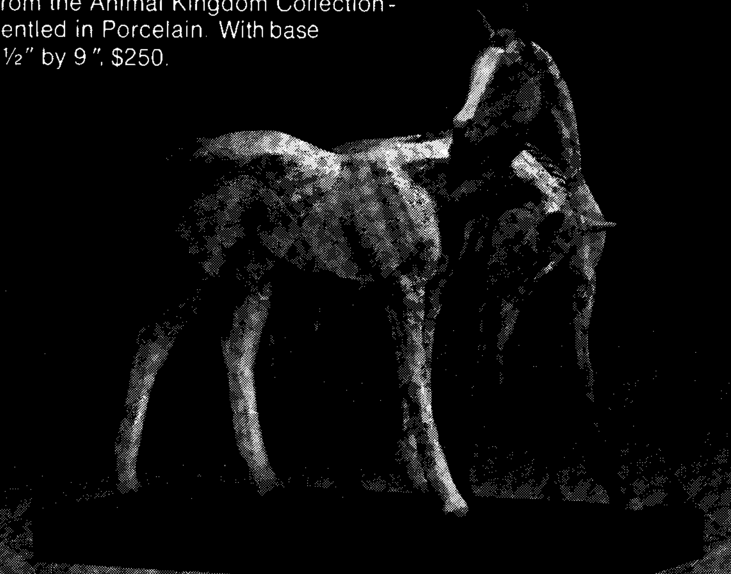

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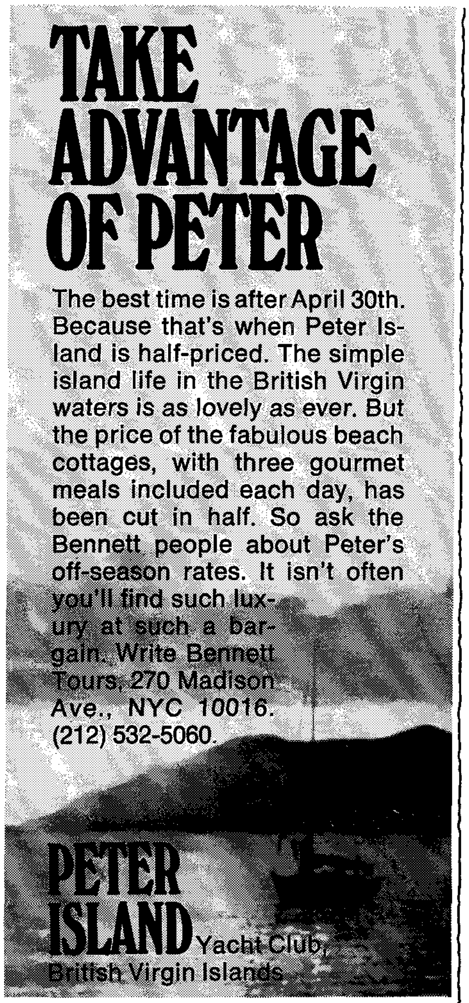
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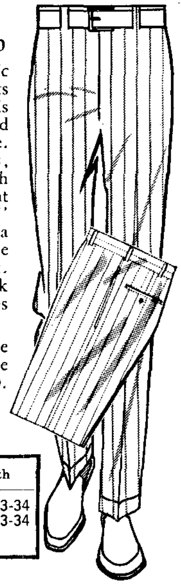

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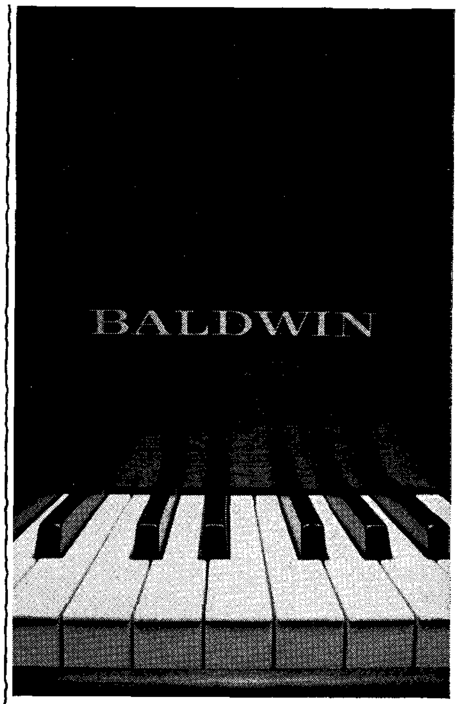
In the new world of the tour, one man, who came to the circuit as recently as 1967, obviously hears a much different drummer. That is Trevino, a throwback not to the nineteen-fifties but practically to the nineteen-thirties.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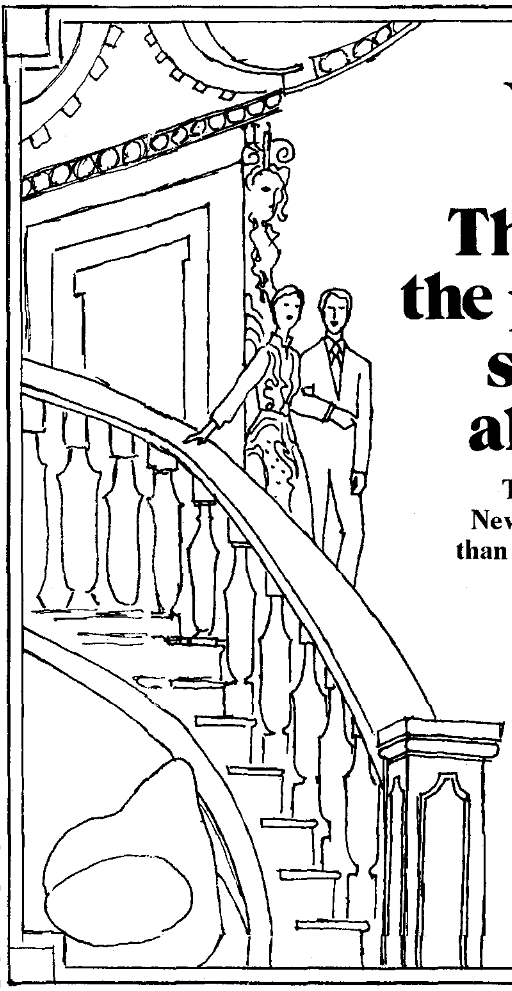
He is an anachronism: the last of the ex-caddies to become a great champion.

THIS year, as usual, the tour arrived in Augusta early in April, for the Masters is always scheduled for the first full week of that month. When the tournament was inaugurated, in 1934, three years after the Augusta National Golf Club was founded, by a group headed by Robert Tyre (Bobby) Jones, Jr., the most popular Georgian of that day or any other, the only building on the property was the elegant antebellum manor house, which had become the clubhouse; that is, unless you wished to count the shack of a pro shop, to which the members repaired to buy a few honey-center golf balls or to have the loose winding around the neck of a wood rewound and shellacked. The Masters had no ambitions to be anything more than an informal gathering for Jones and his old golfing friends, but, because of Jones' immense popularity—and the administrative talents of Clifford Roberts, the first, and only, general chairman of the tournament—the Masters (and the club as well) prospered at a dizzying pace, and by the early nineteen-fifties it had gained acceptance as one of golf's four major championships, along with the British Open, the U.S. Open, and our P.G.A. Championship. The plant at the Augusta National has changed a good bit over the years. Two long and elaborate wings have been gradually added to the clubhouse, to provide, among other things, more dining and living quarters; a considerable cottage colony has sprung up behind the practice green and alongside the tenth fairway; two good-sized buildings—the new pro shop and the administrative headquarters—have been added; and the headquarters for the press, which in the early days was the second-story veranda of the clubhouse, is now a Quonset-hutlike structure that probably exceeds the clubhouse in total square footage. One could go on and on talking about the growth of the Augusta National and the Masters, but suffice it to say that, like Wimbledon, the tournament is completely sold out months in advance, and that golfers around the globe now regard it as nothing less than the spring equinox.

If the recent Masters was a particularly satisfying one, one of the chief reasons is that, for the first time ever, the tournament was won by a native Georgian—Tommy Aaron, from Gainesville. The son of a golf professional, Aaron is a long, lean fellow of thirty-six who wears spectacles over



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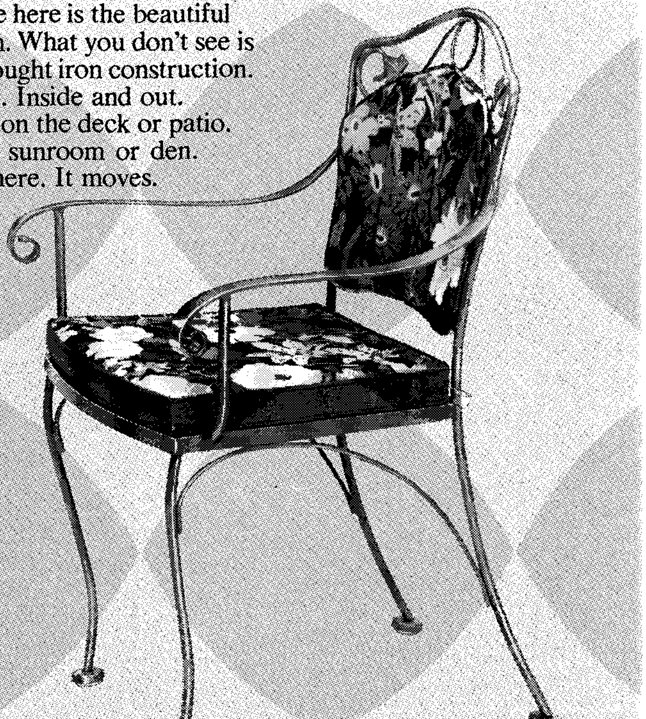

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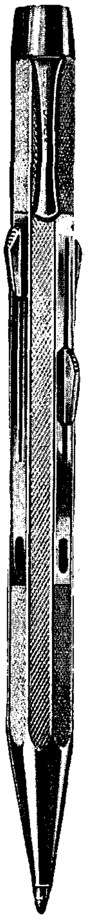

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dark, grave eyes, talks softly, and generally comports himself in a reticent way, and so conjures up the picture of an old-time backwoods parson at least as much as that of a modern touring pro who has picked up over six hundred thousand dollars in prize money. A co-member, with Nicklaus, of the 1959 Walker Cup team (Harvie Ward's nickname for him was Cotton Mouth), he became a professional the next year, but, whereas Nicklaus won the 1962 U.S. Open within eight months of turning pro, it took Aaron all of ten seasons to win his first (and, up to this April, his only) official tour tournament, the 1970 Atlanta Open. Numberless times, Aaron was in a position to win but, one way or another, managed not to. When his name came up in conversation, his friends were quick to change the subject from the mysterious roots of his competitive malaise to the beauty of his swing, which is one of the fullest and most rhythmic in the game. Well, the way Aaron responded to pressure on the last round of the 1973 Masters should change things once and for all.

There is no need to go into much detail in recapping the progress of the tournament. On Thursday, April 5th, the day of the first round, Aaron, who is as notorious for his fast starts as for his fading finishes, jumped into the lead with a 68, four shots under par and a shot ahead of Masashi (Jumbo) Ozaki, of Japan, and Nicklaus, the defending champion and the heavy favorite. The relatively high scoring came as a surprise, because the course was in beautiful condition, the greens firm but ready to hold a well-struck shot. Besides, a blustery wind in the morning had subsided by noon. On Friday, a windless blue day just made for low scoring, Aaron lost little time in returning to the field; he pushed his first two drives into fairway bunkers and bogeyed both holes. However, he then steadied himself and finished with a 73, which gave him a share of the thirty-six-hole lead, at 141, with Bob Dickson, Gay Brewer (who had shot a great 66), and J. C. (for Jesse Carlyle) Snead, Sam's burly thirty-one-year-old nephew, who has become a star in his own right. Nicklaus, the man whom just about everyone had expected to burst into the lead on this round, was a full five shots off the pace after a 77. From tee to green, there was nothing much wrong with his game, but Nicklaus is now going through a period in which if he misses a couple of short putts early in the round, on some days he keeps on missing them the rest of the way. This was one of

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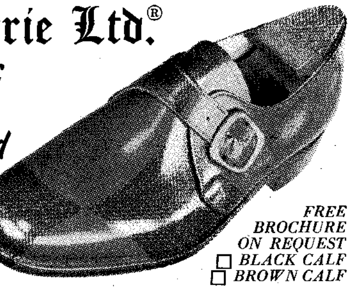

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those days. He failed to hole putts of four feet or less on the third, the fourth, the fifth, and the sixth, and ended up by blowing three more short ones on Augusta's hard-to-read, breaking greens. Golf is not an easy game even if you are the best player in the world.

The star on Saturday, when the third round was washed out by twelve straight hours of heavy rain, was Jim Luke, the course superintendent. The Augusta National long ago took the precaution of installing an expensive and excellent drainage system, and the Masters had not lost a day's play since 1963, but on Saturday, because the subsoil was already saturated by constant rains, there was no place for the downpour to go. Pools of water had collected on many of the greens by early morning, and at eleven-fifty-five the round was officially cancelled. In fact, since the deluge kept on until after six in the evening, there was some question whether the course would be fit for play on Sunday. Working through the storm and through part of the night, Luke and his crew somehow drained the water out of the low spots and, all in all, with an assist from clearing skies, got the course into surprisingly playable condition. The greens were especially good; before mowing them Luke and his men had patiently squeegeed them dry.

The third round, on Sunday, proved to be one of those hectic, Central American affairs: every time you checked the scoreboard, the old leader was out and a new one was in. First, Aaron, with his flashing attacks and drastic retreats, moved in front with birdies on the second and third holes. An hour and a half later, J. C. Snead stood three strokes ahead of the field, owing partly to his own fine play on the front nine and partly to a horrendous skid by Aaron—four bogeys and one double bogey over a stretch of six holes. After that, every sensible observer wrote Aaron off, though he did collect himself fairly well on the second nine. At times during the long afternoon, Jim Jamieson, Bob Goalby, and Gay Brewer got into the scramble for the lead, and Nicklaus, fighting hard to make up strokes, was on the edge of becoming a serious contender until he dumped two balls into the pond before the green on the long fifteenth. But in the end the day belonged to Peter Oosterhuis, a twenty-four-year-old English professional, playing in his third Masters. Oosterhuis—the name means "East House," and he pronounces it "Oasterhouse"—has an English mother and a Dutch father (a commodities broker who emigrated to England after

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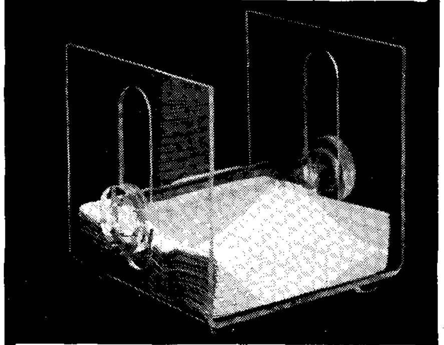
the war) and is a product of Dulwich College, a public school south of London, which was also the alma mater of P. G. Wodehouse, Leslie Howard, Raymond Chandler, and Ernest Henry Shackleton. A big, sandy-haired chap who stands six-five and weighs just over two hundred pounds, Oosterhuis has an attractively forthright and cogitative way about him. For a man of his size, he is an extremely graceful and crisp technician, particularly with the irons, and he can putt. After playing on the British Walker Cup side in 1967, he turned professional, and he did well in the tournaments from the beginning. In the winter, he usually campaigns in South Africa—that is where he met his wife—and then concentrates on the British and Continental tournaments. The last two years, he has ranked No. 1 on the Order of Merit, the British P.G.A. listing of individual achievement.

That Sunday afternoon, Oosterhuis, who had started the round two strokes behind the leaders, quickly made his presence felt when he eagled the long second with a sixty-foot putt clear across the green. He took over the lead when he birdied the tenth and the twelfth. Thanks to some superb touch putting—he had only twenty-seven putts on the round, and a good many were over a dozen feet—he finished with a 68, for a three-round total of 211 and a three-stroke lead over Snead, Goalby, and Jamieson. Aaron was a stroke farther back, Nicklaus all of eight. Only one foreign player has ever succeeded in winning the Masters—Gary Player, of South Africa, who did it in 1961. Oosterhuis's record shows him to be only an average fourth-round player, but a three-stroke lead is a three-stroke lead, and several of the experts felt that he would be able to bring it off despite all the pressures.

On Monday, an overcast day with changeable light winds, three shots decided the championship—one by Snead, one by Aaron, and one by Oosterhuis. As they came to the twelfth, a par 3 of 155 yards across Rae's Creek, Snead, paired with Oosterhuis in the last twosome—three twosomes behind Aaron—led Aaron by one shot and Oosterhuis by two. "It was the same old story," Snead explained later. "You make up your mind, and then you change it and get hurt. I was going to try to hit a smooth 6-iron, but I let my caddie talk me into playing a 7." His iron landed on the bank just before the green, and then rolled back into the creek. In that instant, he had lost the tournament, reenacting a calamitous scene that has

clearly . . .



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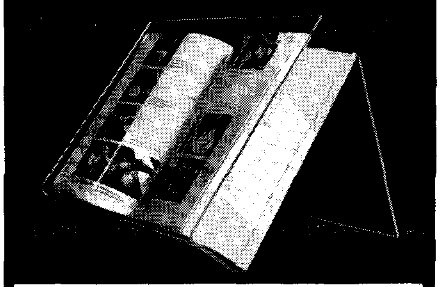

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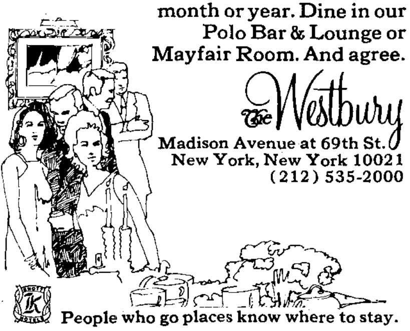

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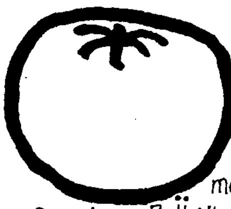

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taken place so many times on the twelfth on the final round.

Aaron's critical shot was an exquisite pitch-and-run he played with a sand wedge on the fifteenth, a 520-yard par 5 where the green is perched just beyond and a few feet above a small protecting pond. Aaron, who had come out of the chute with three straight birdies and had continued to play good, confident golf, hit his second to the fifteenth some twenty-five feet over the back of the green. (As I remember it, shortly before Aaron played his third an excited salvo from the huge gallery gathered at the eighteenth green announced that Nicklaus had climaxed a tremendous daylong charge with yet another birdie, for a 66. If the leaders wobbled, he would still have a chance.) From a good lie on the fairway, Aaron, in his unemotional way, set himself up for his third and played it perfectly; the ball landed softly at the back edge of the fast, sliding green and ghosted slowly, slowly to within four feet of the hole. He sank the putt for the birdie—the winning shot. He finished with three good pars, for a 68. I cannot remember a better-played final round by a Masters winner.

The shot that killed Oosterhuis's chance was also his third on the fifteenth. It was a very tough shot—a sand wedge played off stamped-down mud, where the spectators had been standing, to the right of the green. To match Aaron's birdie there, he had to get down in two from this difficult lie—thirty feet from the edge of the green, another thirty feet from the pin. He caught the ball heavy, and it didn't even make the green. Instead of the 4 he so desperately needed, he had to settle for a 6. And, yet, what a wonderful tournament he played.

The top scores:

Aaron: 68, 73, 74, 68—283
Snead: 70, 71, 73, 70—284
Oosterhuis: 73, 70, 68, 74—285
Jamieson: 73, 71, 70, 71—285
Nicklaus: 69, 77, 73, 66—285

One more thing. How did the highly publicized young touring pros do? Johnny Miller, in a fine performance, tied for sixth ($6,250). Hubert Green tied for fourteenth ($3,000). Bob Dickson tied for seventeenth ($2,550). Lanny Wadkins tied for twenty-ninth ($1,750). Steve Melnyk tied for thirty-fourth ($1,750), and Jerry Heard was fifty-sixth ($1,600). Not good, not bad. By the way, Sam Snead, who will be sixty-one next month, was in the group tied for twenty-ninth with Wadkins. Isn't that something!

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The latest Fleischer infection is called "Soylent Green," set in the year 2022, and starring scorn for women's lib and virtuous points for antipollution and soil conservation. We are in a New York where the poor are sharply divided from the rich (just like the people on East Ninety-fifth and Ninety-seventh Streets now). The poor use churches for rest (just as they do now). Beef costs the earth (just as it does now). Women are either poor, carrying babies, or very rich, with long hair and dressed in clinging crêpe things, who come with fancy buildings where they are called "furniture." The apartments in these luxury blocks look like the inside of an enlarged frosted glass of Schweppes-and-something-or-other, photographed at a thousand dollars a page by a great photographer. There is a deal of mumbling Plexiglas, and sliding-door stuff, and fur rugs. Except for columns of plastic, which look like Peck & Peck in holiday mood throwing away dull care, you can see clearly across any room if you're not bundled up to the eyes against the air-conditioning. Outside, it is regularly about ninety degrees, and there is a golden mist of pollution. All food prices are outrageous, rigged by a monopoly. People could therefore be said to be in a dangerous state of mind. Banks are as full as supermarkets, because customers need so much loot to buy a single tomato, and supermarkets are patrolled like banks. There is nothing but black-market meat. There are hardly any vegetables. You can get beans and wafers and other nibbles, guaranteed to keep you alive for another day of kicking someone who is equally desperate for real food when he is ahead of you in a riot for the last ingredients of a filthy stew at two hundred and fifty dollars. The water is polluted, and books are rarer than a public telephone booth that works is now. The fish have all died. The fast thinker who smells something, er, fishy here is played by Charlton Heston, whose determined chin suggests sometimes that thoughts may possibly be flickering across his mind; one watches for them hopefully, as one watches for the snow of a television set that is on the blink. He is a police detective, terrifically brave and uniquely dumb. He lives with his very old "Book" (the late Edward G. Robinson), a research worker in touch with other octogenarian academics, mostly Jewish, with long memories. The old man and the detective hang out in a tenement that has people asleep on the stoop (also just as you see them now). The disappointed Book gets tears in his eyes when he looks at a bit of bent celery that brings back the past, and when he remembers the old days when horses and meadows and grass were extant.

Soylent wafers, thinks Charlton Heston's lightning mind. When he has to investigate the murder of a man connected with the Soylent Company, something lumbers across his brain. Aha! The murdered Soylent executive owns bourbon, a rich plastic-beaded apartment, custard-colored satin sheets, and a dishy bit of "furniture" with long red hair; she is dressed in clinging crêpe and wears no bra, though she has certainly not burned it for ideological reasons. Soy! Soy! the quick-witted detective thinks furiously. Where does all the money come from? And all this lovely air-conditioning? Quickly leaping out of the custard-colored satin, and buttoning on his holster as women in the olden days used to reach for their eiderdown when the window cleaner appeared, he pursues his theory and hunts down the lethally greedy and farfetched Soylent system. The dead Soylent executive, Simonson (Joseph Cotten, killed after three minutes, and well out of it), was a beastly capitalist who thrived on the cultivated sickness of New York. The only things that still work about the city are the riot-control vans, which use bulldozer methods to shift people, hoisting them into the back on large tines, and sinisterly efficient sanitation-control trucks racing about the place and not blocking traffic, which shows how time has moved on.

Heston smells monopoly, which is rather un-American of him. (It would be likely now to make his Con Ed

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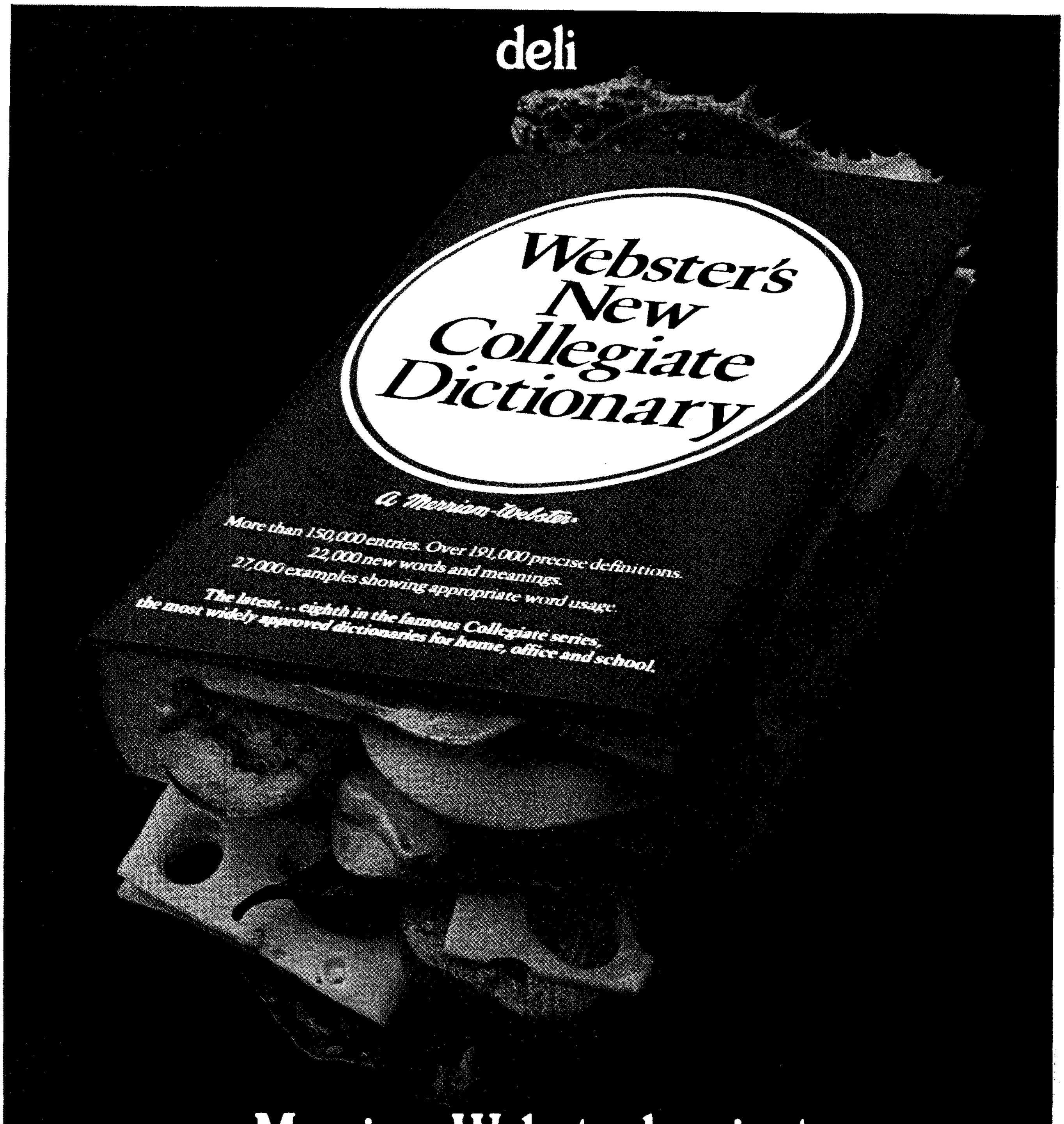
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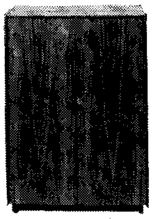
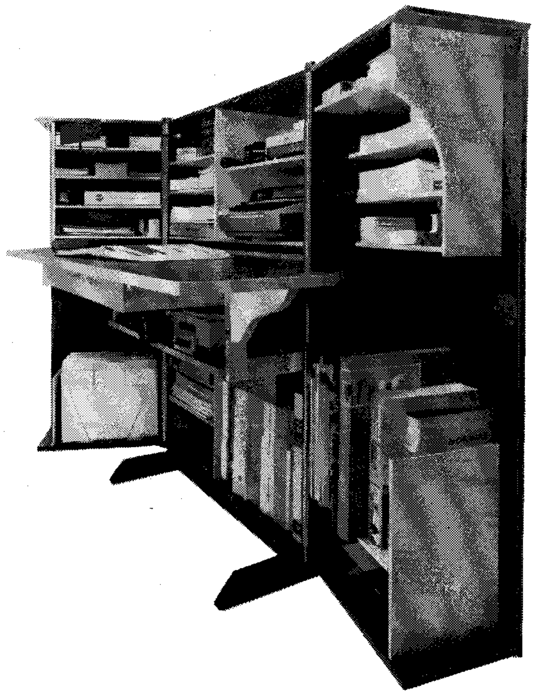
computer get mad for months, with angrier and angrier messages not to fold, mutilate, or spindle this bill, and charge him blithely for cooling the whole of Park Avenue and heating every Beverly Hills swimming pool to tepid-bouillon temperature.) The Book, looking sad and unshaven, has read his precious library all too many times, and his supply of light-classical records is getting worn out. He leaves a message that he is going Home. "Home" means Heaven. The old man goes to a public suicide parlor, where the air-conditioning is plainly freezing, like the nether chill in a cinema showing pornographic movies. A nicely dressed nurse, who must be wearing long underwear, escorts him graciously to one of many lines of old, old people waiting as if at Immigration at Kennedy, except that the officials are so polite. "What is your favorite color?" he is asked. "Orange," he says. He lies on a high bier, nice and clean, in a room flooded with light the color of the kind of fruit drink you can buy in theatres. It is as if he were in a funeral home surrounded by 747-plane films selling the beauties of packaged holidays. There are soundless films of waterfalls, reindeer, horses, grass. You can almost smell the extinct butter. (Everyone now has had to get used to margarine. "Tasteless, odorless curd," the Book has said, banging down his cutlery just as if he were on a 747 charter flight.) Every now and again, to provide a human dynamo at home for the overhead naked bulb that kept on having a brownout, he used to get onto one of those paralyzingly frustrating exercise bicycles that go nowhere and do a spot of pedalling while he was waiting for his cut-rate James Bond to come home, which always took the young man a long time, on account of his formidable absence of anything up here.

The old boy has had enough. He slowly dies in his orange-fruit-drink glow, looking seraphically at footage of trees and animals. His corpse is done up in a sheet and loaded into a garbage truck with a lot of others. With the speed of mind of the film, you guess in just a few hours what is about to happen. Dead bodies that are carted away are going to be compressed in factories like those existing car dumps that squash perfectly good four-year-old Chevrolets into neat little packages of sellable steel and ship them downriver to the waste-metal merchants. Charlton Heston rudely leaves the good-hearted bit of "furniture" without explanation and leaps onto the top of one of the sanitation trucks, heartbroken and possibly





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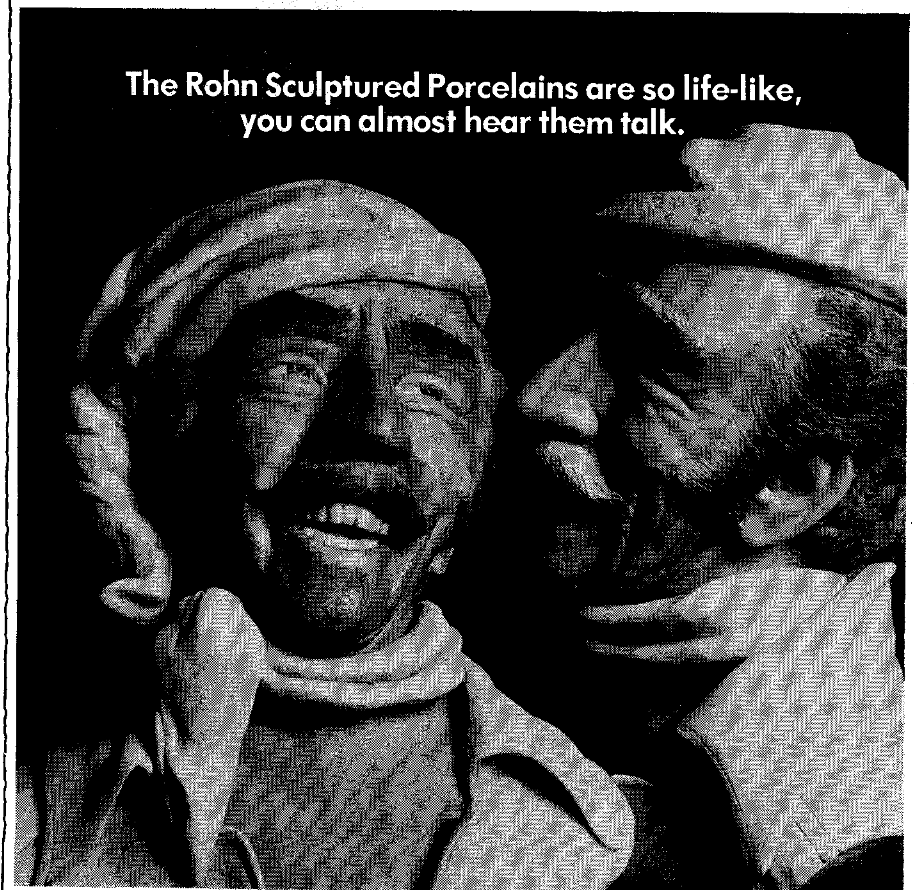
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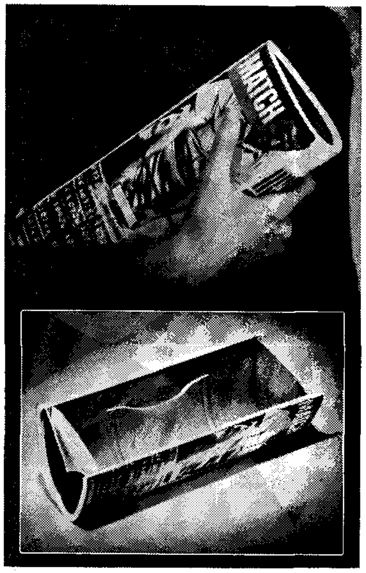

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wounded in the leg but still on the job. Using his gray matter, he quickly throws himself flat on his back on top of the truck as it goes through a couple of very low tunnels. Near scrape, that. Good thing he hadn't been pondering about political lobbies, or the mysterious dead executive's connection with the Soylent Company. He clenches his teeth in thought. One notices his teeth a lot. There is nothing much else to watch, unless you can achieve blessed, dozy inattention by counting the hairs on his chest and imagining them leaping over a stile.

He arrives at a Jacques Tati sort of factory that has a hint of a diagram of the digestive system of the rabbit about it. The corpses are genteelly unloaded. Perhaps they are going to be converted into cake mixes, the awful thought strikes you, this being a sci-fi film. Our hero, limping gamely, pursued by people who realize that he has stumbled on the dreadful secret of urbanized capitalism in 2022 (forty-nine years to go: too few to see us out without our having to choose our favorite colors and die in the middle of a panorama of plane film or of cigarette commercials for lost nature), staggers up iron ladders and sees from above a moving belt of square wafers. *Corpses have been brought here to be pressed into very small, nourishing cookies.* Not a nice knee or elbow to be seen—all flat, like unmade ravioli. Something must be done, says the moral tale passionately, having excited us no end with Heston's chest hair and the clinging crêpe and the unmade pasta. Well, yes, something could have been done already. About this film, for instance. No gruesome account of the picture can approach the film, of which the taste is—well, poor. Somebody might have tried quite hard in such a high-minded story not to use shots of Edward G. Robinson heroically choosing death when he looked so distressingly close to it. Except, of course, that the front-office men would have had a bad headache about making cuts, and might have had to endure the even poorer taste of losing money.

The picture is called "a drama of survival in a world where man has destroyed his own environment." You can't work out the mathematics. How to imagine a New York crowded with forty-one million people, when thousands of people a day must be dying of boredom and malnutrition? You can't live on a pressed person day in, day out. It would be like trying to survive on a squashed vitamin pill after every non-meal. The number of the valuable underfed (fifty dollars a corpse) should

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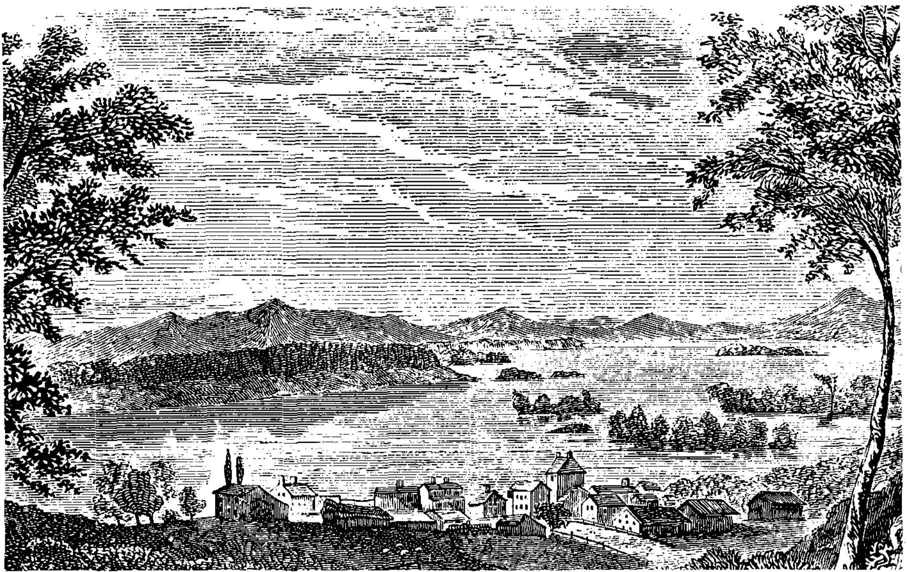
have brought the population down at a run. Perhaps the officials of the Soylent Company and their wasp-waisted, calorie-conscious "furniture" are secretly wolfing down pounds of nutritious unholy wafers along with their one-hundred-and-fifty-dollar-a-jar strawberry jam, and producing lots of infant Soylent vice-presidents.

This pompously prophetic thing of a film hasn't a brain in its beanbag. Where is democracy? Where is the popular vote? Where is women's lib? Where are the uprising poor, who would have suspected what was happening in a moment? How can a haplessly organized country run unchallenged on an economy dependent on a suddenly efficient garbage-removal system? Wouldn't someone have noticed? Where was Congress? Nibbling corpses with its cups of coffee? Where were the blacks? The film, which is nothing if not élitist and muddleheaded, makes a point of "riots . . . engulfing the populace." If not the populace, who would have made the riots? Poodles? Starving cars sick of having squashed people shoved down their fuel tanks? Is this supposed to be an antipollution tract? Or a cautiously left-wing antimonopolistic warning? Or a New York City mayoral-campaign ad for how well the garbage system could work? It seems politically brainless, socially wrongheaded, and shudderingly cruel in the way many shots exploit the mock-dead face of Edward G. Robinson.

MOST people in the West have heard of Ozu, Mizoguchi, Kurosawa, Ichikawa. Masahiro Shinoda is highly thought of in Japan but less well known here. The Museum of Modern Art will make good the loss from April 26th to May 14th. Shinoda, who is still in his early forties (he was born in 1931), has made nineteen films since 1960. Themes are beginning to emerge. After a time of turning out comedies and TV soap operas, he has been making pictures like "Pale Flower" (1964). It is a chase story of a very Japanese sort, with a gambler pursued not only by the established order but by his own fate. This is one of the instances in which Japanese abstract words are apparently useless in English translation. The idea of "revenge" occupies Shinoda, but in his own language it seems to be something more like what we understand by revenge on the self for damage inflicted on a close-held idea of how to behave. The hero is at first helped by a beautiful young woman but finally suffers perfidy



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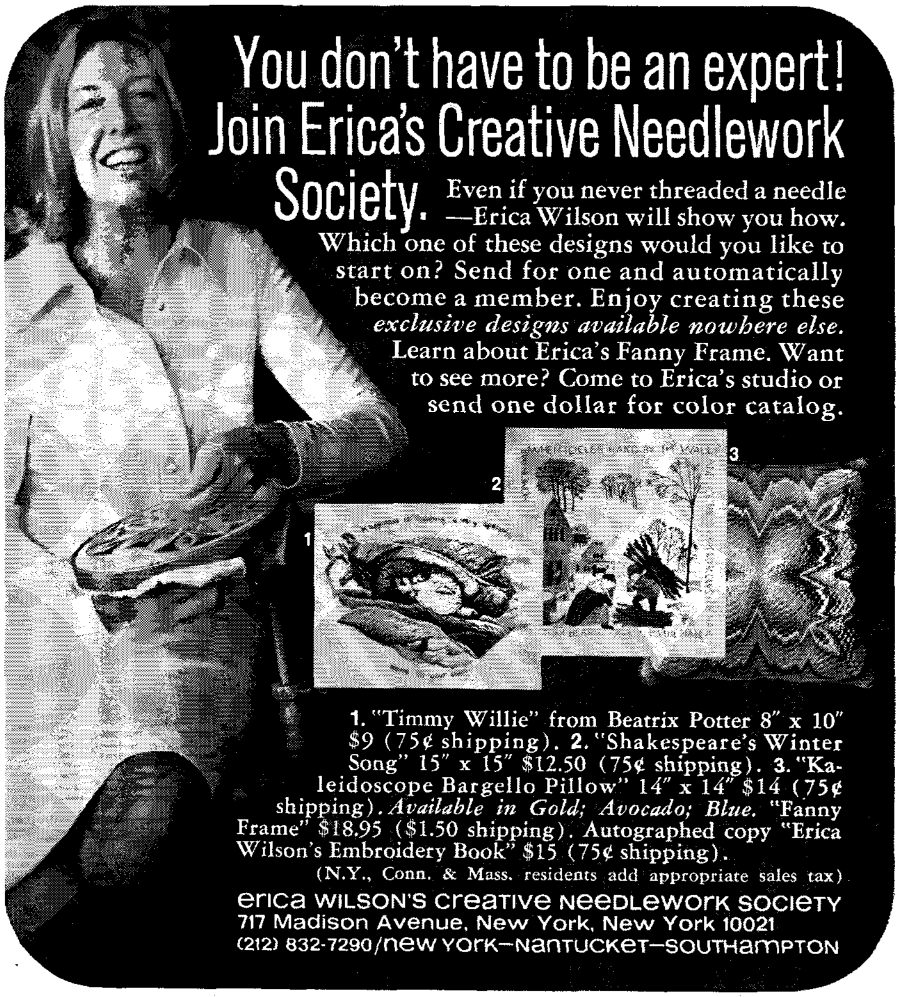
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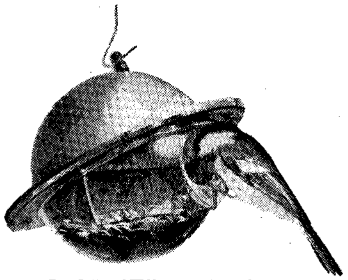

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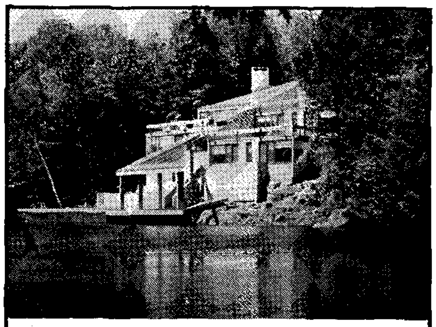
at her hands. Her motives are hard for him to read. It is only at the end that he sees the design of his life whole.

In Shinoda's films, love is fragile. "With Beauty and Sorrow" (1965) is about an older married woman's strong and chaste feelings for a girl student she employs; the girl disrupts everything. By the end, the employer's son is dead; he also loved the girl, and the film implies that she never knows the chaos caused by loving her. (The theme of guilty ignorance is contemplated again in Shinoda's "Clouds at Sunset," 1967.) Until 1970, the director chose nearly always to work in black-and-white, and he likes using the same composer over and over again—Toru Takemitsu, who also did the music for Teshigahara's "Woman in the Dunes." Shinoda often overlays planes of images, and moves easily from music proper to sound effects that are used like music: the slap of cards in gambling seen from overhead, a quiet voice-over remark above a frenetic railway station, scrapes of sound which are like chopsticks being beaten against one another. He makes cool films about heated subjects. His interests are ethical and formal, though he loves big setups: skittle grounds, race tracks. The words spoken there fall perfectly. "When one gets too old to race, one lets the horse do the running," says a racing spectator abruptly, aware of his age.

Shinoda's heroes sometimes express what Westerners would call fatalism, though here again we are probably out of joint with him. A livid young man in "Pale Flower" goes to prison for stabbing a man: "It was just natural. It was a matter of course. My number came up." The acting gestures are subtle and responsive. A young girl sitting opposite a man on the floor turns away onto her stomach when she hears a comment she doesn't like. Shinoda's best work so far is felt by most Japanese to be "Double Suicide" (1969). He has lately been moving into a more stylized way of filmmaking, playing real voices against doll gestures, moving from sharper black-and-white to color, drawing on the Kabuki. His themes of destiny and return are very Japanese. There may be some connection between the physical reality of Japan, which is made up of islands, and the repetition in Japanese films of voyages by boat from capital cities to outlying places known long ago, where skeletons clank in cupboards and nemesis is as unavoidable as geography. A Japanese man feels he has to reënact, has to be called to account.

—Penelope Gilliatt



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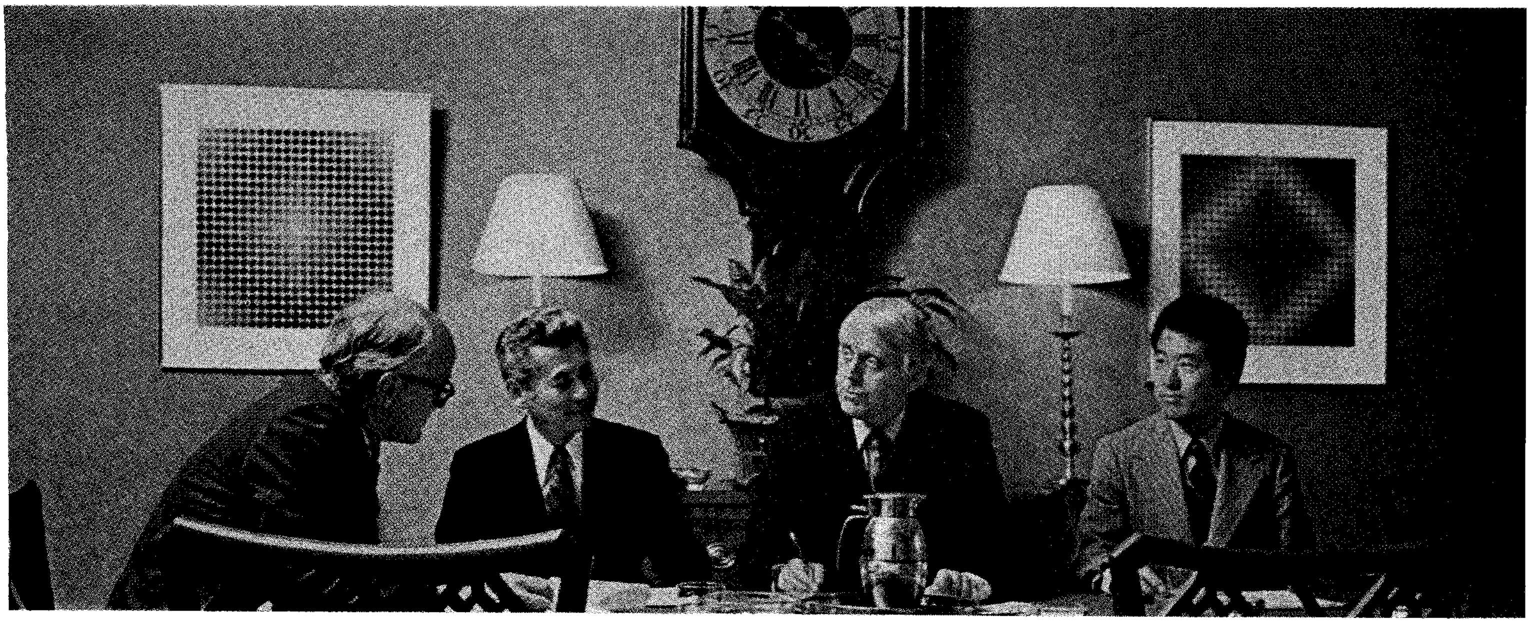

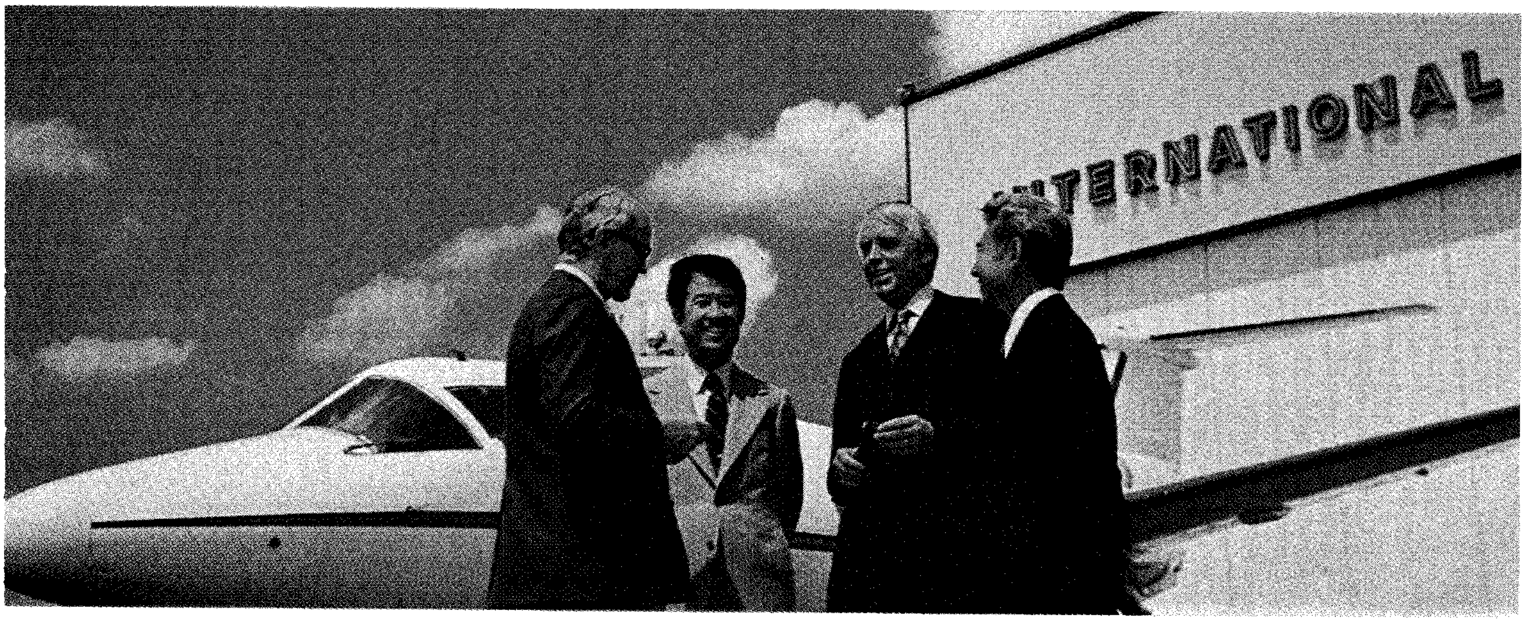

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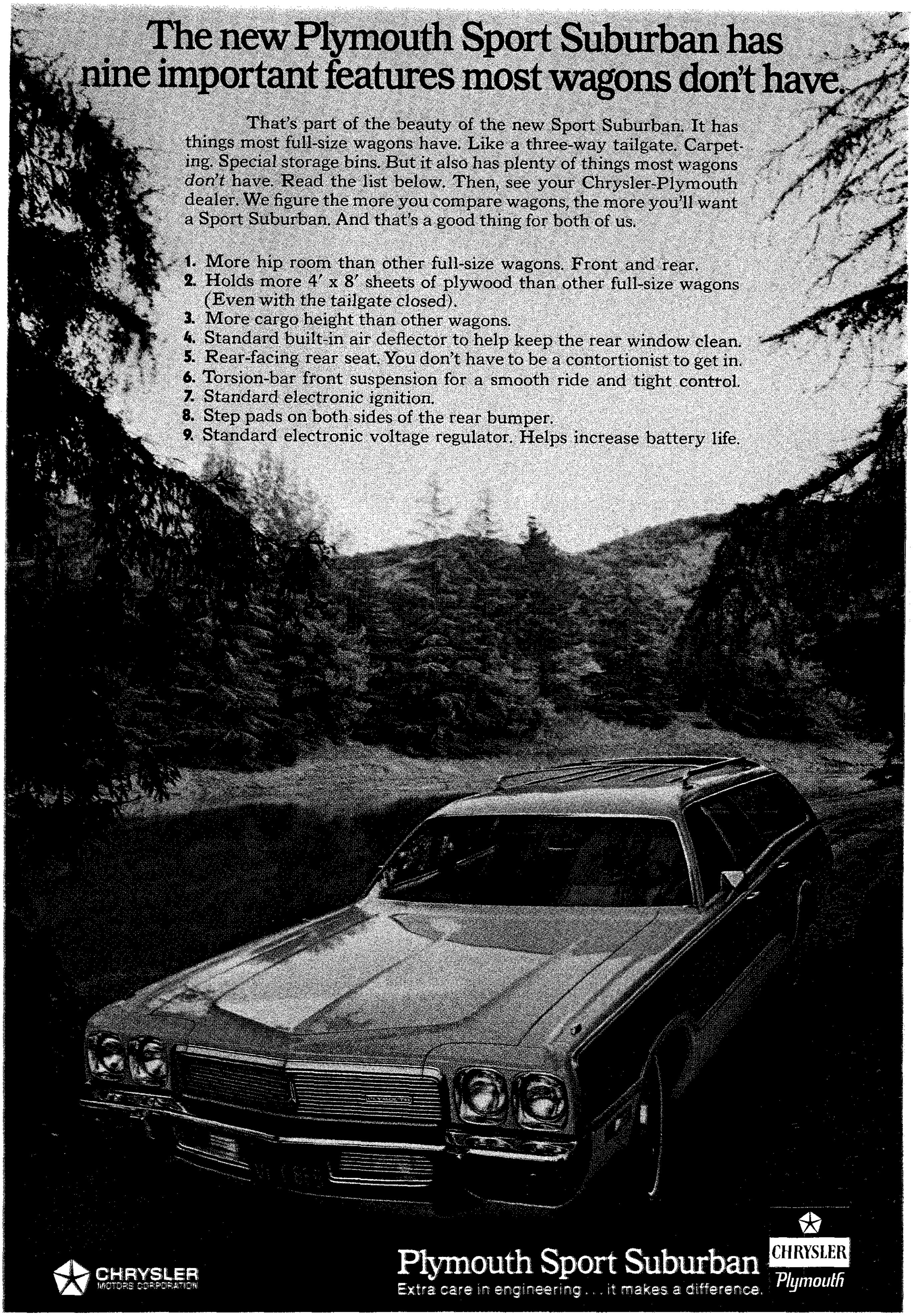

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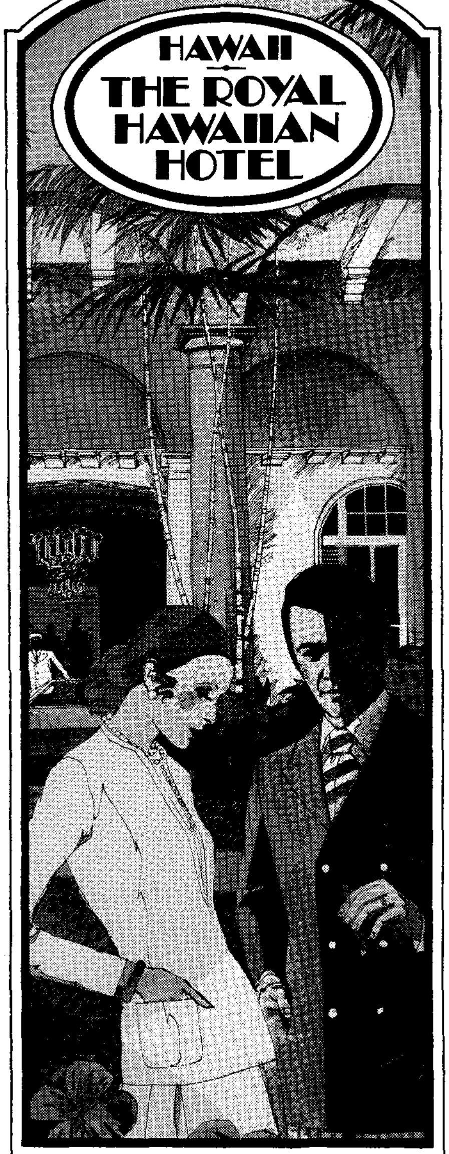
MUSICAL EVENTS

Potpourri

CARNEGIE RECITAL HALL has become a shabby, depressing little room that does nothing to lift the hearts of its audiences. We have to go there, since it is where a fair amount of new music is played, but going there isn't much fun. Peter Lieberson's Concerto for Four Groups of Instruments, played in the Recital Hall by the Speculum Musicae ensemble, did, however, successfully dispel the encircling gloom and leave the bright, exhilarant impression of a young mind that is lively, intelligent, exuberant in invention, and disciplined in utterance. The concert was broadcast by WNYC; I managed to borrow a tape, and each time I hear the piece I like it more. What was played was in fact only the first part, some eight minutes long, of a work to be done in full at Tanglewood this summer. It is a concerto for a broken consort of eleven instruments, grouped as flute, oboe, and clarinet; two violins and viola; bassoon, cello, and double bass; harp and piano. One group seizes on another's idea, refashions it to a new sound, a new pitch, a new tone color, varying and developing the dialogue. The effect is not pointillist or scrappy; a line of progress runs through the composition. One can hear at what speed and in what directions the music is moving. The periods are cogently shaped. The control of timbres and of textures is confident. A description of musical procedures cannot convey quality; let me just say that I enjoyed the first encounter with a piece that struck me as ambitious, fresh, and confident, and that further acquaintance showed it to have plenty of good things to say as well as a winning manner of saying them. Music by Stravinsky, Webern, and Schoenberg completed the Speculum Musicae program. This band of expert young players should flash even more brightly when it appears in the less dusty frame of Alice Tully Hall next month.

Three members of the Composers String Quartet accompanied Gloria Agostini in the first performance, again in Carnegie Recital Hall, of Charles Wuorinen's Variations for Harp with trio accompaniment. This struck me as a slightly arid, schematic work in which the composer concentrates on the harp's ability to define single notes and is determined to avoid the full-bosomed swirls and the tinkling melodic prettiness usually associated with the instrument. The program opened with Gunther Schuller's First Quartet—a New York première, though the piece dates from 1957. It is unassertive, even reticent, and finely and thoughtfully worked. I should like to say more about it, but I have heard it only once, and though the score has long been in print, it proved impossible to buy a copy in New York—even from Schuller's publishers. The recital, which formed part of the "Pleasures of Modern Music" series, included Elliott Carter's Second Quartet, something the Composers String Quartet plays superbly. The program ended with Bartók's Fourth, but I went home instead, to hear the Carter again, this time with score in hand and light to read it by, from the Composers' fine Nonesuch record. Incidentally, Ruth Crawford Seeger's String Quartet (1931), that remarkable, arresting, and beautiful composition that I wrote about after the Composers String Quartet's previous recital in the "Pleasures" series, has just appeared on a Nonesuch record, together with George Perle's Fifth (1960, revised 1967) and Milton Babbitt's Second (1952). The Perle is engaging; the Babbitt is a thirteen-minute span of lucid, sustained discourse that proves enthralling to follow. Discovering the American string-quartet repertory, with the Composers, the Concord, and the Juilliard Quartets as companions, has been a major pleasure of the season.

Half of the latest Evening for New Music, brought to Carnegie Recital Hall by the Center of the Creative and Performing Arts of the State University of New York at Buffalo, proved rewarding. This half was a performance of George Crumb's "Songs, Drones and Refrains of Death" (1962-68), García Lorca poems set for baritone, for amplified guitar, double bass, piano, and harpsichord, and for two percussionists. Crumb is at once unafraid of the obvious, where it is obviously called for, and a master inventor of strange, thrilling sounds to enhance the stark, dark tragedy evoked by Lorca's imagery. This early piece of Crumb's is less exquisite than his "Ancient Voices" but not less powerful. With small strokes the composer makes great effects. The work was pungently performed; Spyros Sakkas was an able soloist. A text sheet with translations was supplied, but, since the lights were turned out during the performance, it



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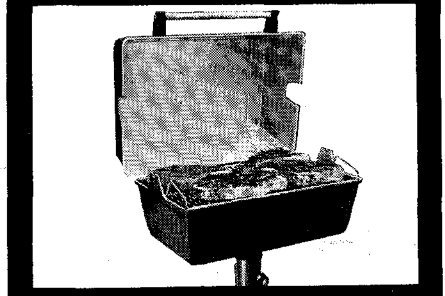

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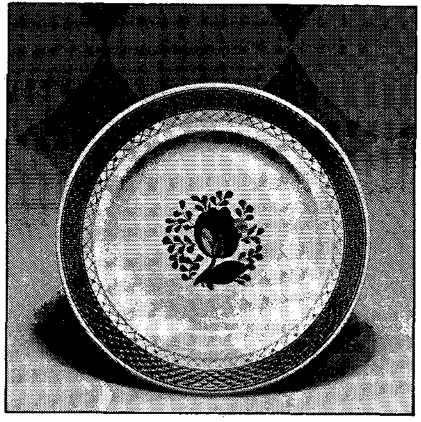
was not as useful as it might have been. The three works that made up the second half received New York premières. Richard Trythall's "Second Round" (1972) was a mess. The idea of the piece looked promising on paper: scraps of Scarlatti live on the harpsichord, surrounded by manipulated Scarlatti on tape; in practice, what emerged from the loudspeakers was mere confusion. Theodore Antoniou's "Parodies" (1970) was a protracted and ham-fisted joke. Jani Christou's "Anaparastasis III" (1969), for mime, instrumental noise, and tape background, is a composition very far from performance-proof (the score was put together, following Christou's death, after sketches, and memories of those who took part in early versions), and on this occasion it was just tedious.

There was more Crumb this month, in Alice Tully Hall, when the New York Camerata, who commissioned the piece, played "Vox Balaenae" ("Voice of the Whale") of 1971. I described this quiet, many-hued, subtly enchanting composition when the Aeolian Chamber Players introduced it to New York, last year. It reveals Crumb's discoveries of new instrumental resource at their most lyrical; this second hearing confirmed that it is not a mere assemblage of sound effects but a sustained and beautiful dream vision of the deep. Richard Rodney Bennett's "Commedia II," another Camerata commission, which received its first performance at this concert, is a fluent, competently made little piece, expertly tailored to show off the points of the three instruments involved (flute, cello, piano), solo and in all combinations—but thin stuff that goes in one ear and out the other. The three Camerata players are cultivated musicians. In a Haydn trio and a Hummel set of variations, they were elegant, poised, and stylish. Paula Hatcher's clear, unwobbly flute tone and Glenn Jacobson's smoothly rippling keyboard runs were an unfailing pleasure. Nothing was rough, but nothing was fiery. Jeannette Walters joined them as soloist in Ravel's "Chansons Madécasses." Her French pronunciation was not forward enough. The central "Aoua! Méfiez-Vous des Blancs," a song of racial hate, should have been much fiercer. But her soft-grained, sensuous timbre was well suited to the outer songs.

THIS has been the season for Monteverdi's "L'Incoronazione di Poppea" and Kurt Weill's "Der Aufstieg und Fall der Stadt Mahagonny" up and down the East Coast. Hard on



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the heels of "Poppea"s at Yale and in the New York State Theatre came a production by the Opera Society of Washington. Meanwhile, Washington's "Mahagonny" has been followed by the Opera Company of Boston's production of the piece, and a "Little Mahagonny" in the Manhattan Theatre Club. The Washington "Poppea" was done in an edition by Nikolaus Harnoncourt. He scores Monteverdi's music no less freely but far less lushly than does Raymond Leppard in the version chosen by both Yale and the New York City Opera. In one respect, Harnoncourt goes further than Leppard—by using woodwinds as well as strings, but (except at a moment like Otho's "Ho Poppea nel core," which he decks with soft string chords and a trickling harp) he accompanies in a more limber fashion, with fewer tricksy continuo effects and fewer invented countermelodies. The main focus is kept where Monteverdi meant it to be, on the stage. This is good. Moreover, the scenes are not marred by the interior snicks and sudden transpositions of the other version. In Washington, however, this edition was adapted under the influence of Leppard's: exactly the same scenes were omitted (among them Octavia with her Nurse, Otho's Act II monologue, the penultimate Nero/Poppaea duet); the same displacement of the Maidservant/Page scene was made; Busenello's three-act structure was similarly altered, and weakened, by a division into two acts with the break coming after the death of Seneca; and Nero, Otho, and the Page were similarly transposed down an octave.

The show was rather well sung. It was more gripping than the fancified City Opera presentation. It moved swiftly, in a striking unit set by Neil Peter Jampolis. Kristine Haugan's costumes—in the scenes where the characters wore any—were splendid. But, alas, Frank Corsaro, who directed, had adopted all those vulgar old clichés apparently designed to reassure audiences who might fear that "Poppea" was just a seventeenth-century historical curiosity that it can be as sexily "modern" as—well, say, "The Devil in Miss Jones" and "Bijou." And so it can. The sensuality of many scenes is not in question. But the point of the drama—the interaction of amorous and political destinies—is obscured when it is played as little more than a series of sex scenes. Objections to Mr. Corsaro's handling can be made on several grounds. On the simplest level, it was hard for Drusilla to sing sweetly

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while she was flat on her back with Otho thrashing about on top of her. When the hero was naked to a golden pouch and the heroine remained more or less modestly robed, the stress was wrong; though Alan Titus strips handsomely and had a good line of leers and steamy slouches, Poppaea, not Nero, is supposed to be the sex object. When an ecstatic madrigal in praise of Poppaea's beauty was presented in terms of a Park-Miller featurette, I finally lost my temper, for this staging was plainly the work of a man who cared nothing for the sense of the words or the sense of the music.

Well, I won't go on; Mr. Corsaro has not touched bottom. At least Seneca was played straight. The process of vulgarizing "Poppea," which began a decade ago, when Günther Rennert decided that the madrigal just mentioned should be done as a drunk scene, can still continue. The next director can have Seneca open his veins in a steam bath, petting his pretty disciples the while. In time, one might just leave the music out altogether. Paul Callaway, who conducted in Washington, had evidently not had time to rehearse his forces to the point where a conductor becomes unnecessary and players respond directly to the singers, and that's what Monteverdi needs. But Mr. Callaway showed a good sense of pacing. Noël Rogers as Poppaea, Mr. Titus as Nero, Brent Ellis as Otho, Mary Cross Leuders as a glittering Octavia, Thomas Paul as Seneca—all were in good voice. And let me, before leaving Washington, praise the incidental pleasures of attending a show at Kennedy Center. In Prague, it is agreeable, during intervals at the National Theatre, to stroll on the terrace above the Vltava, and in Stratford to watch swans on the Avon. But I doubt whether, until Sydney opens its Opera House later this year, any other theatre can rival the setting of Kennedy Center's promenades above the Potomac.

SARAH CALDWELL'S production of "Mahagonny," in Boston's Orpheum, was chaste, orthodox, and faithful to the directions of Brecht's libretto. There was no attempt to illustrate modern morals; no such attempt is needed. The show was conceived in the justified belief that audiences see the point of such a work most clearly when it is presented in the way that its creators conceived it. Helen Pond and Herbert Senn provided textbook scenery; Gilbert Hemsley's lighting was white and clear. A Brechtian stage director insensitive to Weill can wreck the opera if he considers only the libretto; I have seen this happen, in Hamburg. But Miss Caldwell is musical and stage director in one, and her perfectly balanced conduct of the piece gave one a marvellously clear idea of its greatness. Though great, "Mahagonny" is not unflawed; Weill's constant adjustments, in each successive production of the thirties, show that he knew something was wrong, and there is no definitive edition of the score. "Mahagonny" the opera has its origins in the "Little Mahagonny," a "Songspiel" with six numbers and no plot; these numbers, reworked, were incorporated into the opera, but only three of them fit easily into the narrative. A further difficulty arose when Weill's publisher proposed that the brothel scene should be "softened" by the insertion of a love duet, and the composer provided the tender but unsentimental "Crane Duet." Miss Caldwell tackled the difficulties boldly. She omitted the duet and gave the brothel scene in its original, fierce form. Good. She moved the "Benares" song—which drops the tension wherever it is placed—to a point between the announcement of the typhoon that threatens the city of Mahagonny and the first finale. A mistake: momentum was lost; a producer must either (for the sake of the music) accept a slack before the final, shattering funeral march or scrap "Benares" altogether. She took into the first act the first number of Act II. Ineffective—but forgivable in a theatre not equipped for the quick scene change that would otherwise be involved. She made only one of the numerous cuts within numbers which Weill at one time or another indicated. I was glad to hear the numbers complete, for once, but I think that the cuts tighten things.

The whole presentation was marked by the enthusiasm, dedication, and vitality that radiate from this remarkable woman. But neither the Jenny nor the Jimmy sang the music beautifully enough. Leonore Morvaya's timbre became edgy and unsteady at the top. Richard Kness tended to shout lines that should be lyrical and smooth. The orchestra played very well. The Weinstein-Symonette English translation, as I noted after hearing it in Washington, fits the score less well than the Geliot-Drew version.

The "Little Mahagonny" is a powerful, punchy piece in its own right, and superbly scored. At the Manhattan Theatre Club, it was given a zesty, if somewhat rudely balanced, perform-

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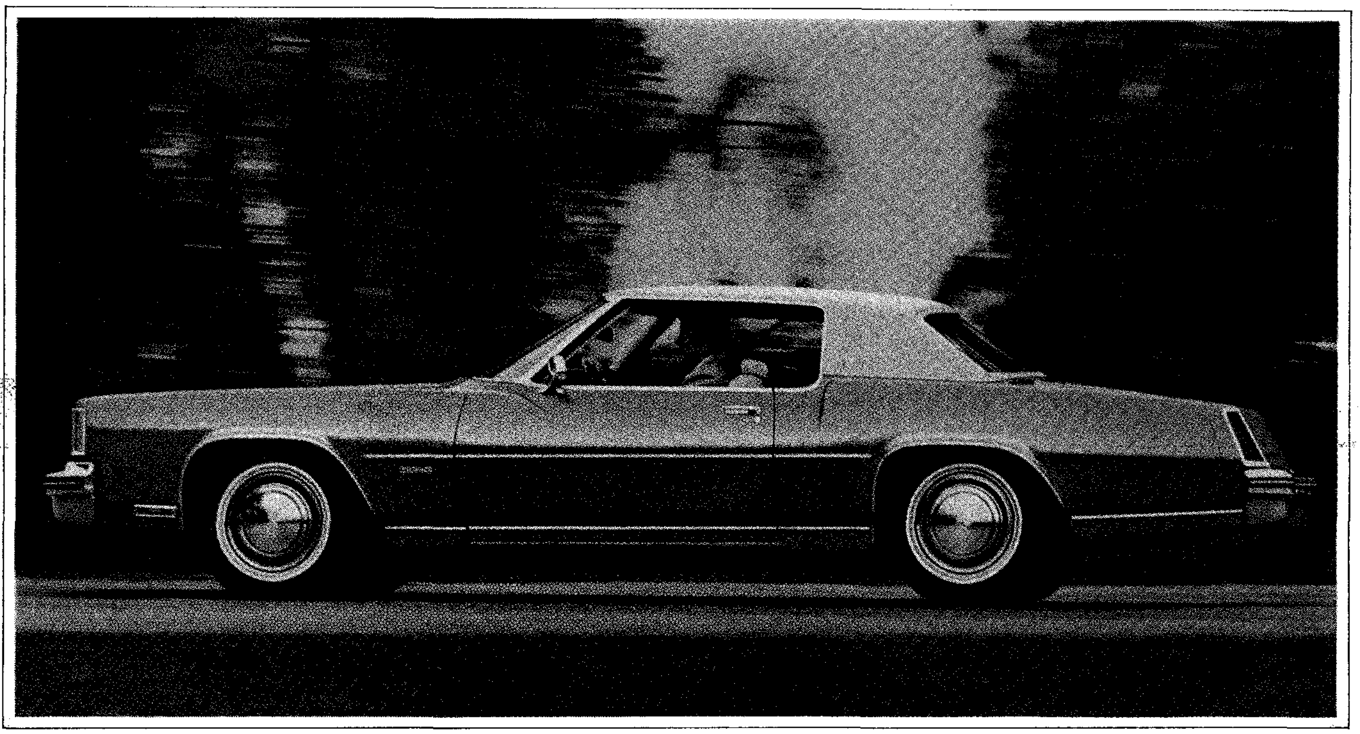

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CONCERT RECORDS

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THE Philips recording of Berlioz' opéra comique "Benvenuto Cellini" (6707-019; stereo, eight sides), a successor to this firm's monumental "Les Troyens," is an extraordinary feat, and deserves the acclaim of every Berlioz enthusiast. The work is terribly difficult to perform, because of the swiftness and eccentricity of the writing. The score contains the unexpected at every turn—a characteristic of nearly all his music. The scale of the opera is tremendous, and its details tumble over each other with lightning rapidity. But everything is clearly delineated, thanks to an able cast that includes Nicolai Gedda, Jules Bastin, Robert Massard, Roger Soyer, Christiane Eda-Pierre, and Jane Berbié, and to the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra and the Covent Garden Chorus. The work is conducted by Colin Davis, one of the world's most dedicated Berlioz specialists. It is the first time the opera has ever been recorded, and this will probably be the only way most of us will hear it, for "Benvenuto Cellini" has never been part of the standard repertoire, and is not likely to be. It was a failure at its première, in the Paris Opéra, in 1838, but it later became fairly popular in Germany, and it was given a London performance, under the composer's direction, in 1853. It was revived at Covent Garden in 1966 and 1969. This version, like the Covent Garden one, goes back to the original Paris production, which had spoken dialogue. The plot, taken—with certain alterations of place and character—from Cellini's autobiography, concerns his attempt to elope with the daughter of the Papal Treasurer, in the course of which Cellini kills a friend of his rival for her hand, and the casting of his famous statue of Perseus under the eyes of Pope Clement VII, who eventually pardons him for his crime. It is full of Renaissance roistering and bravado, and the music is highly original, highly charged with excitement, and only occasionally lyric. I am not among the most fervent of Berlioz buffs, but for those who *are* this is a recording of historic importance.

THERE are other matters to be considered; to wit:

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Dvořák: Symphony No. 3 in E Flat Major, Op. 10, and "Hussite" Overture, Op. 67, played by the London Symphony, Witold Rowicki conducting (Philips 6500-286; stereo, two sides). This fairly early and less well-known Dvořák symphony shows us the composer's struggle toward a mature style. The "Hussite" Overture is a spirited, patriotic Bohemian piece. Both are beautifully performed.

Szymanowski: Violin Concerto No. 2, Op. 61, and Wieniawski: Violin Concerto No. 2, Op. 22, performed by Henryk Szeryng and the Bamberg Symphony, Jan Krenz conducting (Philips 6500-421; stereo, two sides). Szymanowski's style is original and complex, and the listener needs a number of hearings to assimilate it. The Wieniawski concerto, more innocent, more melodious, and better written for the instrument, is studied by all young violinists. Szeryng's approach to both items is exhibitionistic but virtuoso, which is just right for them.

Sibelius: Symphony No. 2, done by the Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting (RCA Red Seal ARD 1-0018; stereo, two sides). One of the most popular Sibelius symphonies, recorded once more, this time in what is called compatible quadrasonic sound; i.e., the sides can be played on a standard stereo machine as well as on four-channel equipment. The sound, by the way, is exceptionally good, and the performance is excellent.

Debussy: "La Mer" and "Prelude to the Afternoon of a Faun," by the Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting, and Ravel: "Daphnis & Chloë" Suite No. 2, again by the Philadelphia, with the Mendelssohn Club Chorus of Philadelphia, Robert Page directing (RCA Red Seal ARD 1-0029; stereo, two sides). Old favorites, ably performed. The sound is as good as it is in the Sibelius recording.

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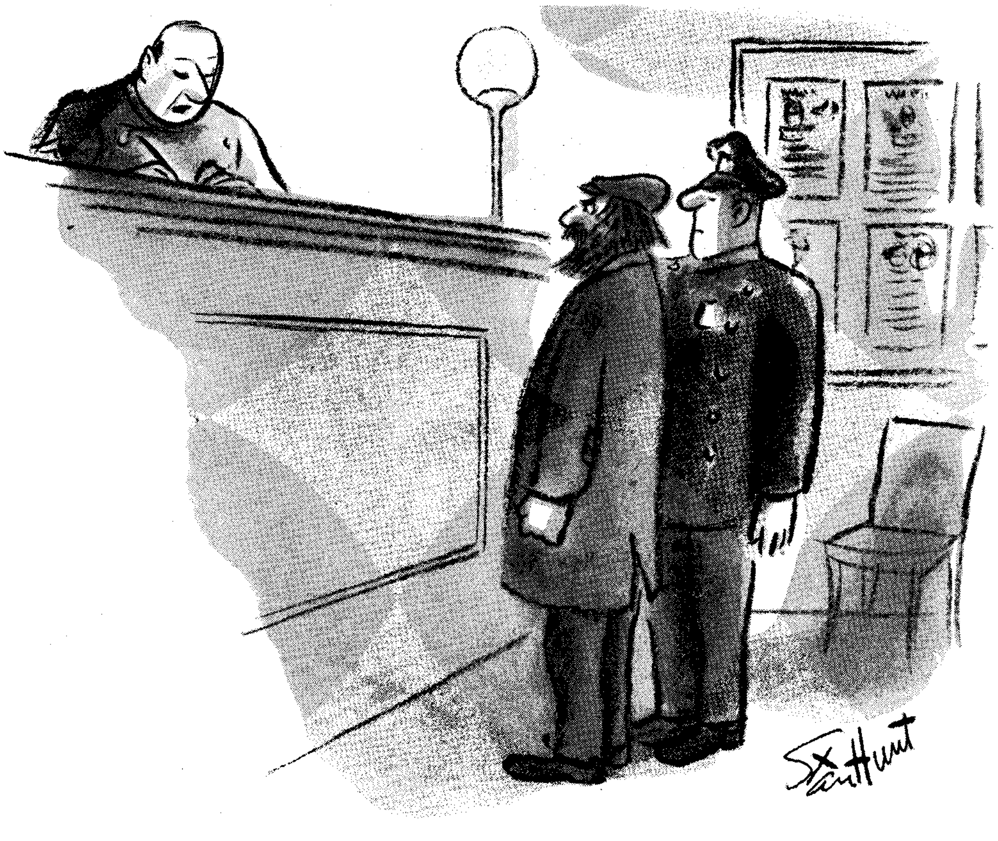
BOOKS

Meeting Places

THE six essays in Richard Hoggart's "On Culture and Communication" (Oxford) distill their author's observations and his peculiarly appropriate experiences in travelling among and communicating between diverse cultures. Hoggart, now an Assistant Director-General of UNESCO, was a working-class orphan who got a university education before the Second World War, when such an achievement in Great Britain entailed something like migration from one of Disraeli's two nations to the other. He became a professor of English at Birmingham and worked at improving education and information in other ways; for instance, he wrote the Pilkington Report, which told the B.B.C. what it should do about television. The essays in this book, originally the Reith Lectures presented by the B.B.C., discuss several topics: nonverbal communication within a culture; writing; living abroad; working for an international agency; and eliciting sense and genuine sensibility from mass media. Hoggart is wise, charming, unpretentious, and almost impossible to summarize or paraphrase, because every word of his prose is exact, and there is no other way to say what he is saying. He is one of those rare writers who are springs—refreshing, crystalline, demure, and irreplaceable; nothing is as unostentatious as fresh water, and nothing else resembles it. "There's No Home," his chapter about working at an international agency, makes clear in an astonishingly brief space why diplomacy may be the most difficult form of communication nowadays. The absence of an understood style—what is direct to citizens of one nation may be brusque or rude to another, or a joke may be taken seriously—affects the relations of the permanent as well as the political staffs, even when everyone is trying to bring about a success for the agency or for a specific project. And yet understanding is possible:

> In their public appearances, the representatives of member states tend to take up, sometimes apparently unconsciously, sometimes with an obvious histrionic relish and slightly larger than life, the roles they think are expected of them. They tend to play up to their own nation's stereotypes in the eyes of foreigners; or, trickier, try to embody their nation's own image of itself and project it towards other nations. . . .
>
> I remember once having to take formal notice as Acting Director-General of UNESCO of an important and very serious announcement an ambassador was to make on behalf of his government. Everyone involved played his necessary part. The notice was given in the terms required, the elements of the response had been considered beforehand and were given in exact terms too; and the meeting ended after only a few minutes. . . .
>
> Then a strange thing happened. The ambassador relaxed his face and indeed his whole physical appearance changed, as though his body had been brushed over by a light breeze. He turned, shook hands with us all, and made a few personal remarks. He knew most of the people there as individuals, and they knew and liked him, as a person. The change, the lift in the atmosphere, was remarkable. . . . I was intrigued by the whole operation and had a strong sense of having been there before. Where else was it that you felt the atmosphere change so suddenly, from that of a necessary, set, public ritual to direct personal relationships? After a while I remembered. . . . It was a certain moment after a working-class funeral in the North of England, not long after you are back in the house from the cemetery, and the tea and sandwiches have been passed round. There too the atmosphere suddenly changes, lifts. People begin to talk about family things, about what each of them, and others who aren't there, are doing now. The working-class event is much more complex than the diplomatic. But there are clear similarities; both switch suddenly from acting out a public ritual to a relaxed meeting.

All this sample shows the way Hoggart alternates homely and worldly, private and public examples, and shows, too, that he is a useful as well as a delightful writer; you learn from him how to use your imagination and memory to reach other people. His chapter on writing discusses, among other things, his feeling that British writing should be more comfortable, less shy, less defensive about expressing emotion, and, even though American writing more often errs by exaggerating or overstating emotion, Americans can apply a lot of Hoggart's advice to their work. Everywhere Hoggart induces the reader to do for himself what Hoggart is doing: to compare experiences and notions as Hoggart does, to realize what has sometimes been got, sometimes missed, in one's encounters with other cultures. In his chapter "Taking for Granted," Hoggart talks about the variety of unstated but perfectly understood communication devices within a culture—looks, for one, and tones. I myself am uncertain about the



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tones in that famous exchange at Waterloo:

> UXBRIDGE: By God, I've lost my leg.
> WELLINGTON: So you have.

Some historians maintain that this conversation is only legend, but it would not have become a legend unless it suggested to the British—who must have known how these lines were spoken—some attractive qualities in themselves: not making a fuss, being imperturbable. To others, they might sound simply unfeeling. But the language of all nations' national heroes is a clue to all nations' cultures. Remember that, after the fall of France, Pétain, then still a French hero, made France "the gift of my person," and de Gaulle, soon to become a French hero, "assumed France"—phrases no American could have used; remember that President Roosevelt persuaded Americans to support lend-lease with the down-to-earth analogy of lending a neighbor a garden hose. Hoggart, by the way, says that of all countries he knows, including our own, France makes him feel the "sharpest sense" of his own society. Perhaps the French gift for distinctions and definitions is catching.

Hoggart's subtleties and simplicities are frequently very funny, yet this is an earnest book. There is a common misconception that passion and civility are incompatible; we often forget that there exists a kind of passion that may never need be eruptive, because it is built into a man's personality and character, his opinions, his deeds—the passion that is a man's life. Hoggart, along with his politeness and his wit, continually demonstrates that sort of passionate conviction. He believes that we human beings can communicate across cultures and that it is good and wholesome for us to do so. He does not think that technology by itself—an abundance of television or radio stations, say—will do the job; it must be achieved by human beings who are willing to venture their honesty and sensitivity and to polish their art. "We can connect," he says, "not by hands-across-the-sea junketings nor by the solemnities of most attempts at international understanding, but by a fully-faced realizing of common qualities, the ribs of the universal human grammar." The alternative, he thinks (huddling inside one's own small bit of the human heritage), is impoverishment, mental or moral shrinkage. Like Montaigne (a writer to whom he is akin), he does not mind telling you that he has changed his mind, what he has

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discovered, and what he is still trying to figure out:

> I am still teasing at the ramification of those first assumptions and I reach down now to an even more basic sense, one which underpins the wish itself to speak straight to one another. It is the idea, which I used never to think about . . . of fellow-feeling; fellow-feeling based not on the fact that we all belong to a particular national culture . . . nor on an abstract internationalist commitment, but based on recognizing our common experience, and on realizing that it is the facing of common sorrows which above all links us.

This suggests that we live in a sad era; it belies Schiller's poetic assertion that joy makes all men brothers. Perhaps, since Schiller and Beethoven, we have been over into the future and it does not work. Sad or tragic or merely accurate, Hoggart's persuasions belong in a noble tradition: the vision of the many great thinkers who have insisted that, no matter what your mother told you, you should talk—and, better still, listen—to strangers.

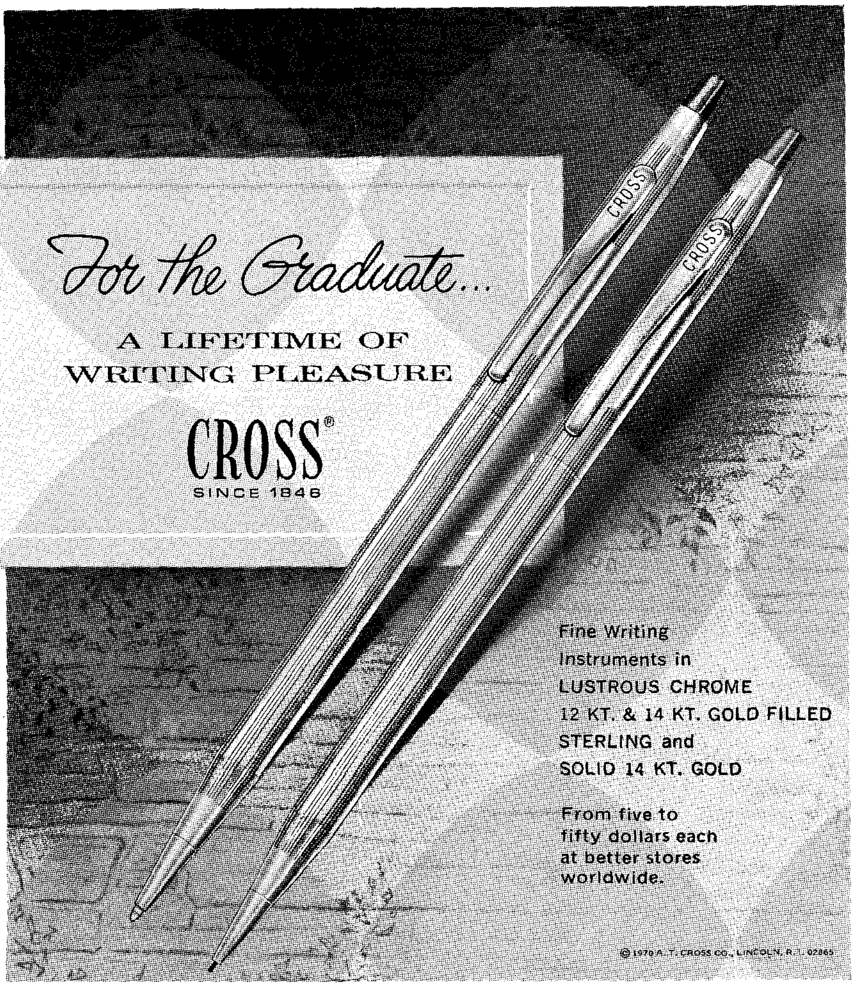
—NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE HOLIDAY FRIEND, by Pamela Hansford Johnson (Scribners). Lady Snow's tenth novel leaves the reader with more loose ends than a shag rug. Before reaching its unexplained and unexpected conclusion, the plot putt-putts elegantly around the events of an overwrought Belgian summer holiday taken by Gavin and Hannah Eastwood, a devoted middle-aged English couple; their pampered, sulky eleven-year-old son; a student of Eastwood's who has developed a crush on him and follows them, tiresomely, everywhere; and a rather all-of-a-kind assortment of selfless hoteliers and crass vacationers. Bad manners are depicted as an almost malevolent force in the scheme of things here, and family beach excursions, teas taken on open terraces, and small hotels that love their guests are, perhaps reasonably, portrayed as the last real pleasures left in the world. All this might make for fairly agreeable, though old-fashioned, fare if it were not for a number of bewilderingly mysterious figures who pop up and disappear like fireflies. What are they up to? What, if anything, do they have to do with the book's gruesome ending? One asks in vain.

LAW AND ORDER, by Dorothy Uhnak (Simon & Schuster). The publicity extolling this "blockbuster" by a



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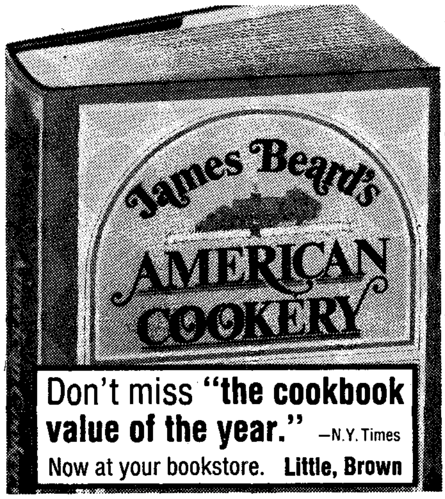

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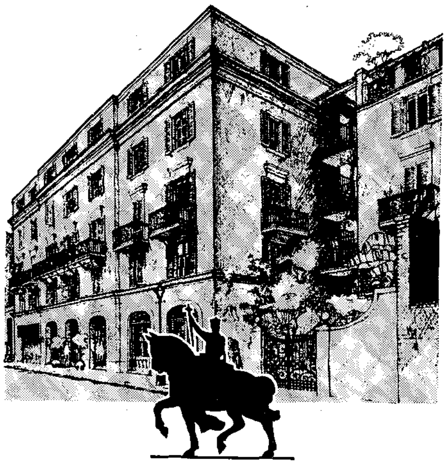
former New York City policewoman lip-smackingly and rightly compares it to "The Godfather." In this case, the family is Irish (O'Malley) and on the right side of the law (the story follows three generations of New York City policemen from the Ould Sod to the John Jay College of Criminal Justice), but the similarities are undeniably striking. In Ms. Uhnak's book, too, the ethnic details are thick and believable and laid on with a trowel, the writing is punchy and shallow (short, telling scenes and carefully spooned-out sex establish each character), the cast is endless, the violence is nauseating and milked for all it's worth, and the author's apparent message (let's-remember-that-cops-are-human-too) is almost totally eviscerated by her much more sensational (and obviously knowledgeable) descriptions of police-department corruption and lawlessness.

GENERAL

STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS, by Robert W. Johannsen (Oxford). Most readers think of Douglas as little more than a foil for Lincoln. Professor Johannsen has at last given him his own distinguished, scholarly, and formidably detailed (almost nine hundred pages long) biography. Douglas was a poor, bright, ambitious Vermont lad who went West, to Illinois, to seek fame rather than mere fortune. He became a boy wonder in the *organization and preservation* of the Illinois Democratic Party and, in time, a United States senator. Douglas's creed was Jacksonianism, which to him meant a United States expanding over the whole continent and demonstrating that a democracy could not only survive but prosper. This was not an ignoble vision at a time when popular government was a unique experiment, but issues arose—one above all—for which Douglas's Jacksonianism was not enough. Douglas failed in thinking that slavery was, at most, an emotional question, and in underestimating the extent to which, for its supporters as well as for its opponents, it became a moral issue. Yet Douglas was not morally blind, and he showed heroism and nobility in his efforts to preserve the Union in 1860; his ultimate understanding of the issues was just; his support of President Lincoln was generous; and it is reasonable to believe that his premature death, in 1861, at the age of forty-eight, deprived the na-



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tion of a useful politician who had become a statesman.

SAMUEL JOHNSON: HIS FRIENDS AND ENEMIES, by Peter Quennell (McGraw-Hill). Dr. Johnson's friends—or willing listeners—included not only the variously celebrated members of The Club (Goldsmith, Reynolds, Garrick, Boswell, Burke) but also the original bluestockings (Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Thrale, Hannah More, Molly Aston, Mrs. Carter, Fanny Burney), the founding ladies of the Bas Bleu. His enemies (Hume, Gibbon, Walpole, Sterne) were not so much men who actively wished him ill as men whose opinions, usually atheistic, outraged him. Mr. Quennell offers us recognizable glimpses of most of these leading participants in the intellectual life of eighteenth-century London, but it is the women, being the least familiar, who most interestingly emerge, and Johnson's attitude toward women, being unusual, adds another fascination to his endlessly fascinating character. "Unlike many Englishmen," Mr. Quennell notes, "not only did he love [women]; he also much enjoyed their company." There were those he enjoyed for their beauty and those he enjoyed for their conversation, and there were some for whom he felt an absolute admiration: "My old friend Mrs. Carter could make a pudding as well as translate Epictetus from the Greek and work a handkerchief as well as compose a poem." Illustrated with views of London, Georgian interiors, and many portraits.

OPERATION RHINO, by John Gordon Davis (Doubleday). The African black rhinoceros is being poached out of existence. In Rhodesia, to save these animals the government hires teams of hunters, game wardens, and trackers to find the rhinoceros, shoot them with tranquillizer guns, truss them up, and truck them to the country's great wildlife preserve, Gona-re-Zhou. The author, a novelist, lived and worked with one such team for a season. Mr. Davis has a sense of the particular—the sour smell of a truckload of hungover bearers, the entanglement of humor, affection, and contempt in the relationships among men in a dangerous enterprise—and we feel in his account the authenticity of the scene, the people, and the adventure. Many photographs.

ALTERNATING CURRENT, by Octavio Paz, translated from the Spanish by

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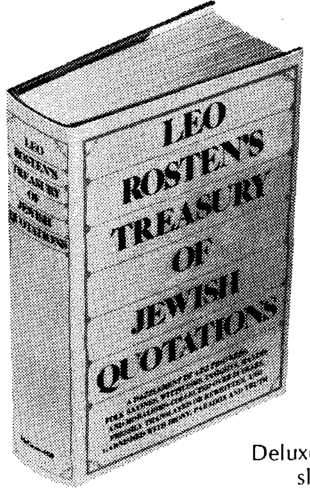

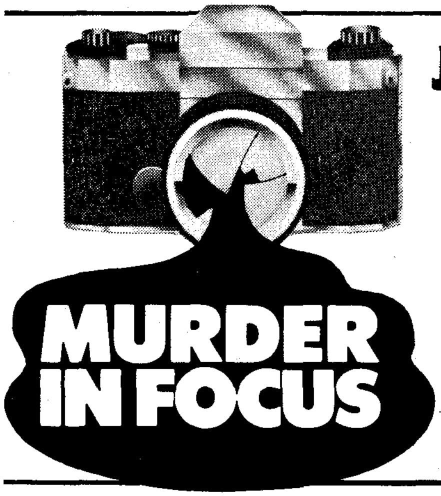

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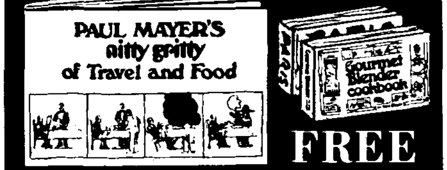

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Helen R. Lane (Viking). These essays and reviews, which deal with literature, art, and social and political questions, are the work of one of Mexico's best poets, and they read like a poet's prose: quick, flashing, and idiosyncratic. They seem like beginnings; they do not close discussions so much as open them.

THE BORGIAS, by Clemente Fusero, translated from the Italian by Peter Green (Praeger). A portrait panel that depicts the varied fortunes of the Aragonese family of Borja from its dim, twelfth-century beginnings down to its largely unobserved demise with the death of Luis Ignacio Borgia, eleventh Duke of Gandía, in 1740. It is an excellent book, and its excellence is manifested in a multiplicity of ways. It is a comprehensive study—no male or female Borgia surviving infancy is neglected—and yet it is properly centered on the figures for whom the family is remembered: Alonzo de Borja, the progenitor of Borgia glory, who became Pope Callistus III; his nephew Rodrigo Borgia, who became Pope Alexander VI; Rodrigo's two children, the sullen Cesare and the docile Lucrezia; and Francesco Borgia, fourth Duke of Gandía, who became the Jesuit administrator canonized as St. Francis Borgia. The author's view of these personages is admirable: he approaches them neither as an apologist nor as a prosecutor. He sees the two Borgia popes as brilliant men and brilliant churchmen, pious, nepotistic, charming, wicked, cruel, and affectionate, and he rescues Lucrezia from her Sunday-supplement reputation as poisoner and debauchee. Francesco he treats with natural respect, and Cesare with awe. He shows us all the splendor and barbarity of the Renaissance in Italy—the humanists, the architects, the quacks, the garroters—and he writes of his people and their period with force and style.

•

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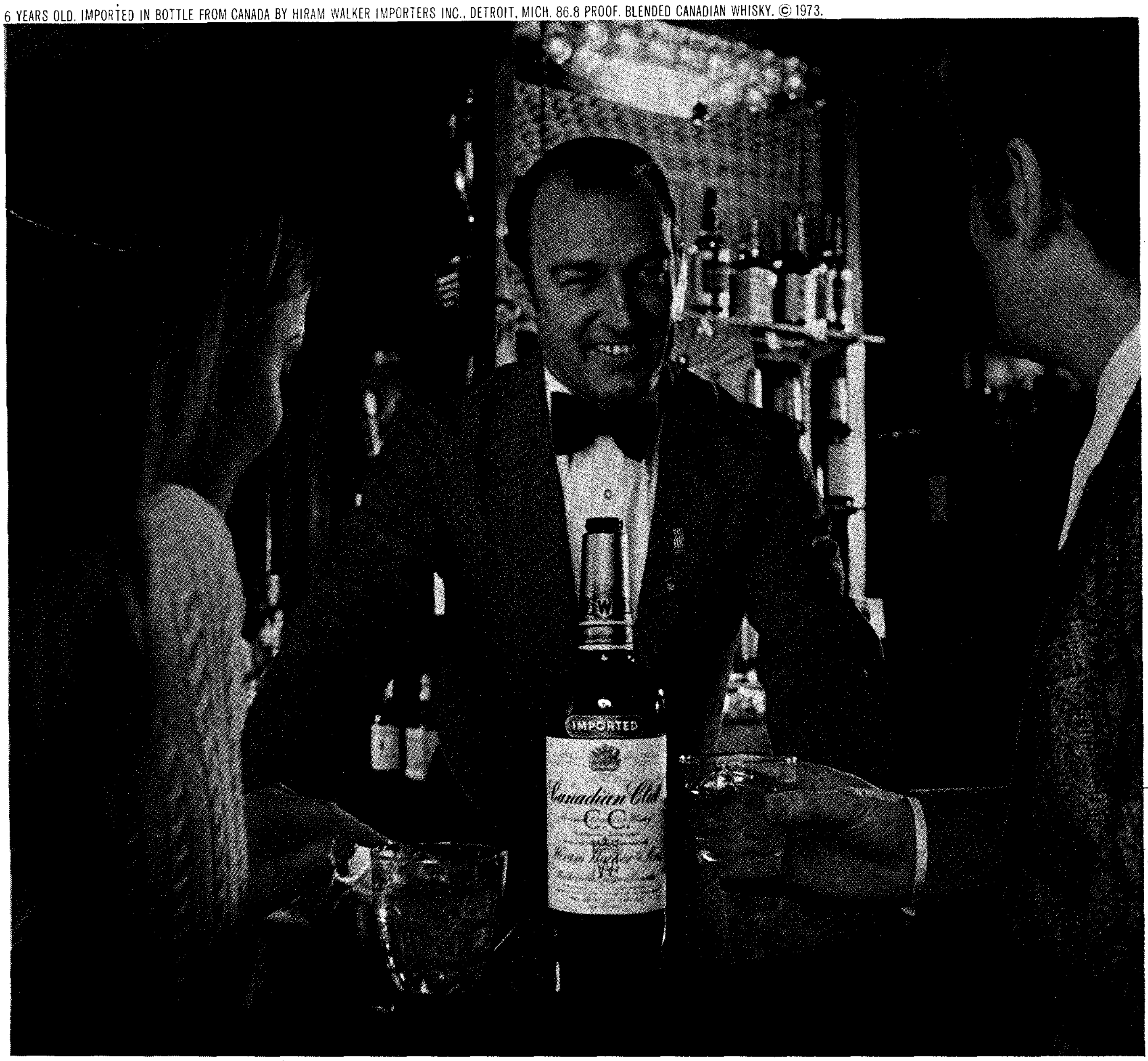

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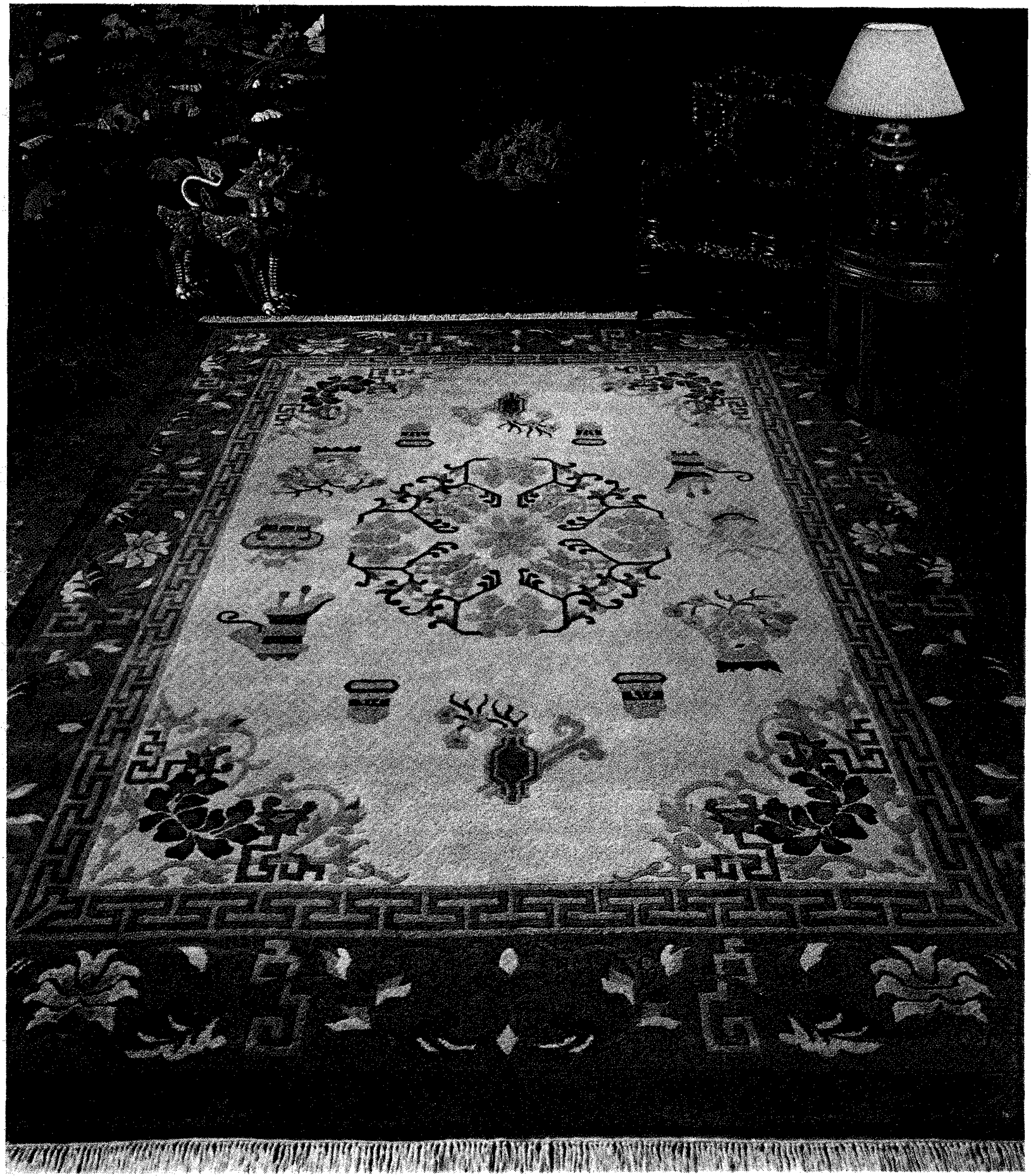

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